As Time Goes By

J784.5
Taylor

272203

CLOSED STACKS

16.50

As time goes by

WITHDRAWN

BRYAN PUBLIC LIBRARY
Bryan, Ohio 43506

2. Rock musicians.
I. Title.

losed
Stacks

Copyright ©1973,1983 by Derek Taylor
All rights reserved including the right
to reproduce any portion of this book
in any form or by any means without
prior written permission by the Pub-
lisher, excepting brief quotations used
in connection with reviews or essays
written specifically for inclusion in a
magazine or newspaper.

Library of Congress Catalog Card
Number: 73-80774

First published in 1973
by Straight Arrow Books
625 Third Street
San Francisco, CA 94107
ISBN 0-87932-068-0

1983 Reprint Edition published
by The Pierian Press, Inc.
P.O. Box 1808
Ann Arbor, MI 48106
ISBN 0-87650-154-4

"Index" to the Reprint Edition
copyright ©1983 by Tom Schultheiss.
All Rights Reserved

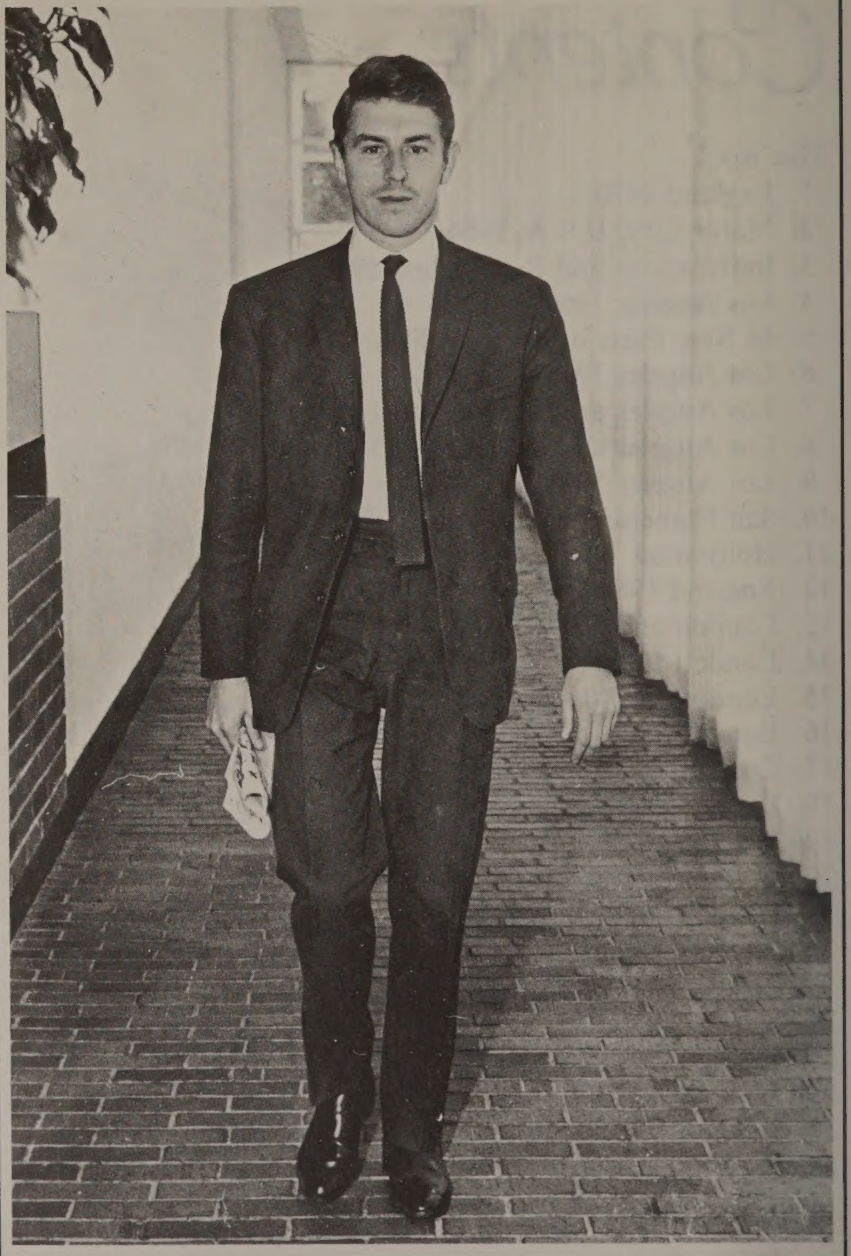
This book is dedicated to
Joan Doughty, who became Joan
Taylor on St. David's Day, 1958,
and to the six children of the marriage
with limitless love; for so much relief,
much thanks.

Contents

This Book
1. England 1970
2. Major City, U.S.A. 1964
3. Indianapolis and Somewhere 1964
4. Los Angeles 1969
5. 44 New Facts on the Fab Four 1965
6. Los Angeles 1965-1968
7. Los Angeles and the Bahamas 1965
8. Los Angeles and London 1965-1967
9. Los Angeles 1968
10. San Francisco and Monterey 1967
11. Hollywood 1966
12. England 1968
13. London and Hollywood 1967
14. London 1968
15. London 1968-1970
16. London 1970
17. England 1969
18. London 1969-1970
19. London 1969
20. London 1969
21. London 1969
22. England 1969
23. Los Angeles and London 1971
24. New York 1970
25. London 1972
26. Manchester 1962
27. London 1971
28. Last Chapter

As Time Goes By

Index



Highly polished shoes in Dublin, 1963

This Book

I was born in Liverpool in 1932 and my parents raised me and my younger brother Bryan in nice little middle-class houses at the seaside in West Kirby, Cheshire, a lovely village where only man is vile. If you can live in West Kirby you can live anywhere.

My parents are clever. My father's trick lay in attracting people to him, adding younger and younger sets so that by the time he was old (and he is now eighty-two) he would still have friends young enough to be alive. My mother's genius was in organization and in keeping things clean. They were good parents.

I went to a grammar school and I was bullied a lot but I was quick and unpredictable so I got by. I was very good at English and I worked for a local paper in West Kirby when I left school and I learned journalism and I loved it very much right up to 1964 when I left it to join Brian Epstein as his press agent working for the Beatles. I joined them because I wanted to work for them. I had been working for the Daily Express *but you can only do that for so long without going mad.*

I went mad anyway in 1964, and at the end of the year left the Beatles and went with Joan and our four children—Timothy, Gerard, Victoria and Vanessa—to Hollywood, movie capital of the world, where I became a pub-

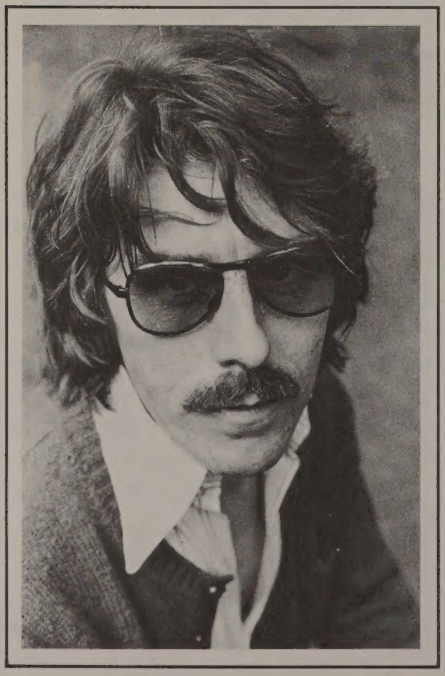
licist to dozens of very nice people in the music business. Joan and I grew up in California, found out a few things, took some of the dreaded LSD and finding we hadn't jumped out of any windows we took some more. It felt fine.

In 1968 we came back to England and I rejoined the Beatles and Apple. This was when the book started and now it is over. I work for Warner/Elektra/Atlantic now, in London, giving parties and publicizing people and dabbling in politics and having a lovely time.

So you see it is not much of a story on the face of it but behind the face all sorts of things are going on. We have six children now and life is pretty unsteady and very exciting. What else do you expect? It is late in the twentieth century. I have thrown lots of dates in this book so you can keep check on what was happening when. I don't think that if you have a tidy mind you will find it easy to follow. But who needs a tidy mind? Who has one? No one I know.

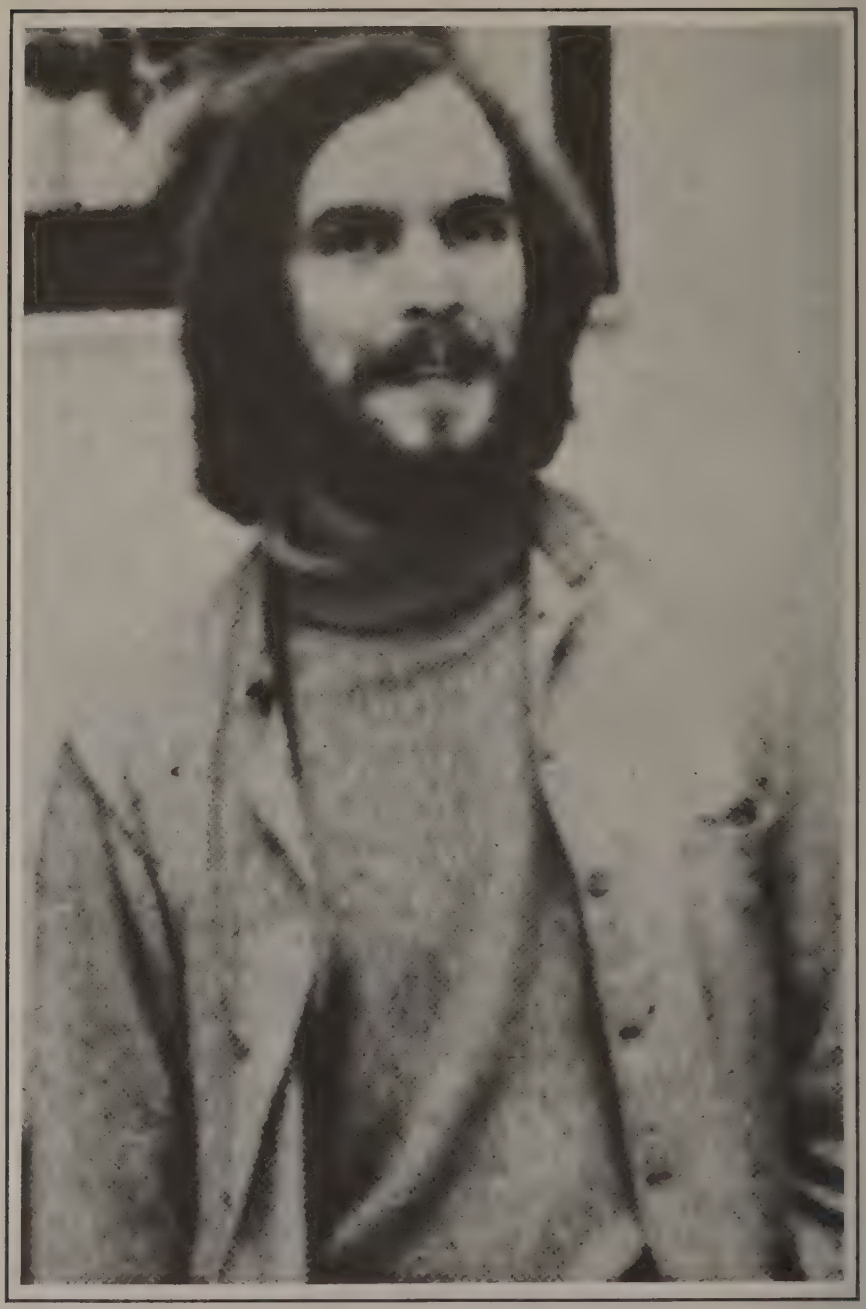
Open it at any page. Keep it by the bed. It is written for you and only for you. You know who you are.

And I know who I am.



Derek Taylor
Sunningdale, Berkshire, England
and it is May 1, 1973, already

1



Neil Aspinall

England 1970

THERE ARE about eighty things wrong with working for the Beatles and one of them is that there aren't any Beatles any more and another is that one forgets who one is, whoever one may be, and one is me and another is Neil and another is Mal and another is Peter, and the experience of working for the Beatles has affected all of us in different ways, but affected us it has and forever; come what may we will never be the same.

Simon Albury of BBC "24 Hours" told me that when he was making a film of John for the BBC he became increasingly frightened by the growing awareness that John's only concern was for Yoko and for no one else. I realized, he said, that if John heard that everyone at Apple had been killed in a fire, his mind would turn immediately to the inconvenience of replacing them. He said that this feeling was the more bizarre because John was such a kind man, very courteous and thoughtful in little ways, and so he is and so too would he not give two pennies if everyone on earth vanished into the oceans leaving himself and Yoko in peace, however imperfect.

Aunt Mimi taught him his manners well and there is in all of that family a gracefulness that has passed to John; but sentimental he isn't and neither is Paul and I don't think George and Ringo are, but is anyone really *that* concerned about anyone else, I mean *really* worried about their fellow hu-

mans? John himself and George, Paul and Ringo too have given away stacks of money to causes good and unproven, always given it quietly. But they are very tough too, and working for them has made all of us very uneasy I think because they are four very hard, tight men—not callous, but caloused. Us Beatle aides, we come and go and we are mostly unmourned when we have gone.

For myself, I have no complaints. I came because I wanted to and I left because I wanted to and I came back because I wanted to and because George wanted me to and I have stayed with George because we both wanted it; but I am still uneasy because I still have the utmost difficulty remembering to remind myself that I am because I am.

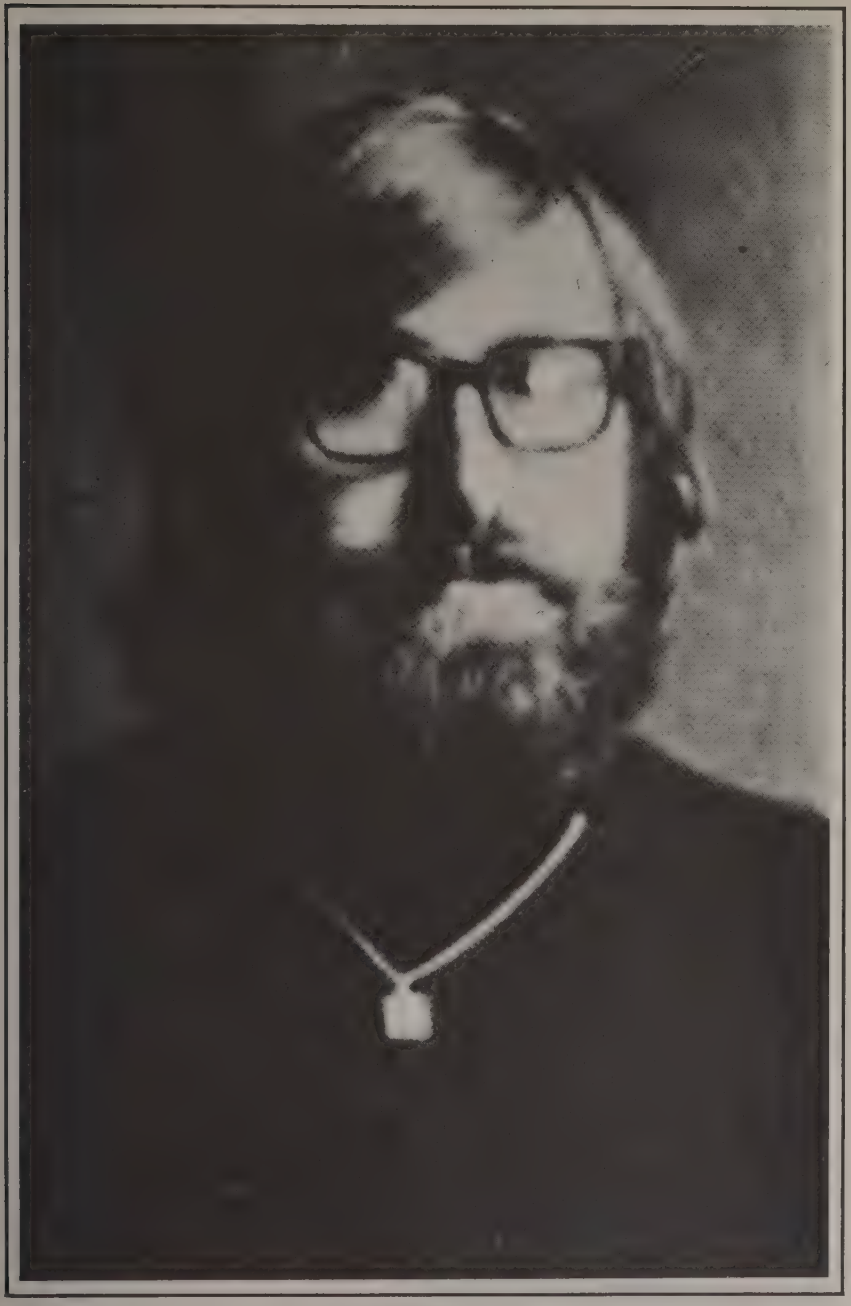
You know, it is a pain in the arse going out and being introduced as Derek Taylor of the Beatles. If I could get away with it I would say, "I make plastic toys," but then they will want to know what sorts of plastic toys. Or I can say I am a writer and they will say what have you written and I would say I write about 2,000 words a day about the Beatles or associated subjects and then I am back as Beatles aide again.

Derek Taylor, ex-press officer of the ex-Beatles, is my new role, and this is even less satisfactory if you are seeking a sense of self in order to be. "I'd like to introduce myself; I am Derek Taylor and I used to be Beatles press officer when they were Beatles." So what did you do in the war, Daddy? Kept me end up, son, kept smiling when all seemed lost.

Oh, it has been a great adventure, and we all shared the fun. The Beatles were generous with the fun. The Beatles liked the people around them and the people around them liked the Beatles. We were not sychophants; yet we were rarely bold. I think we were always nervous because there were four of *them,* and only four. There were two assets common to those who survived a close relationship with them: (1) we didn't want to be Beatles and we didn't ever think about their money; (2) we were good at what we did and what *we* did *they* couldn't do.

But it wasn't always enough, I felt, because in the final analysis *they* were themselves enough and any of the aides could go jump off the Empire State Building and the show could go on; but if any one of *them* had a sore throat, the rasping could be heard from Newcastle-under-Lyme to Singapore. I was a very good press officer for them, there was no doubt about that, and I could reflect their best interests and speak their truth; but the quotes were theirs and there is no comparison between a mouth and a mouthpiece.

In other words, the question "Who am I?" is not easily answered by a



Mal Evans

Pete Brown

press officer/agent/director/publicist, but it is a question you have to keep on asking. Oh yes, it is okay to be known as good at it ("He's very hip and intelligent, he's from the same town as they are") but it isn't really enough, and I think the second time around as their press officer, I only took the mouthpiece out of the role-closet and strapped it under my mustache because it didn't really fit anyone else. I didn't want it, but if the cap fits . . . don't worry about whether you enjoy wearing it.

I don't know whether to laugh or cry now that it's over. I mean I *miss* the Beatles, they were part of all our lives and all our loving, and yet it is nice for them and for us from the inner clique to be ourselves; so again I ask, who are we? Will we ever be allowed to go out and about as normals, or will we always be offered bones to inspect and label: "Which one was it who really split them up?" "Who was your favorite?"

I dunno, I dunno, I think sometimes that the people closest to them are the people the Beatles resent most. We were so adjacent to the truth, to the money, so near to the fame and the success and all of the glamglitscreamcheer that we got to look very like courtiers, covered in gold dust. Did *they* ever think: "Goddam them! Who do they think they are? Who needs them? *We* are the Beatles, we are the four"?

To press and public we had many faces. We were the link, the pipeline, the barrier, the obstacle course to be cleared to reach the big prize, but it was just a job y'know, you know how that riff runs.

Neil and Mal and Peter and me—we were there because we wanted to serve the Beatles; we were heavy fans, and so are all the people around them. I guess the whole world is and the miracle is not that the Beatles survived the world's adoration (they didn't, they took a powder to end the pain) but that Lennon and McCartney and Harrison and Starkey had the wit and the wisdom to cling to the good earth and not fall off.

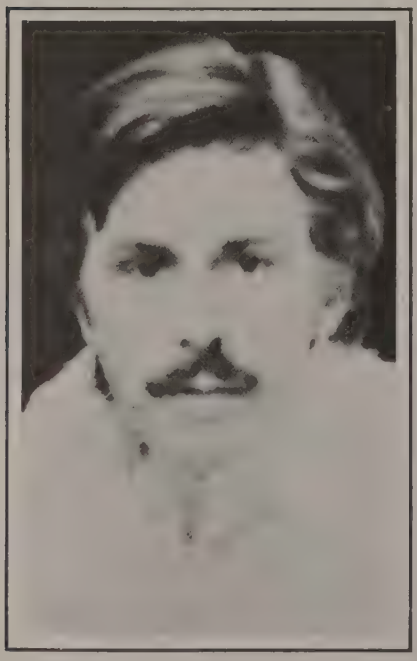
Clinging to reality can take a lot out of a man; I think that towards the end, The Beatles, as Parents, having troubles enough of their own, were looking at a houseful of full grown children sitting around making tea. If any of them had said: "Why don't you lot go out and get a job," me and Peter and all of us wouldn't have been surprised. So here I am, sitting at this desk, at home, feeling very strange.

When I was with the Beach Boys (says the old soldier, recalling past glories), the Beach Boys and I were talking about how we all lived off each other and one of them said, "We couldn't make it alone," and I said how come we managed before we met. And Mike Love said, "Listen, we ate then and we'll eat when it's over. It's irrelevant."

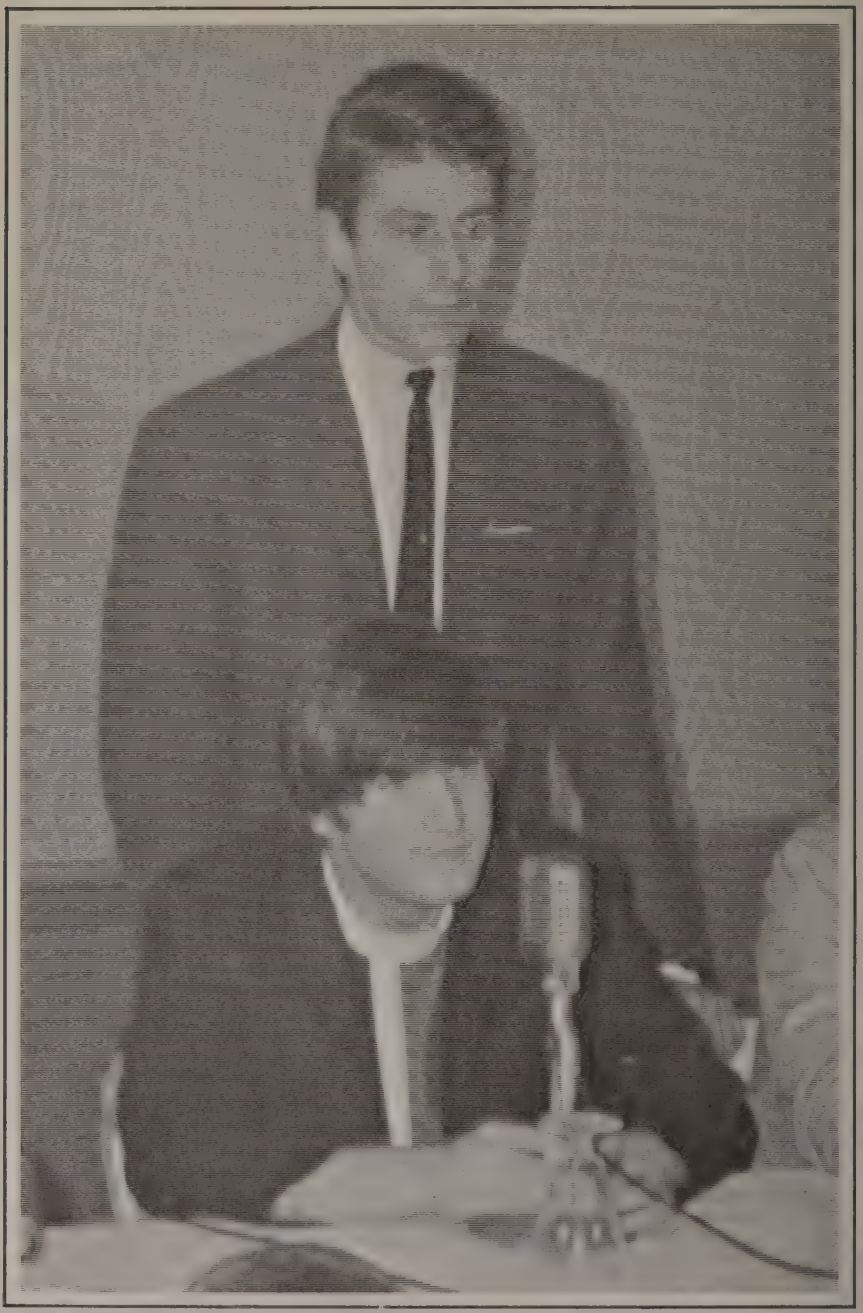
So it is, but like I say, if you live in the foothills you don't like rumbling noises in the night. It makes you paranoid.

I don't know what was worse, being with the Beatles when hellish pressures sent us screaming into the arms of the wicked pill doctors or being with them when everything was cool. Some days my tongue was thick and red and swollen and sore from talking and explaining, setting the record straight with so many incredibly stupid media men, women and children; yet those were the good days when you coulda died with your boots on, man, like a hero. But now that it is quiet and it is ended, we are very thin-lipped and analytical, quiescent, taciturn, and it is hard to see the old days like they were. Did it happen, all of it, or was it a dream? Was John once married to a girl from Hoylake, Cheshire? Did George actually sit in the Whiskey à Go Go with the other three and Jayne Mansfield (Jayne *Mans*-field?) in Hollywood throwing a whiskey over Mamie Van Doren? You must be joking. None of it ever happened.

So having come by many loops to this point, I now conclude with the comforting thought that we are all of us, Beatles and aides, moral, temporal and striving to find an answer. And now I am going to Ascot Races.



2



"'I'm an atheist,' said Lennon, the literary moptop, at the airport."

Major City, U.S.A. 1964

"YOU LAUGH when it's not funny. Doesn't he laugh when things aren't funny? I wonder why. What do you do when something *is* funny? How can anyone tell he's being funny when you laugh at everything and keep staring? You don't stop staring and you laugh your head off as if you'll be killed if you don't. Look, you're laughing again. You're mad."

Nineteen eyes bleared at John Lennon. The twentieth, belonging to Duke Gee, newscaster, was closed. "Drunk bastard," said John to himself, staring at Duke's other eye, rolling on the pillow in the folding cot.

Harv Speed, jockey of discs, was still laughing. "You crack me up, John. I break up, man. I just break up. Wow."

"You're a soft sod," said John, smiling from ear to ear and no higher. "Your mouth's in your forehead, laughing. It's an oval hole in his bloody forehead and all the green laughs fall out and run down his face. Stupid bugger."

Harv broke up again, laughing the disciplined dry "hach, hach" of the professional who has made a living interviewing comics and actors who pride themselves on humorous anecdotes.

"Laugh, laugh, yer soft swine," John said.

"It's good, though. It's better than crying."

Six other broadcasters, pilled and drunk and smoked beyond recall, sat and rocked and stared in silence. Duke Gee, both eyes closed now, breathed with noisy effort in his lonely cot.

"Hey, John," said Harv, "you need a woman."

John looked surprised. He didn't see the logic. Nor did I. But then it wasn't a logical scene. It wasn't a logical hotel suite. It wasn't a logical night and it wasn't a logical year; 1964 wasn't. It was the year of the Beatles and people who came near the Beatles were not themselves. Their mirrors didn't know them.

"Go away," said the mirrors. "We liked the old face best."

We were in America and it was four in the morning, or five. The suite was a temporary studio, rigged as a television and radio communications center as if it were a time of National Emergency. In a way, it was Emergency Time, this vacuum-morning of Beatlemania.

John and I were horribly depressed. Outside in the streets there was an occasional howl from a teenager, one of a hundred or so keeping vigil behind the sidewalk barricades. Inside the suite Harv was still laughing his way through a game of Flatter-a-Beatle and the other eyes were fixed, watching responses.

There was a knock at the door and I started off the bed: I wanted to welcome the angel of death, for I couldn't see who else it would be. But it was only a whore called Carol. She closed the door behind her, graveyard soft, and sat carefully on a hard chair against the wall, a few hundred yards away in the Dexamyl distance.

Twenty eyes swivelled from the whore to John and back, and again to John. Did he dig or did he not dig? Did the Beatle swing or did the Beatle not swing? John stared bleakly at the chair against the wall, at the blonde-wigged figure in scarlet wearing a chalk face the size of a small hand.

His dead gaze told the voyeurs nothing. Duke stirred in the cot. "Hi, baby," he said and wiped a sleep-rimmed whiskey line from his cracked brown lips. "What's happening?" Carol nodded nervously and didn't speak.

Duke lurched his lumpy body over in the cot and looked at Lennon, one fourth of the reason for his spending a night in this God-abandoned nerve center of Beatlemania.

He was on dawn Beatle-duty on radio station GRIN in this major city of this major nation and he was bearing his responsibilities heavily. GRIN was *the* official Beatle station, everyone agreed. Everyone except GROT, who claimed the title because they and not GRIN had a Jock Actually

"I name you Miss Tuberculosis of 1959."

Traveling on the Beatle airliner.

John had no views on the subject, as Duke had tartly learned the night before during the live "Welcome Beatles!" interview.

"Couldn't say," John had replied to Duke's invitation to acknowledge GRIN's Beatle-superiority. "My watch has stopped," he said when Duke asked a trick question to win an endorsement for the station's supremacy.

Duke was not unmindful of John's attitude; but he had a full Beatle-day ahead and he wasn't going to blow it by making an enemy of a Beatle—yet. He would be jovial, he thought.

"Hey, John," he said, his eyes swimming in a thin, red and yellow sauce, "you're the only bums in the world I ever missed my evening shower for."

"You're balls'll drop off," said John. "They'll rot. All your skin will fester, Beatle-people. This is what the Fab Four did to America, folks."

Harv Speed was laughing again, harsh and "hach, hach" at Duke. "You should be taping this, Duke," he howled. "Sodarseswinedick," muttered Lennon. "'I'm an atheist,' said Lennon, the literary moptop, at the airport."

John appeared to be cheered by his own coarseness and he laughed comfortably.

Harv was puzzled and Duke was presenting his miscalculation of Lennon's toughness. Duke had figured correctly that Harv would come on too strong for Lennon and had believed, incorrectly, that he would then have the field clear for winning Lennon's special affiliation for himself. (Closeness with a Beatle was a Top Forty broadcaster's Passport to Pop Prosperity.) So whereas Harv had seen Lennon as a post-teen ego who needed a receptive audience, Duke had banked on the success of a sly put-down one-liner. Neither approach, however, was scoring any points.

Harv, slimmer and younger than Duke, had prepared for this Beatle-day by becoming GRIN's boss expert on what he called The Liverpool Sound, a responsibility he bore with immense pomposity and unwavering inaccuracy.

Scarcely a Countdown-to-Beatle Day passed without Harv dropping some fable-tidbit about the Shaggy-Haired Foursome, their loves and hates, threading his tales with quasi-English, un-Beatle quotes which his fans swallowed whole and lovingly.

Duke clenched his face muscles into his famous GRIN grin and screwing up his eyes against the cruel-cool stare of the Beatle, he produced an eraser from the pocket of the fat cord pants he had folded by the cot and prepared for a double entendre. "What," he asked, "do you English guys call this?"

"A rubber," said John, "but you American guys call them erasers because rubber means French letter which is why we don't understand each other, Beatle-people."

Harv was lying on the floor, pounding his fists against the bed. "Wow, man. Doesn't anything stop you dreaming up these great one-liners, John?"

John, watching Duke's eyes beading toward the door, said, "Yes. A shag."

"Let's swing, baby," said Harv with the enthusiasm of Ed Sullivan introducing an unknown Polish juggler. "Hey, girls."

Red Carol had been silently joined by a colleague. She was older than Carol, maybe twenty-eight, and mean. She was embarrassed by Carol, who had not taken her eyes off John, and was clearly becoming more fan than harlot.

"One at a time," laughed one of the other jockeys from his zombie chair.

Duke, now sitting upright in the cot, tee-shirted and red-necked, was tenderly rubbing the fleshy muscles in his back. "It's not cool, baby," he observed to his chest. "Positively not cool."

It was positively not cool. It was a Bad Scene, and the hostility count must have been 120 at its peak as the older whore wandered, thighs thrusting, over to Harv, who appeared to be the auctioneer. "Hi, Beatle-watchers," said Lennon to the floor. "Buy our latest record." The girl was whispering to Harv, and Duke reached out to touch her, failing because distances are deceptive. He fell back on the cot, blaming an old basketball injury which he had just invented.

"He's a lousy put-down," said the girl, who was called Doris. "Who needs him?"

"Go home to your husband, Mary McMouse, and make him a hot dinner," said John without malice.

"Thanks and don't ask me again," said Doris to Harv and she banged her way out of the room. "Split," she advised Carol as she passed, and rightly so.

Carol heard nothing; she was staring at John. He was asleep now, back straight, chin down, with the thousandth cigarette of the day safely trapped in his fingers. Beatles, like animals, sleep compact.

Duke said to Harv, "Carol's your last throw, but you'll have to wake him." He himself would wake John as a last resort for he was a determined voyeur and he had plans, anyway, to have her after John. It would make a good bar story: "Me and this Beatle had the same girl."

Carol tripped across the room, fussing with her purse. She stopped in front of John, who was awake and grinning again. "You're real," she squeaked. "You really are real." John looked at her, expressionless, as she poked his chest with her forefinger.

"Wow," she said. "Do you believe that hair? It's longer than mine." She looked at Duke, who nodded a sly millimeter, his face hardening.

John was carved in marble. "I name you Miss Tuberculosis of 1959," he said.

Carol giggled. "He *is* a man, isn't he?" she asked Harv, who was laughing all over again.

John reached over and clasped a jumbo-sized paper cup half-full of orange juice and cigarette butts. He raised it towards Carol and said, "On behalf of the four jovial moptops and the boss jocks, I would like you to accept this iron lung."

Carol took the cup and turned to Harv. The room shrieked with silence.

"Split," hissed Duke. "Now."

Carol handed the cup to Harv, who was very pale. And she left. "See ya, baby," said Harv, hoping he wouldn't live that long and fearing he would be dead before dawn (which was coming soon).

Duke climbed out of the cot and disappeared into the bathroom with his clothes. John and I sat motionless, fatigued more than our bodies could tell us.

The other jockeys were filing out of the room, the night gone, blown. By noon they would have forgotten everything except that they had been privileged to stare at a Beatle for five outasite hours, folks.

Duke ambled from the bathroom, pink with hot and cold water; clearing his throat he picked up a telephone and called the station. "Hi, Dave," he said. "Give me the hot-line—I got the dawn bulletin."

And to the waking city his urgent baritone proclaimed the news that Beatle Day had indeed begun. "And for me," he oiled, "it's beginning by the side of one of the grooviest guys you could ever meet. Believe it or not, I am sitting by the side of a real live Beatle, the boss Beatle himself, the literary, witty one—John Lennon. Hi, John, care to say a word to . . ."

But John Lennon himself, who was cool to hot-lines, was no longer there. There was only Harv, who was laughing and laughing and laughing.

(First published in *Cheetah* magazine.)

3

Is it possible to march to war singing "All you need is love"?

Indianapolis and Somewhere 1964

YESSIR," said the driver, "yessiree, there ain't a funnier sight 'n all this world than a frightened coon."

We were driving to the Indiana State Fair, him and me, and I had never been to Indiana before—nor since, thanks—so he was playing courier and guide. We had met a half hour earlier in the courtyard at the motel on the outskirts of Indianapolis. The Beatles had been rushed into their limousine, a bad case of over-haste by panicky officials, and I had waved the car away as an alternative to losing an arm or maybe a life trying to climb in the front seat beside Brian Epstein, who had been slammed in bodily. A local, a small sandy Middle American, came across to me and said: "You missed your ride, buddy." I said yes, I had. "I'll take you where you want to go," he said. "To the fair?"

I was grateful. We drove through a pretty neighborhood, dressed in lovely green lawns and fine white houses, and then we drove through another neighborhood with brown lanes and fine black faces and he said:

"Coonsville. This is where They live; man, these are some funny people. Catch one of them at night and put a scare in him and yessir, there ain't a funnier sight 'n all this world than a frightened coon." He said how it was real funny that their eyes showed up round and white, y'know? Like Stepin

Fetchit in the movies?

Jesus, was this a man I was driving with, was this *my* companion? He was the one man in the whole world I could trust to get me where I needed to be, and he was talking like this? Yes, oh yes, he was talking like this and I wasn't stopping him because I didn't know what to say to anyone like this because I didn't know till now that there *were* people like this, not who would come straight out with it. (Coons? I hadn't heard the word since the news editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post* had let it drop once, many years ago, explaining that he was only using it affectionately.)

The driver said he had business in town and he was a family man and it was this way: like, he had a son and it would make him a hero if he could get the boy to meet the Beatles, and it had come to him, like it was from heaven, that he had gotten to drive the Beatles' very own press agent to the State Fair 'n all.

Oh yes? I not only had a bastard like this as a driver, but I also had him for the rest of our stay in Indiana, which was another twenty-four hours. Jesus! And when a man like that figures you owe him something (and I was now his passenger for free), you don't get rid so easily.

We arrived at the fair and he said he will bring the boy to the motel first thing tomorrow, or better still tonight, right? And I will fix it for him to meet the four guys? Right?

The boy and the father came to the motel and they stayed and I had coffee with them and I had orange juice with them and I was very sorry for them and I hated them and I tried to fix some sort of contact with the Beatles and I don't think I succeeded. But I can't be sure because my memory fails me at this point, and all I want to say is that if you are ever in Indiana and you miss your ride, hire a cab because in the end it is not as expensive as spending twenty-four hours of your precious life with a bastard who throws scares into poor blacks just so he can see the whites of their eyes and who has a son he is poisoning for the future. I often think about this father and this son who so admired the Beatles then and I wonder how they are shaping up to the '70s, this father and this son. The boy will be at college now, I guess. Is he a freak or is he straight? It would be fun to find out.

Many, if not most (and soon it will be all but a very few), of the very early Beatles/Stones fans are married now, or living like married, and from the evidence of record sales, those bands have carried the support of most of them into adulthood. Are they not the protestors, the draft-resisters, the emancipated, the alienated? And if they are not, how come they heard the

words of the songs and didn't heed them, for, as John Lennon said, "Our songs were about peace and freedom and love; there was never any other message." Is it possible to march to war singing "All you need is love"? I mean, is it physically possible, emotionally possible?

The wife of the mayor of Somewhere came to visit us in the summer of 1964.

We were staying in the Something Hotel in her husband's city and the Beatles were asleep after a show the night before. It was the usual state of siege with the street scene spilling into the hotel lobby and armed guards everywhere. Pinkertons and cops and plaincothes-men. Men with short-sleeved white shirts and thin grey ties checking and rechecking passes and authorizations, and the only person who reached us on our floor that morning was, naturally enough, the wife of the mayor.

It was around eleven o'clock and I was asleep. There was a knock at the door and a guy standing there said I had an important guest and I should be real nice to her on account of she was the wife of our mayor. Oh, great. I mean, really fantastic. I dressed and took two small yellow Dexedrine tablets and cleaned my teeth and combed my hair and put on a tie and did all the things I did in those days, the essentials like popping pills and wearing a tie.

The wife of the mayor was in a room across the corridor and she had her daughter with her, a sweet little thing of nine, and there was also a reporter. The wife of the mayor of Somewhere said she had come to meet the Beatles and that was it. I said they were sleeping and she said that had nothing to do with her.

"Wake them."

"Pardon me?"

"Get them up. I am not here to waste my time."

I looked at the woman, I mean really looked at her. She was nice to look at, hard as hell but quite nice. I said I hadn't had breakfast but I was prepared to have a screwdriver if she would like to have a screwdriver. So we screwdrove together and she said she had been disgusted by the goings-on the night before. "I mean, four young long-haired louts from nowhere messing up that fine auditorium and creating so much chaos and trouble that decent people trying to behave properly were prevented from going about their business."

Oh?

"Nothing," she said, "but nothing would have persuaded me to let my daughter into such an environment." So what was her daughter doing right

now, trying to meet the four louts?

"I am insisting upon it because these four people are in our city and in their way they are famous." And, she said, they had a fascination for her daughter which, though incomprehensible, was something that had to be faced in the proper time and the proper place. And right now was the time and right here in the Something Hotel was the place. But the Beatles are sleeping, I said, and she said she heard me before, but I didn't appear to have heard *her*.

"Get them up. They have no business to be asleep at this time of day."

And, she said, and what was more, she said, don't take me lightly, she said, there was this reporter who would bear witness to my refusal, my outright refusal, to let the Daughter of the Mayor of Somewhere meet these four boys who had received so much money for a half hour show which no-one could hear. The reporter, a plain and pleasant woman of about twenty, blushed. It was getting very heavy. The wife of the mayor of Somewhere said, further, that while she had an opportunity to talk to a visiting Englishman, she would like to make it clear that Somewhere was a very fine place to live, and it was in no way to be confused with Chicago, which was a dirty, corrupt and badly-administered city.

Phew.

Wow.

There is no punch line to this; the daughter of the mayor of Somewhere got to meet the Beatles later that day.

Did you doubt she would?

4

With Albert Grossman: "Absolute silliness"

Los Angeles 1969

SHARON TATE was murdered yesterday in a house in Bel Air that Joan and I went to one night long ago—went to a party one night and admired the oak beams, the mock oak beams on which the killers would hang the dead eight months pregnant body of Sharon Tate, and admired too the grounds where they would stretch out three others, and the papers would say that all the men were "full dressed in hippie-type garb." Pretty nasty.

Terry Melcher and Mark Lindsay lived in the place before Sharon Tate. The house was protected by an electrical gate. Joan and I didn't understand it when we arrived for Terry Melcher's party; we didn't know what it was. We'd never spoken to anyone from a gate and had it opened by remote control. Boy, were we naive.

Steve Sanders was there that night. Steve wasn't naive. He had gatecrashed better parties than this one and he climbed the gate and got himself in a fine state of indignation when he was asked to leave.

I should tell you about Steve, I suppose. Steve is in his twenties and he is a pretty good guy in his way. He is one of us, you and me. If he dies a dozen people will feel an emptiness that will last forever.

Steve is known as the bomber, sometimes because he bombs, he fails to deliver, he just doesn't make it across the line in time. Not always, but

sometimes, and you only have to bomb sometimes in Hollywood to be known as the bomber. If Brian Wilson the Giant Beach Boy can become a genius on the basis of what he achieved, then Steve Sanders can sure as hell become a genius on the basis of what he doesn't get together.

Once he was the Mamas and the Papas' road manager and Lou Adler told me he failed to get the Mamas and the Papas to a plane on time. They all missed it but Steve put matters right by hiring a Lear jet. He climbed aboard and the pilot took off and reached 42,000 feet in fifteen minutes and Steve was well pleased, having forgotten that the Mamas and the Papas were still grounded. He smiled to himself, no doubt because he is a happy soul, easily pleased, and I and a thousand others quite like him.

Steve brings good things to the Big Stars and sometimes they thank him and sometimes they share it with him, but not always, not always. Stars become so used to candy men, they sort of take them for granted.

Steve was a pal of John's once, John Lennon; I think he still is. John liked his impudence and charm and optimism and hedonism. He is a man who didn't really give a shit as long as he was near the great or near the near-greats who could lead him to the greats so that he could give them good things to make them happy. John gave Steve a few movie cameras and a crate of film and bankrolled Steve from Weybridge which is in Surrey, England, to Monterey which is in California, USA, to shoot a movie on the Monterey Pop Festival. He arrived 7,000 miles later and was thrown out because film rights had been sold to ABC for half a million bucks. Steve didn't get to shoot the concerts but somehow he made a movie of the pop festival and he enjoys seeing it and showing it and even Stars enjoy it.

So if you consider that the Monterey Pop Festival was the first great festival in the brief and furious history of pop music, and that Steve Sanders not only got in for nothing but—for free and against terrific odds—made a movie of it as well, and came as the representative of John Lennon of the Famous Beatles, then maybe bomber is not the right way to describe Steve Sanders.

The pop fringe is a strange piece of fabric; it is woven by many hands, not all of them skilled. But to the last tattered strand, it involves only the dedicated, and many of the people without a specific role have a far warmer sensitivity to the pulse of the life-style of the artists than those who claim to *know*—the bookers, the entrepreneurs, the agents, the impresarios, the press.

There is a man called Alan Pariser who has a chalet with a view of Hollywood you wouldn't believe, and if you are anyone in pop you know Alan

Steve was once the road manager for the Mamas and the Papas.

Pariser and he knows you. He too has sweets for the sweet and sugar for his honey. He married the daughter of the Duke of Newcastle. He is mainly bearded and mostly wears shades and a cowboy hat and drives a Porsche.

Alan was born into a rich Eastern family who made paper cups. He is still well off, it would seem, and he will lend money to anyone he likes. He is a good, kind man and he believes me to be insane, but *I* know it is Alan who is insane. Or not.

Alan Pariser knows so much that if my morbid curiosity cannot be assuaged by tonight's BBC-TV news on the Tate murders (and it is a light appetite which is satisfied by a BBC-TV news bulletin), I can call Alan in Hollywood, and, if he is not able to offer any new facts on the Sharon Tate "ritual slaying," then he will be ready and able to offer views and opinions substantial enough to meet any whim or quirk.

It was Alan Pariser who thought of having a pop festival, and came to me and also to Ben Shapiro, and so was launched the Monterey International Pop Festival which was going to make a lot of money.

John Phillips of the Mamas and the Papas and Lou Adler came to lead the festival and they took it away from Pariser and Shapiro and made it nonprofit and made Pariser non-producer and whipping boy. Pariser took his whipping like a boy and worked like a man winning not only Phillips' affection, but also Adler's admiration, and more important, international status.

Alan knows the Beatles; he is George's Los Angeles guide, stays in Palm Springs when he pleases, has toured with the Cream, launched Delaney and Bonnie, helped to make *You Are What You Eat,* a movie of mixed virtues and vices, looks forward to being around when the next Thing happens and undoubtedly will be. If I am around, I will always want Pariser to be alive somewhere, making his transatlantic phone calls and hustling deals which will make loads of waves and hardly any money for himself.

5

44 New Facts on the Fab Four 1965

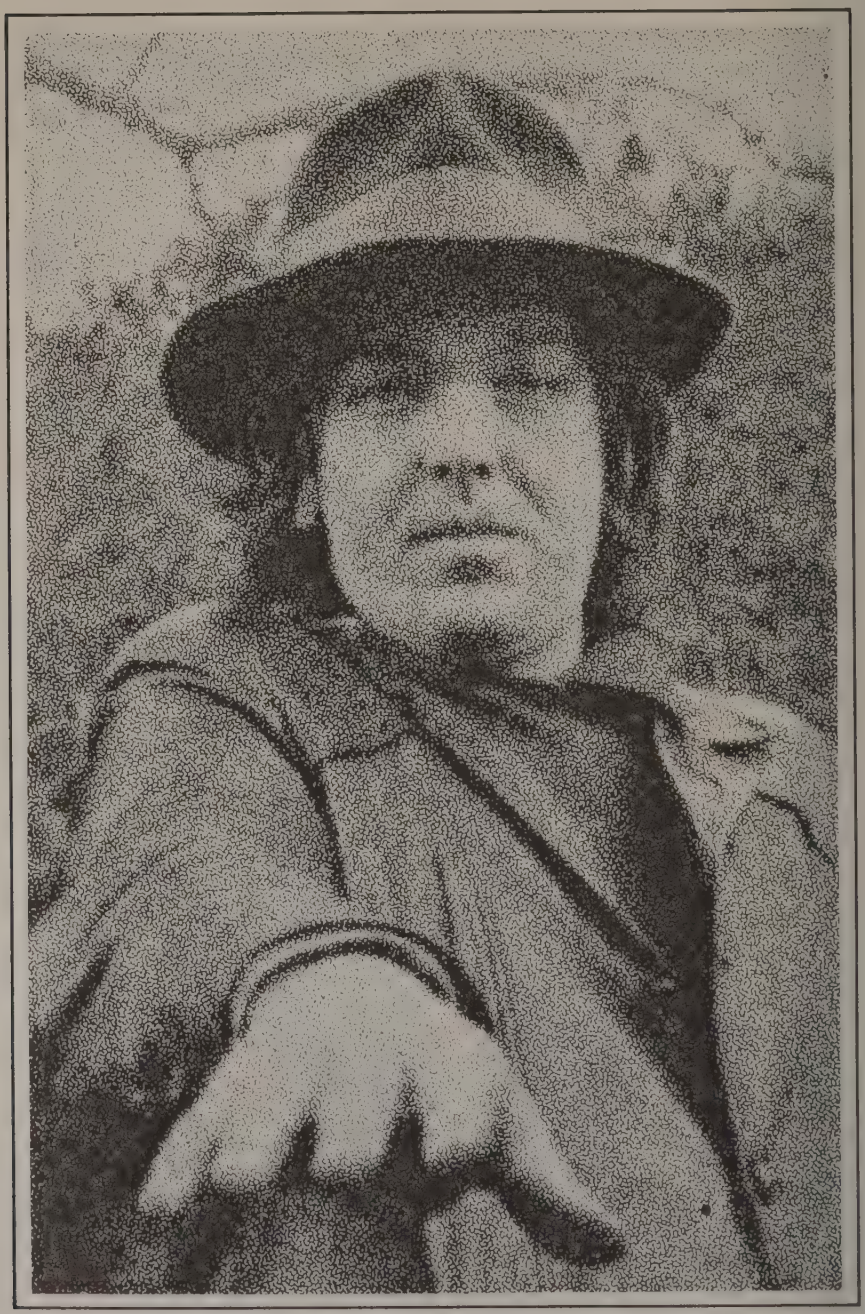
1. John flew to Hong Kong wearing pajamas.
2. John is a cat-lover.
3. Ringo spent much of his childhood in a Cheshire hospital.
4. John used to envy his cousin Stanley's Meccano set.
5. Brian Epstein hesitated a long time before taking Ringo as a replacement for Pete Best.
6. George Harrison is afraid of flying.
7. George Harrison has bought a bow and arrow.
8. Pattie Boyd didn't like the Beatles before she met them on the set of *A Hard Day's Night.*
9. John's father was a singer on prewar Atlantic liners.
10. Ringo's stepfather, Harry Graves, sings Beatle songs at family parties.
11. The Beatles never visit a barber.
12. Paul washes his hair every day.
13. The Beatles turned down the offer of an appearance on the 1964 Royal Variety Show.
14. Ringo cannot swim, except for a brief doggie-paddle.
15. Brian Epstein made the Beatles have their hair cut short after he signed them in 1962.

16. They are never photographed with their hair "up."
17. Paul ate corn flakes and bacon and eggs at a champagne and caviar luncheon in London. Music publisher Dick James was host.
18. The Beatles didn't want to go to Australia without Ringo when he was ill. But Brian Epstein persuaded them to change their minds.
19. Paul has a Mini as well as an Aston Martin DB 4.
20. George's personal Christmas card was a photograph of him scowling at a cameraman.
21. John never saw an audience properly until Dundee in Scotland. Then he wore contact lenses.
22. An American firm wrote to the Beatles asking if they could market their bath water at a dollar a bottle.
23. The Beatles refused the offer.
24. Their road manager, Mal Evans, was once a bouncer at Liverpool Cavern.
25. Neil Aspinall, their other road manager, was given a Jaguar last Christmas—a present from the Beatles.
26. Paul drinks coffee for breakfast. The other three drink tea. Even in America.
27. Ringo had his new clothes designed by a woman, Caroline Charles.
28. Jane Asher bought Paul a record player for his Aston Martin.
29. Brian Epstein says "America discovered Ringo."
30. Paul believes he is not a very good guitarist.
31. None of the Beatles drink Scotch and Coke. They now dilute the occasional spirit with lemonade.
32. John told an American journalist that U.S. fashions were five years behind the U.K.
33. The Beatles never really liked jelly babies. They just said they did for a joke.
34. They carry a crate of bottles of pop in the trunk of their Austin Princess.
35. Their new chauffeur, Alf Bicknell, used to drive David Niven and Cary Grant.
36. Burt Lancaster has sent Ringo a set of pistols. They became friends in Hollywood.
37. Burt let them use his home for a showing of Peter Sellers in *A Shot in the Dark*.
38. Edward G. Robinson and his grandchild twice joined the queue to shake hands with the Beatles at their Hollywood garden party.
39. So did Mrs. Dean Martin and her five children.

40. The Beatles have no pockets in their trousers and only two side pockets in their jackets. Paul designed them.
41. All they carry on them in the way of money is a few bank notes.
42. John has bought his mother-in-law a house near his own in Surrey.
43. None of the Beatles wears undershirts.
44. Paul wants to buy a farm.

(With acknowledgments to *Fabulous* magazine, London.)

6



The Captain is better off where he is.

Los Angeles 1965-1968

LEONARD GRANT had an office next to mine on the eighth floor of the 9000 building on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood and he managed Frank Gorshin (Batman's Riddler) and also Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band whom he wanted "cleaned up and sold to the fans." Captain Beefheart came from the High Desert, from Lancaster, and he wanted to sing blues, just sing blues, man.

I wanted to "sell him to the fans" because I needed the money and it was true that for those days he was very eccentric. This was 1966, a very hard year. I was taking on too much. Leonard Grant said Beefheart was not made of money so would I keep the price modest because Beefheart would be the one who was paying. I asked $250 a month and I got it, most months I got it.

The first thing to do was hear Beefheart sing. I liked him very much; he was a very funny man, very wry and dry, and he sang with a very hard, mean blues, cupping his hand over his right ear. He complained all the time that the sound system was shit, just shit, man. This was at a club on Santa Monica Boulevard. "I'll take them," I said generously. Would they take me?

Leonard Grant told them I was very impressive and witty, a hard role to

play all the time. I was so impressive and witty that when I wrote one of the most impressive and witty and far-out "biographies" I had ever done, by night and on Dexedrines too many to count between the whiskeys, Leonard Grant took hold of a corner of it and waved it as if to shake the germs away and said, "This is not at all what I wanted. You are making fun of my group."

I should have known then that we wouldn't make it together, Leonard Grant and I. To show you how far the relationship deteriorated I should tell you that the last time we corresponded it was over who should pay for the damage done to a mimeograph machine which he had stored in *my* office because it was too old and ugly for *his* but not, apparently, for mine A piece of hard plastic cowling had been damaged on the machine—I had smashed it one morning after too many brandies for breakfast. Instead of hitting Leonard, I had punched the shit out of the plastic, bashed it, crashing my fist up and down until the skin broke and blood was drawn. "I think it must have fallen," I told him. He didn't believe me and sued for damages.

But that lay in the future. The issue in the beginning was how to get Captain Beefheart's ugly mug in *Sixteen* magazine, preferably on the cover along with Mark Lindsay and Jim McGuinn. Well, for a start, that *hair,* Captain? And those clothes? He had hair down to his shoulders and wore jeans and if you think that isn't far out, you're right, but how long is your memory? *Nobody* wore jeans and had hair down to his shoulders in 1966, not even the Byrds. I remember Gene Clark of the Byrds coming back to L.A. after a trip to San Francisco and saying, "I like long hair but those cats in San Francisco! It's going too far!"

Leonard Grant had a nice woman working for him in those days. Together we took the Captain and the Magic Band to De Voss and other boutiques on Hollywood Boulevard and dressed them in big-collared shirts and ties and jackets and boots and we had their hair cut. Oh yes. One afternoon I hired a barber to cut their hair. So silly.

At first Captain Beefheart didn't make a lot of space while we worked together, but we did work hard together, and we amused each other very much. And both he and I left Leonard Grant, who had really strayed out of his market in the first place. It was the middle period of the new rock'n'roll and the smooth old world was getting foolishly involved with . . . newer elements. The men in suits were hurting to find out. A lot of them drowned.

The nearest Captain Beefheart and I got to a spread was in *Flip* magazine, published with some skill and energy by one Stephen Kahn of the Kahn Communications Corporation of New York City. Kahn and I had a

deal whereby I would wreck my health writing about my clients and he would print what I wrote, but only if the groups were making it anyway. As a concession to the unknown Beefheart, he agreed to reproduce a collage made for me by one of the Magic Band. It looked very good but it had as much to do with blues as Rex Harrison.

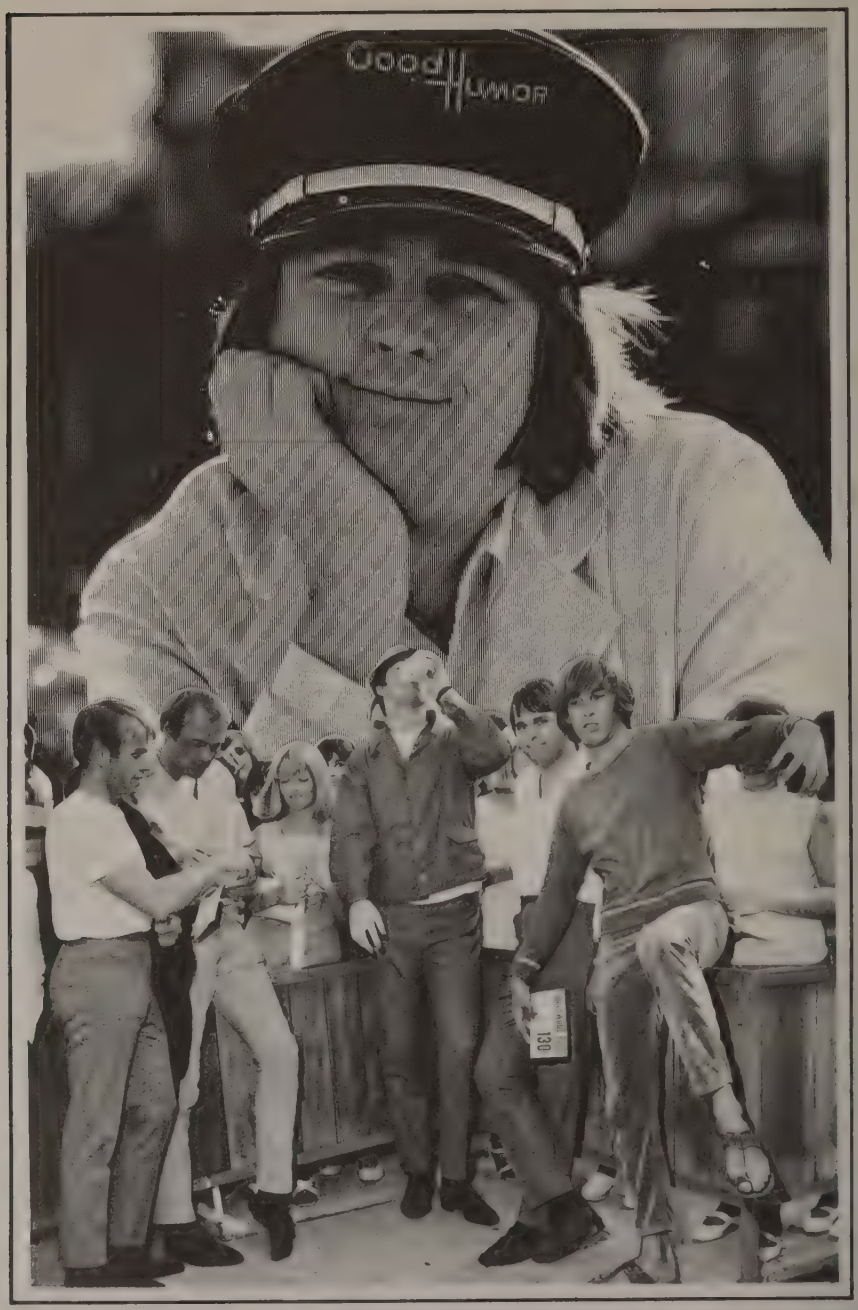
All this for $250 a month? Yes. It was really a rugged fight for us publicists then. We didn't know our rights and we didn't smoke dope and, well, we just had to learn that the only thing that mattered was the music, the music. When Beefheart said all he wanted to do was sing blues, he should have been allowed to sing blues. Fame was the spur.

Now Beefheart is on the cover of as many pop magazines and newspapers as he cares to be. It is just amazing. He wears a green top hat and his hair is like yours and mine and he is excellent. He hasn't had a hit or played Carnegie Hall or Shea Stadium or anything; but what the hell. He is Captain Beefheart and he should worry.

He called me once, at five in the morning. "Hey, man, will Apple sign me up? I can't stand these people . . . their heads are so small, man, forget it." Apple didn't sign him up and he is better off where he is. He is with Warner's and so am I. . . . Saw him yesterday. Nice.

Captain Beefheart and the Byrds, and also Tiny Tim, were good enough to perform free at a benefit concert I had promoted for myself in March 1968 on the eve of de-immigrating from California back to Liverpool. I had made quite a lot of money one way or another during our three years in Hollywood, but I didn't seem to have much left when it came to booking an air ticket home to Liverpool, so at the last moment I invited about 500 people to come to Ciro's on the Strip for a farewell party (cost per ticket, $5.50). People responded very well—such is Hollywood; there is a lot of good will among the panic—and 600 came, but I overordered on the wine (most of the guests were wiped out by cannabis) and underestimated on the gatecrashing so there was quite a deficit. It was a fine party and Beefheart complained like hell about the sound system so I guess it was a success.

The party at Ciro's was a fine bold stroke, but only in Hollywood; it didn't strike me till later, as I wondered how any of it had happened, wondered *if* any of it had happened. So much living was crammed into the three years we spent in Hollywood. We flew out of Liverpool in 1965 and sailed back into Liverpool in 1968 totally changed, totally. We didn't feel "British" any more, and a good thing too. We belonged, we believed, to a brotherhood in rock'n'roll which had nothing to do with where we were born but which had everything to do with "where our heads were at, man."



Brian Wilson and the very fashionable Beach Boys

We had learned so much from the young and from the music in America. From Beefheart, from the Byrds, from the Beach Boys, from the Southern California experience, which is like no other. I cannot describe the California experience. You just have to go there and do it and rely on your ability to absorb it and still stay alive and reasonably steady. If you can do it there, you can do it anywhere. Do what? Do anything. The Beach Boys, born there, successful there, crazy there, completely reborn there; they are as good an example of what Southern California is—erratic, self-indulgent, optimistic, large, vain and full of innovation.

Often put down in their early years, now vastly and widely appreciated in so many, many ways, the Beach Boys and I met in 1966 and worked together for two years. They paid me $750 a month for publicity and all sorts of help and they loaned me five thou when I had a crisis. Such generosity, but Christ, they were hard work. The basis of the band was the three Wilson brothers, Brian, Dennis and Carl, and their cousin Mike Love; but there was a fifth, Al Jardine, at that time not a full-sharing financial partner; and there was a sixth, Bruce Johnston, stand-in for Brian during stage performances, not yet certain of his role (he left in 1972). And they were anxious to bring everything much more together and win a wider following among the cognoscenti. They were on the threshold of releasing "Pet Sounds" and the next single was to be "Good Vibrations."

The Beach Boys became very fashionable in Europe at the time I was with them. I don't know why. They'd been around for years, making an absolute fortune and spending it. In Britain they once unseated the Fab Beatles from Fave Group, but such polls are without much merit, I think. Richard Goldstein came to see me once and said all the really hip people were thinking of having their own polls to show who the top people actually were. He said that if *we* were to be polled then an important conclusion could be reached. I doubt it. Leave it to the public—to you and me: Look at our own private record collections; watch which concerts we *pay* to see. This is the only test.

Pop writers were making names for themselves by 1966-67. I took Tom Nolan to meet Brian Wilson one afternoon. Tom was very young then and terribly bright and cool. He had awful acne and he wasn't handsome but his prose was good. Brian found him a fine listener and that suited Brian very well because Brian was a fine talker. When he tried he could give fantastic interviews. When he tried he could make fantastic records. Long live the Beach Boys, and may Brian Wilson rejoin them.

About Tom Nolan: he wrote in the *Los Angeles Times* that Brian had

taken acid and nobody, but nobody, got upset. I suppose you have to call it LSD before the bogeyman can assume a shape worthy of fear and hate. When Paul was asked whether he had taken LSD, he said yes, and when *Life* printed it, TV interviewers asked him didn't he think it was irresponsible for a man in his public position (oh, *really*?) to influence others to take LSD. Paul asked the TV interviewers didn't they think it was irresponsible of them to broadcast that he had taken LSD. Well, the television interviewers did broadcast it, so what with their irresponsibility and Paul's, I guess some people did follow his example.

Pete Johnson is another writer who let his hair hang out. I met him at a Beefheart gig in the Whiskey à Go Go. Leonard Grant and I had argued for much of the afternoon over which disc jockeys would sit where, and it was quite a disappointing evening, presswise, in that not too many pressmen came. In fact, only Pete Johnson came. He was late and missed Beefheart's first set. The Doors were on with the Captain, as second act. Hardly anyone had heard of them, except all the people who had always known how good they were (which didn't include me, until that night). Pete came in, raving about the Doors and complaining about the aggravation he had to take from doorkeepers. I bought him a whiskey and then I bought Joan and me a brandy and Pete started raving again about the amazing Doors. I hoped that he would like the Captain, too, and he did. He wrote something nice in the *Los Angeles Times* and Pete Johnson became a well-known critic in L.A. Then a wicked man laid a joint on him, then another, and before you could say Pete Johnson, Pete Johnson had red hair down to his elbows and no desire to be a critic of anything, let alone something as nice as music.

I worked for the Doors much later, when they were about to peak. Their management, A. Associate and Associates or something, called me in and said they had heard good things about me, and I said I had heard good things about them, which was a downright lie because I had heard nothing about them at all, but I loved the Doors.

The deal lasted a week, during which I arranged one interview and then wandered through Beverly Hills with them talking about color transparencies. I couldn't make it with the management, nor they with me. Managements can be very strange. The Doors left them too. I wrote to the management and said: "Can't make it, man, dunno why," and they wrote back "Okay, here's $500, your fee." (Shows ya, there's good and bad in all of us—$500 for one week.)

Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, brilliant delinquent brains behind Son-

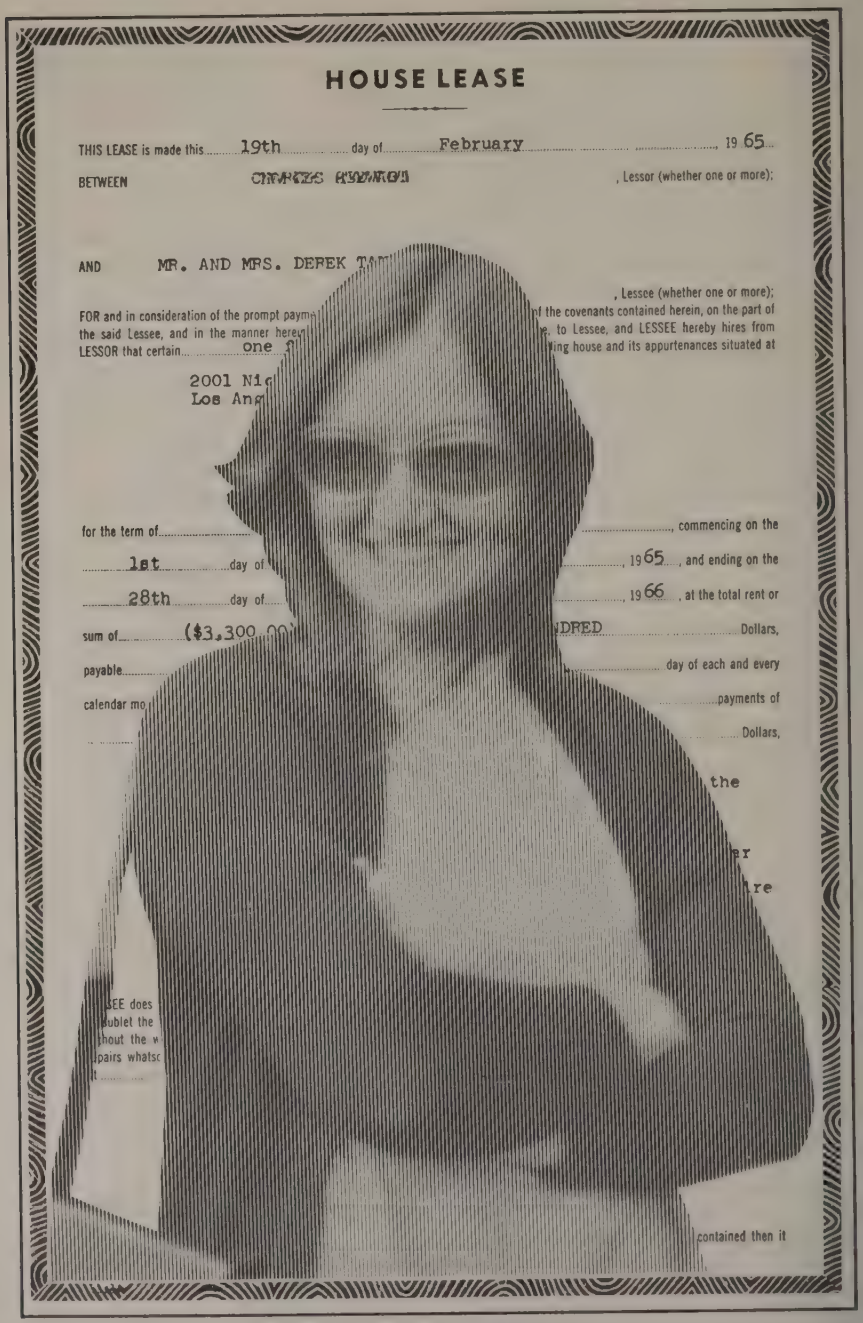
The Doors: "Couldn't make it with the management . . ."

ny and Cher and other Great Adventures of the sixties, hired me to do the Buffalo Springfield, another group I liked front and backstage, and Charlie gave me $100 in advance. Very nice, I thought, and spent it that day (or maybe a week earlier), and a couple of months later I wrote to Charlie and Brian saying, "Let's call the whole thing off." Time dims my motives and I can only suppose I couldn't take the added responsibility. Hollywood was getting very weird by then and it was only a matter of time, I thought, before I represented every group in town and went absolutely crazy. I realized something was going wrong when I was picking up famous bands and dropping them a week later.

I hadn't paid any taxes in two years and I'd saved nothing so that when the taxman came to see me on the eighth floor of the 9000 building I was in no position to pay him. I told him so frankly and he betrayed less interest than if I'd been Brigitte Bardot nude in his kitchen sink, though not much less. He questioned me for about six hours and at the end I thanked him for his enormous courtesy and offered him an album by Chad and Jeremy, whom I also represented. He refused to be swayed into showing any humanity and replied merely that it could be construed as a bribe, which, he explained, he was not empowered to accept, and also he didn't have a record player at this time, Sir. "I shall return tomorrow," he said, and he did and gave me twenty-four hours to find two and a half Gs, which I did in the nick of time by scoring the five I told you about from the Beach Boys.

Times were tough, reader. I fired everyone, particularly my clients, who were all driving me out of my mind. They all forgave me and they left graciously and almost all of them paid me, some twice over, even Paul Revere, a parsimonious and honest man.

7



HOUSE LEASE

THIS LEASE is made this 19th day of February, 19 65

BETWEEN CHARLES HYMON, Lessor (whether one or more);

AND MR. AND MRS. DEREK TA[illegible], Lessee (whether one or more);

FOR and in consideration of the prompt paym[illegible] of the covenants contained herein, on the part of the said Lessee, and in the manner hereu[illegible]e, to Lessee, and LESSEE hereby hires from LESSOR that certain one f[illegible]ing house and its appurtenances situated at

2001 Ni[illegible]
Los Ang[illegible]

for the term of [illegible], commencing on the 1st day of [illegible], 1965, and ending on the 28th day of [illegible], 1966, at the total rent or sum of ($3,300.00) [illegible]DRED Dollars, payable [illegible] day of each and every calendar mo[illegible] payments of [illegible] Dollars,

[illegible] the

[illegible]er

[illegible]re

[illegible]SEE does [illegible]ublet the [illegible]hout the w[illegible]pairs whatsc[illegible]

[illegible] contained then it

So the family of six emigrated . . .

Los Angeles and the Bahamas 1965

Paul Revere and the Raiders were the first group I signed when I emigrated to America with Joan and the four oldest kids in 1965. The group was handed to me by a man named Bob Eubanks who fronts the awful "Newlywed Game" show on television. Have you seen the "Newlywed Game"? It's David and Julie on toast. The aim is to find how much the newlyweds really know about each other. "What would your husband say if he farted: (a) I regret that; (b) I don't regret that; (c) I guess I farted."

Bob Eubanks is the ideal man for this show. He ran clean clubs for teens; these newlyweds were *his* kids, grown to . . . maturity? When he hired me he was the man who promoted the Beatles in L.A. I was never really sure he liked them but, hell, he was getting rich at the Hollywood Bowl. After the first Bowl show, the Beatles were given towels to dry the sweat. Someone later cut up the towels, encased a half-inch square in plastic, and sold them for five bucks each.

I got to know Eubanks in 1964 during the Beatles' first American visit, and he said whydoncher work for me, buddy, we'll get rich.

So the family of six emigrated. Eubanks gave me $215 a week and an office at 6290 Sunset Boulevard and he called it Prestige Publicity. Prestige? I had a high-backed leather chair and a couple of partners called

Gayle and Cecil Tuck from Texas hoping to make it big in rock'n'roll. They were all very good to Joan and me in their way, but they were in one hell of a hurry to make it. They made us welcome and then put me to work like a kilo of grass, spreading me around like a mass turn-on. I was the guy who had publicized the Beatles and I could make anyone famous. If you rolled me up and smoked me, you would be on the "Ed Sullivan Show" come Independence Day. Bob Eubanks took me up and down the boulevard like Tom Ewell did Jayne Mansfield in *The Girl Can't Help It.* It was really tough going because so many lies were told that before anyone could talk terms (importuners or importuned) there had to be general suspension of disbelief.

Me, I believed everything. Bob took me to see the father of Dick Dale (and the Delltones), a man named James Monsour, who told me Elvis was a fraud. The real king was Dick Dale. I went out to Harmony Park Ballroom at Anaheim, where Dick Dale held dances weekly, and it was clear he was making a fortune. But by then we'd seen the Byrds and compared to them—Dick Dale, man? Forget it. So Bob took me to meet Lloyd Thaxton, running dance shows on TV. Lloyd I liked, and he me, but short of having me sit on a throne answering questions about the Beatles on camera, he couldn't fit me into his format.

So I began my career as puppet head of Prestige Publicity with Paul Revere and the Raiders and the Beau Brummels, plus a watching brief (and no income) for Joe and Eddie, and five percent of a singer called Jerry Naylor, who was once with the Crickets. (My friend, Curt Gunther, a melancholy photographer in his forties with credits all over the media and no faith in the future, drew me aside my first night in 6290 Sunset Boulevard and drawing back a curtain, pointed to a flashing sign on Vine Street: SEABOARD LOANS. "That's where a scene like this ends," he said with pessimistic glee. Three years later, after all my furniture had been packed ready to return to England and Apple, I looked through the bills outstanding and indeed we did owe a few hundred to Seaboard Loans, for a color television set. Paid it all since, plus hundreds and hundreds of dollars interest.)

. . . Paul Revere and the Raiders, Beau Brummels, Joe and Eddie, and Jerry Naylor. Plus the Beatles, for though I wasn't working for them any more they were the love of my life, and Bob Eubanks figured that with a love like that you know it can't be bad.

"I'm going to have you fly to the Bahamas," he said the night we arrived in Los Angeles, 7,000 miles from England and intending to set up home.

"Tonight?" I asked.

"No, next week." Gee, thanks, maybe we can get a house, find schools, buy some furniture, get used to the heat and, all in one week, fly to the Bahamas.

And also, he said, why didn't I fly to Sacramento, see Paul Revere and the Raiders, make friends, sign them up and go onstage to say: "Hi. I'm Derek Taylor, used to work for the Beatles. I'm now working for Paul Revere and I'm flying to the Bahamas next week to see the Beatles make their new movie, and I'm going to take them your love and also the good wishes of Paul Revere and the Raiders."

I guessed this must be how things work in America, so I did it. I made friends with Paul Revere, signed them up and went onstage and made my speech. Later that night, I went to the motel where Revere and company were staying and he showed me how you could put a match to a fart and get a green flame. I liked the guy. I liked the group too. They were all young then (all but Revere and Mark Lindsay, who had seen a lot of hard service here and there) and full of hope to take over from the Beatles. "Are we good enough?" they asked, and it was rough to answer no so one just hedged and mumbled and begged the question.

The next week I flew to the Bahamas with Dave Hull, the squarest disc jockey at KRLA, an amiable shorthair who believed that Medicare had to be the worst thing to happen to America since the New Deal.

We arrived in Nassau to find the Beatles just leaving for dinner in town. They were less than glad to see me, old pal in radio drag with a tape recorder over my shoulders.

"This is Derek Taylor, reporting from the Bahamas. I have with me Ringo Starr of the Beatles. Hi, Ringo. Nice to see you again."

"Hi, Derek. Nice to see you again. What are you doing with a microphone under my famed nose?"

What indeed?

Bob's idea was that I would use my relationship with them, my friendship even, and get interviews which would be unique: Not merely interviews—"conversations between friends" was the slogan we would use to sell the tapes, once they had been cut up, packaged and prepared for use on radio stations. A scale of charges was drawn up—$50, $100, $200, depending on the wattage of the station.

None of this was to be communicated to the Beatles. All they were to know was that Derek was doing a little gig for KRLA to get Prestige Publicity some working capital.

Bob Eubanks, Dave Hull and Derek Taylor—Hollywood Bowl, 1965

In This Issue:
ROLLING STONES
RIGHTEOUS BROS.
BEAU BRUMMELS

KRLA BEAT

RINGO
Before & After

February 25, 1965 — Los Angeles, California — Ten Cents

BEATLE-BALL AT KRLA!

Hull, Taylor To Visit Beatles During Filming

KRLA explodes another Beatle bombshell!

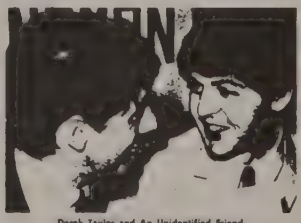
And all of you have a chance to get in on the excitement.

Dave Hull, the world's biggest Beatle booster, and Derek Taylor, the Beatles' press agent and liaison man before coming to KRLA, are flying to Nassau for a series of exclusive interviews with John, Paul, George and Ringo as they film their latest movie.

Fun For You

Here's where you come in. Through Dave and Derek, you can ask the questions! Just jot them down on a postcard and mail them to BEATLE QUESTIONS, KRLA, PASADENA. But hurry – there isn't much time left.

Here are some that have already been submitted:



Derek Taylor and An Unidentified Friend

Beatles' August Tour To Include L.A. Show

We can't give you any official word yet, but negotiations are almost completed to [illegible] location shooting which will take almost three weeks. Then they fly to Austria to film there

DEREK TAYLOR, BEATLE ASSOCIATE NOW EXCLUSIVE KRLA REPORTER

KRLA has again made Beatle history!

It's not only the talk of the Beatle world but the sensation of the radio world.

KRLA has employed the man who helped make the Beatles the most popular entertainers in the history of the world. Derek Taylor – press agent, liaison man, confidant and companion to the Beatles during and after their climb to the pinnacle of stardom – has moved to Los Angeles and will report exclusively for KRLA.

While Derek was with the Beatles, every piece of official news on the group was released by him. In the past he has been quoted and interviewed by everyone – including KRLA – who wanted to know anything about them. Aside from the Beatles themselves, he is the world's greatest authority on them.

And now he will report such news directly and exclusively to KRLA.

He will also provide KRLA listeners with exclusive reports on other British entertainers and has arranged to get us even more exclusive records from England before they are released to other stations in the U.S. You can easily see why

– Turn to Page 4

KRLA TUNEDEX

1	MY GIRL	The Temptations
2	DOWNTOWN	Petula Clark
3	YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN'	Righteous Brothers
4	LAND OF 1000 DANCES	Cannibal & Headhunters
5	THE JOLLY GREEN GIANT	The Kingsmen

Before the family and I had arrived in Los Angeles, there had been dozens of commercials on KRLA: "Derek Taylor is jetting to town. Derek Taylor? Wow. Yes, folks, Derek Taylor is coming to KRLA." Also, in my glamorous name, letters had gone to every show biz celebrity in town, announcing my coming. Oh yes, it's all true.

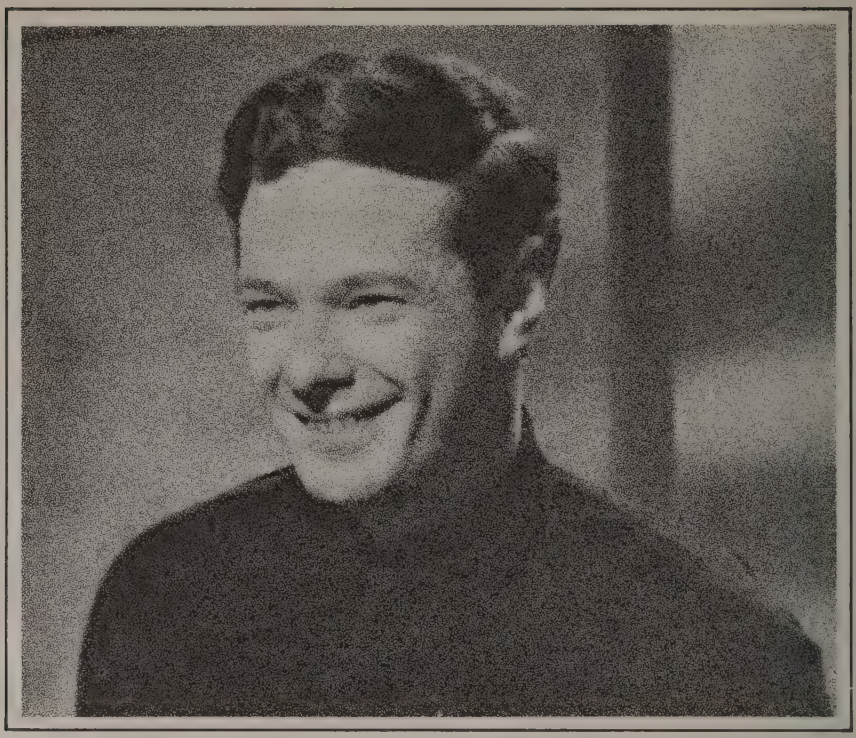
Paul was very mean in the Bahamas. I mean mean. Who is to blame him? Not I. Not me. "Bloody hell," he said when he saw me. "Bloody hell, Derek. You with a tape recorder asking us questions?"

Oh yes, me with a tape recorder. The thing was, what was the thing I was? Their friend or a journalist or their ex-publicist or Brian Epstein's ex-personal assistant or a puppet of Bob Eubanks or a man in search of a career in American radio or what? The answer is I didn't think there was any choice. I didn't know about things like that. I mean, I wouldn't rob an old woman with one leg and a blind dog, and I wouldn't take a bribe and I wouldn't rape my sister; but I would do many, many things if I was told to, because that was the way it had always been. I would write a list of Forty Fab Facts you didn't know about the Beatles and sell them. I would even have the extraordinary cheek to turn up in the Bahamas with a tape recorder to interview the Beatles.

Brian Epstein had left the Bahamas the day before I arrived. Those were lousy times for us; we didn't seem to be making it at all. I had resigned one evening in the Riviera Motel near Kennedy Airport the previous year, 1964, resigned as the Beatles' press agent, as Brian's personal assistant.

The night of the resignation was a very ugly (and certainly a funny) contest of screeches and screams and howling hatreds between Brian and me. The Beatles were appearing at the Paramount Theater on Broadway with (can you believe this) Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme and we had just flown in from Arkansas where we had been taking pills and playing poker and riding horses so we didn't, any of us, feel very good. Ed Sullivan visited the dressing room and Gloria Steinem was doing a cover story on the Beatles for *Cosmopolitan* and Dylan and his manager Albert Grossman came back to the motel after the show (the show was terrible, by the way, just terrible), so we had a fine audience for a row.

Brian reckoned I took his limousine from outside the Paramount, so when we met at the hotel he called me a swine and I called him one and then I resigned. On the plane home next day we made friends and he wept, but I still resigned and then I worked three months more, losing my role to



my successor and my desk to the man who had been told I was his immediate superior, so that would make him my immediate inferior, and what Brian wanted was to be sure that before I finally left I should be forced to give my desk to my immediate inferior. That will show him, he said, and it did, because it was fantastic sharing a desk with someone else. It meant that superiors and inferiors can sure get along together when they share a desk.

But all this had happened months earlier. As I say, Brian had left the Bahamas the day before I arrived with my microphone to interview the Beatles. I was sorry I missed Brian because he was a great turn-on; whichever way you look at him, he is worth watching. Even now the veterans of the Beatles' campaigns tell each other stories of Brian, in whispers, as if his ascetic face is close by and his fastidious ear cocked for aggravation of one sort or another. Dear Brian, when he died I did the obituary in the *Los Angeles Times*. I never took so much care over anything; I spent a day correcting the punctuation.

Down on the beach at Paradise Island (you reached it by ferry from Nassau; in those days it was owned by Huntington Hartford, later by Howard Hughes); it was a fantastic rich man's folly with a casino like a palace in Disneyland, quite empty, safe doors swinging open, phones out of order, open to wind and water. The beaches *were* Paradise, empty but for Beatles paying gold for the privilege, and an army of savage extras, one of whom was Murray the K, disc jockey-become-fifth-Beatle and anxious to appear in a movie with them. ("For the image, man.") Down on the beach at Paradise Island, Dave Hull had one recorder and mike and I had another. He had given me his mike: "This will put more oomph (*oomph,* for Chrissake?) in your voice," he said, showing me. "Moooore ba-aaaaasssss sound, like, deeeeeep." Okay, Dave, I can dig it. The mike was faulty and I popped p's in the breeze.

We split up between the Beatles. I took John first—caustic John, who was really nothing of the sort. He pulled a couple of desultory put-downs and then gave me as good a tape as you'll get if you are asking questions like: "Whereja buy your boots?" and "Do you enjoy filming?" and "How old are you?" of someone you know at least as well as your brother and maybe better.

George told me about going to a family wedding in Liverpool. Paul decided not to be mean any longer, guessing (correctly) that life was bad enough without rubbing my nose in it, and talked about song-writing. ("We can carve Paul's up into twenty pieces," said Dave. "Let's see, twenty by $100, that's $2,000 bucks.") Ringo said it was great to be married, a quote you can read even today. It comes up as fresh as ever. True, too.

That evening we had dinner in the open air, along a fine table laid with white linen and silver from a graceful pantry. It was a nice time. Dave and I flew back to L.A. next day. Bob Eubanks met us at the airport with press photographers, a frown creasing his handsome suntanned mask. "Hi, buddy. Get the tapes?" Yeah, man, got the fucking tapes. Lost me soul, though, lost me soul.

He seemed very glad to hear it. Gayle and Cecil were waiting back at 6290 Sunset, Joan and the kids were at the airport with Bob, and by the time we arrived home in Nichols Canyon, where we had just scored a house before I flew to the Bahamas, I was needed in the office to *write* about my thrilling experiences with the Fab Beatles in the sun-drenched Bahamas.

I thought maybe I was really earning the stinking $215 a week and Joan was wondering if any money could make up for the changes *she* was having

to go through.

A few days later, Bob Eubanks and his team of mailers, tape-editors and salesmen were ready to market the tapes, segmented, trailered, packaged. Beatlemania would do the rest.

An ad was placed in *Billboard.*

Disaster. No one wanted the tapes, no one at all.

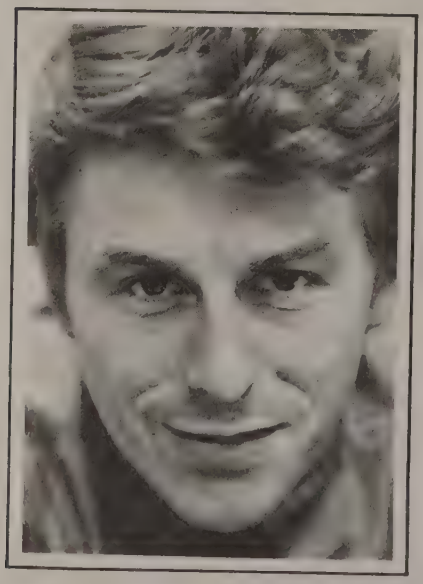
But *these,* we said, are conversations between friends, we said.

No deal, said the thundering silence.

And Brian Epstein, through his lawyers in New York, threatened legal vengeance in the worst way. "I back down," I told Bob. "You stay where you are," said Bob. "We won't have hands to count the money."

Forget it. I backed down and out of Beatle tapes. And I never had the lust for gold again. Money doesn't talk; it swears.*

I left Bob Eubanks a few weeks later, taking with me two and a half percent of the Byrds, who were then grossing a few hundred a month, and Paul Revere and the Raiders, who had been paying Eubanks $750 a month but who asked me would I take $350 on account of they weren't all that well-heeled (they were in fact very well-heeled) and I may not be able to do the job as well without Bob behind me. Okay, okay, I'll take it. $



*Bob Dylan said that.

8

Paul Revere and the Raiders—Oregon's answer to Liverpool

Los Angeles and London 1965-1967

It was the middle of 1965. The Byrds' epoch-making "Tambourine Man" had been released and it'd made Number 1 in the U.S. and was about to do the same in Britain. Revere had yet to have a hit, but they were good onstage.

The Byrds and Revere were both with Columbia Records. To say they didn't really enjoy each other's music is to understate their view of each other. It was therefore a tightrope serving them. It was like pedalling backwards on a one-wheeled cycle with a puncture, body all aching and wracked with bennies, between "Revere: The Finest Performing Group in North America, Oregon's Answer to Liverpool," and "America's Best Group," which is what I thought about the Byrds then (and still do, mostly).

When, later, I picked up the Beach Boys, who also wanted their publicist to write "best" and "greatest," it became more a matter for a clever thesaurus than a tired, tired biped with twenty clients and four children.

Paul Revere had probably made more money in the mid-sixties out of performing than any other leader of any rock 'n' roll band in the world. He is still doing it and Mark Lindsay is still fronting the act—and I must say, they have my admiration. They will not quit. The dreams of glory have died, buried above ground by the underground, but a dollar is a dollar how-

ever it is earned, and Paul Revere is not about to call it a day simply because he didn't become a world star. He will live off Middle America until his knees buckle—and why not? They are his people and they owe him something for making him peel potatoes in an asylum for two years of his youth when his religion kept him out of the lousy Marines.

We worked together two and a half years and Revere and I must've written close to 175,000 words for him in that time, for the likes of *Flip* magazine, and *Teen Life* and *Tiger Beat* and *Teen* and *Sixteen.*

Financially, Joan and I swung from branch to branch in those days. Sometimes we were awfully hard up. I did columns for *Tiger Beat* and *Teen,* offering snippets of news and forecasts, clean, honest opinions and views. In this way I was able to drop in the names of clients who weren't making any waves with their music. It was the dying days of hype.

The Byrds took me into their office and until the man from the tax came for me in spring, 1967, I worked out of there, the eighth floor at 9000. In the beginning my share of the premises was a small room and my share of the staff was half of the secretary, Jackie, who was with me from beginning to end in America and still has scars she can never show to prove that any of it happened. Thank you, Jackie. Very much.

There was a large room set aside for the Byrds to use for rehearsals. As they never had any rehearsals, they never used it, but David Crosby brought some friends in from San Francisco, and *they* used it. They were nice young people, poor as can be. They handed out buttons which said "JEFFERSON AIRPLANE LOVES YOU." They rehearsed every night. Did it show? Does it ever.

There were two managers for the Byrds in those days, so long ago. They were Jim Dickson and Eddie Tickner. Dickson was a bald, fair, tall, round man, once married to Diane Varsi, the actress. Eddie Tickner was a tall, dark, thin man, more than six feet tall, from Philadelphia. They had a publishing company, Tickson Music, and in 1964 with David Crosby, Jim McGuinn and Gene Clark they planned the Byrds so completely that it finally happened as planned. They planned to become a big international group without telling any lies, without selling out, without giving up dope and without dropping any of their bizarre friends to meet the pressures of the music industry, then still unused to long hair and madness. Drummer was Michael Clarke, bass Chris Hillman.

Jim and Eddie and I were very pleased with each other. The two and a half percent was earning me something like $250 a week, and they had fif-

teen percent between them (plus publishing from Tickson Music); even if none of us had a dime, we would still have been glad to be alive, standing in the wings at Ciro's on the Strip digging the Byrds. In the summer of that year ('65), Billy James was Columbia publicist, Terry Melcher was producer, sales were fantastic, "Turn, Turn, Turn" was going to be released (it took seventy takes to get it right, but who but me was counting) and memories of the British tour were overlaid with star dust drifting down from the Hollywood Hills.

The British tour had been quite dreadful. We were represented in Britain by a man called Mervyn Conn, whose idea of launching an American group lately translated from folk into rock was to put them in a West Indian blues club and later into an Irish ballroom for something like 11/6d a head (less fines for swearing or pissing in the wash-basin).

We flew to Britain, economy yet (Mervyn Conn didn't run to first-class tickets, though he may do so now for the country singers, many of whom he now represents in Britain, and good luck to all of them). Michael Clarke, Byrd drummer, was asking did I figure they would get to meet the Beatles. Since "These Are Not Merely Interviews, These Are Conversations Between Friends," the last thing I wanted to do was run into the Beatles . . . yet all the pre-publicity to the tour suggested that the Beatles would be intrigued to see what the Byrds were like. A meeting was inevitable.

The first night in London I stayed in the hotel, the Europa, in Grosvenor Square. Mike went out with Gene and David (I think they all went out). Next day, about 4 A.M., Mike woke me and said, "We met them; we actually got to meet the Beatles. Paul said hi and George wants to see you." Oh yeah?

The next night George and John came to Blaise's, where the Byrds performed to a room no bigger than the one you're sitting in now, on a stage insufficient to carry all the drum kit. They played louder than anyone else had been known to play (even in Madison Square Garden they were bloody loud), and Blaise's or blazes, they were going to tune up and belt the music out. I thought they were fantastic and I think John and George did, but some of the English smirkers smirked and you only need a few English smirkers in a half-lit room to feel pleased you're not proud to be English.

Upstairs in Blaise's, after the set, John and George sat at a long table and invited us in. Boy, were they big-time then—I'd forgotten. It wasn't *them* at all; it was the situation. They were absolutely IT. John sat at the center of the table, George at the head and they sent for wine for free. It came and we arrived with it. "Thanks for the tapes," said John, very loud.

"Which tapes?" I said, very soft. "You know which tapes," said John, still very loud. "True," I said, a little louder, knowing that was the end of that. So it was. We all left, John grabbing bottles of wine to wave goodbye to Jim Carter Fea, then owner of Blaise's, By Appointment, Host to the Beatles.

We went to Brian Jones's apartment, where we smoked some hash and some grass and went out for hamburgers and then went home.

Mike Clarke, the Byrds' drummer, was a Beatlemaniac. All of the Byrds turned to (were turned on to) rock 'n' roll by seeing *Hard Day's Night,* by seeing that hard rock could have style. Up to then I guess Crosby and McGuinn were not too moved by it. Crosby was a folknik; McGuinn, greatly intrigued by electronics, jet planes and other manifestations of advanced technology, was more attuned to folk clubs than to the milieu of the Beatles and Stones. Both, though, were visionaries.

Mike was not well on the British tour and at the BBC one afternoon, rolling over and over in simulated agony, ignored by Crosby, rejected by the others, minutes before the final run-through of their act he took a walk and vanished, just like Ringo in *Hard Day's Night.* He returned—believe it if you will—one second before the live television show started. It was that sort of thing throughout the British trip—all the time aggro and panic.

The Byrds were bitterly disappointed and so was the press, but there was enough substance in them and in their music for the image not to be blown completely and right now they retain a mystique which fits them well because they are very mysterious.

When they returned to America, I plugged away at their friendship with the Beatles, emphasizing their social significance as the first long-haired American group and their triumph in the British and American charts ("Tambourine Man" was Columbia's first U.S. No. 1 for two and a half years; not since Steve and Eydie had that now quite progressive label hit the top). And after "Turn! Turn! Turn!" consolidated their U.S. success, they became a very highly paid band. But they were certainly going through some changes—first Gene split, then David, and it was only McGuinn's massive inner strength that gave him the fortitude to regroup and insist that the Byrds survive after Chris Hillman and Mike Clarke decided that they too had had enough.

Long ago, in 1966, Ben Shapiro and Phil Spector produced a terrible "electronivision" television show which featured, among others, the Byrds, Donovan and Joan Baez, and though everyone knew it was going to be a frightful flop (it was, though I would dearly love to see it again, in these

archival times) there was a party at Spector's, to celebrate.

I became a little pissed, a little stoned and maybe a little pilled and I went on a word trip about the day when there would be three Byrds, then two, and then one, and what would the group be called then? The Byrd? McGuinn was very uncomfortable; though an egocentric performer in those days (and the better because of it, though not easy to work with, they say), he was shy and withdrawn offstage and was not wanting to be singled out in this way at a party.

And lo, it did come to pass that then there was only one Byrd—McGuinn—left from the original group, but he merely added others and kept Byrd plural. To what extent the Byrds was McGuinn, well who can ever decide that? Yet the title "Byrd" stayed with him, and not with Chris Hillman, David Crosby or Gene Clark when they formed new groups.

We worshipped the Byrds, Joan and I, and there has never been anything

The Byrds: Crosby, Hillman, Gene Clark, McGuinn and Mike Clarke

to touch us with quite so much magic as the first line-up signing their hits on Sunset Boulevard in the mid-sixties. If the Beatles began "it," then the Byrds too began their "it" and it is to Roger McGuinn and his four errant, elegant brilliant friends that we and you, us, and the American nation and young people should offer a nod of thanks for nudging us, and not so slightly, in a new and better direction. It was the end of the age of innocence in rock.

They offered us something very special in those tentative days when, though the peace movement was a baby and LBJ hadn't yet blown it, we knew that there were insufficient options open to the young and free in America. They offered us a maypole around which we could dance.

Their timing, their eccentric streak, their great love of what was then folk but isn't now, their chemistry as performers, the tensions, the danger that they might bomb (a danger felt by the audience as much as, maybe more than, by the band, which was saying something), their real musical skill, I mean real, and the alternative life-style which they were very early to embody, all of these made the Byrds *special.* And they *were* the Beatles' favorite group, they really were, in the days when the Beatles were not so free with their endorsements. And they did give us so many fine offshoots, Burritos, CSN&Y, Dillard & Clarke, all of these, and still a Byrds. Thank you, thank you, all of you.

One time, when the Good Citizens of Los Angeles, leading or being led by Sheriff Peter Pitchess and Chief William Parker, decided that there were too many young people on Sunset Strip, the Byrds' manager, Jim Dickson, started an organization called CAFF, Community Action for Fact and Freedom, with headquarters in our offices. At the first meeting someone pinched my watch (a gorgeous Lucien Piccard, gold, with the workings also in gold, exposed, has anyone seen it recently?) but I guess the Burrito Bros. were right when they sang, "Never carry more than you can eat." I don't miss the watch any more. I know what time it is. It is later than it was.

CAFF was to subsidize, maybe pay for, the defense and (maybe) fines of kids framed by the law enforcement agencies, to pay for propagandizing the innocence of the young who hung out on the Strip and it was the most logical thing in the world that it should have been Dickson who became involved politically, for it was Dickson who had first seen that the Byrds could be not just a rock 'n' roll band, but the musical representatives of a whole subculture unrelated to what was passing for the American Way of Life and its many unfulfilled Dreams.

Dickson organized a concert (Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, Peter, Paul

With Peter Fonda, before it got worse/better

and Mary), a couple of marches, and a lot of noise, and though the repression was swift, heavily backed by realtors, restaurateurs, acted out by cops, endorsed by the judiciary and (largely) supported by the media, it brought the whole rotten issue of the Old vs. the Young into the open and eventually curfew enforcement and harassment of the kids grew less and less, at least in Hollywood.

At the height of the conflict things were nasty. I saw my first police "flying wedge" on Sunset Boulevard, saw how professional cops can always crush amateur freedomniks if they have a mind to, saw a sheriff's deputy spit on a woman, saw Peter Fonda in handcuffs, saw how bad things could be before they got worse (like now).

Those were the middle years, 1965-66-67, when up north in San Francisco, the Haight was rising, declining, and falling from grace, when the peace movement was building, when the death of John Kennedy was really being felt and when Robert Kennedy had not yet been called to declare himself, when, finally, the young realized that it was not the Reds who were doing it to them, but their own Parents. From all over the world came a call for Change and rock 'n' roll bands everywhere decided to say it with music. So, having "dropped out," and having seen how the tax man increasingly directed my hard-earned cash to war, I looked around for Social Commitment and found it in, of all places, Ben Shapiro's living room at breakfast with Ben and Alan Pariser when we decided to have a pop music festival at Monterey.

9

Herb Alpert and Jerry Moss: " . . . Are you sane, man?"

Los Angeles 1968

AT LUNCH one time early in 1968, Jerry Moss asked me if I was sane. He said, "Can I ask you a personal question?" and I said, "Yes, Jerry," and then he said, "Hey, Derek. Don't know quite how to say it, but are you sane, man?" I said I certainly was, yes, *sir,* I'm sane's the day I was born. He said, "Hope you didn't mind my asking?" and I said, "Anytime, man, anytime."

You know, and then I think, maybe he's got something. Maybe I'm not. So I say, "Course, I might not be the right man to tell ya. Maybe I'm not sane. How would I know?" He looks kinda frightened. It's gotten real heavy, right? Like, here we are talking about whether one of us is sane. "Look, I'm not a doctor, Jerry. And you're not, so where do we go from here?" "I don't want to make a big thing of it," he exclaims.

Well, listen, Jerry, what I say is, I think everything's gonna be all right. "A drink?" he offers.

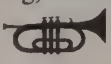
Some more Chablis. Glad to say they had great Chablis at the La Brea Inn. They made a lot of money out of Chablis. Jerry hints some people are worried about me, like, it's not *him* . . . but . . . oh, forget it. Nice to have you at A&M records. Jerry is the "M" of A&M. Herb Alpert is the "A."

I was at A&M Records for a year, near enough. I loved it. Towards the

end, knowing I'd have to leave for A is for Apple, B is for Beatles, I would sit on a stool at a little window overlooking the yard and smoke a joint and talk into a tape recorder and comment on the passing parade. "Here's Herb, and there's Bill the Guard with his gun; hey, Bungalow, what didja kill?" It was great material, really stoned, but tight and just as it happened. *Cashbox* printed some of it. It had a good feel. The whole place had a good feel if you didn't mind that the guard was armed (also they didn't like hair too much in those days). It's all changed now, A&M never stayed the same after it really took off. Growth. Jesus, it had growth! All the way from Chris Montez to Alex Saunders, King of the Witches, to Carole King and Cheech and Chong, Lou Adler and Ode. All in ten years.

Jerry and Herb made a home for music there, sometimes against their better judgment. I know how they felt. It didn't come easy to a straight guy like Jerry Moss, like . . . having known-dope-fiends around, but give him his due, he changed too and grew bigger. He is a gentleman and he forced himself to remain one when it wasn't easy. Once he told me he'd heard that one of our guests was a pusher. "Well, listen, he's not doing business here." "Okay. It's your lot. You own it." Paranoia, you are a *hard* one to live with, that's for sure. There were three running A&M then. Jerry, Herb and Gil Friesen. They made millions and they certainly put out some product. Clever people in the business say Jerry, Herb and Gil have wasted money on people who aren't going to make it.

Who says so? It's a *privilege* losing money on a Phil Ochs album.

Gil Friesen is a very turned-on cat. When I first met him he had four million problems; he had a lot of shoes and people misunderstood him. They gave him shit when he asked for love. Well, look at him now. Did he make it? Yeah. A&M is a groove. What was wrong with Gil in the mid-sixties was what was wrong with lots of us in the mid-sixties—we were uptight. We were on the make and it was killing us, pilling us, and we had no place to go but up, and up was really very down, so what we did was, we decided not to go up anymore but to go down, then along, then up a bit and then a bit more and then along, and dig, here we are and we are a brotherhood now and unashamed. 

10

But once it happened in Monterey, a long time ago.

San Francisco and Monterey 1967

I MET HERB ALPERT in 1965 when I had a gig working the West Coast for a magazine called *Record Beat* which closed down, like *Cheetah* closed and *Eye* closed and Liverpool's *Music Echo* closed and God knows how many. It is a very great tribute to Jann Wenner that he has kept *Rolling Stone* together. It is very, very tough launching a new journal and as for making it pay, forget it. Jann was working for *Ramparts* when I ran into him for the first time. Alan Pariser and I had flown to San Francisco from L.A. to find out what the oracles, like Wenner, Ralph Gleason and all the hippies and diggers and freaks and all, thought about the Monterey Festival. The word was that them being from San Francisco and us being from the land of tinsel, false idols and broken promises, we were going to have a hard time convincing them we were honest, and a hard time we had, though not with Jann, who was most encouraging and quite (for him) modest. One thing he did lay on us was that we ought to hire the Miller Blues Band for the show, and we did. We were very amiable people.

Had a much harder time with Ralph Gleason, described in the festival book as the trench-coated conscience of San Francisco rock, and such is his stance and it is for real. He *does* care. He is very fierce and gifted defender of the faith that he has always had in the power of music to work for

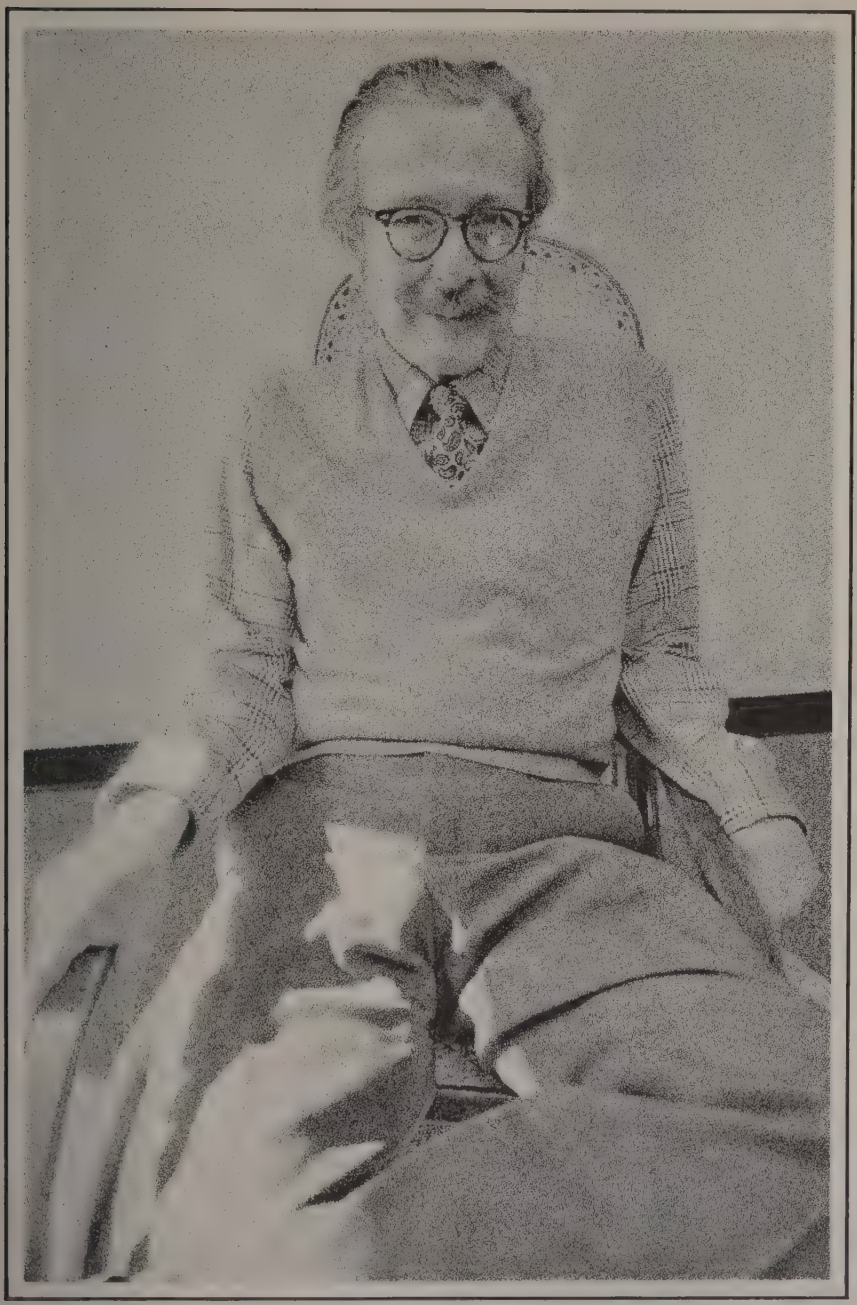
good, and he was very uptight at first about bringing to Northern California a Los Angeles-oriented pop festival. He was, as he explained, not about to endorse, in the *San Francisco Chronicle,* something crude and exploitative of the burgeoning "movement." Like, he didn't want a Flower Power Festival promoted and hyped and skimmed by Victor Vagina Associates of Sunset Boulevard.

Ben Shapiro told Alan and me before we flew to San Francisco that if Gleason was against us we might as well forget the festival. I was very uptight at having to tell an honest man that I was honest too—like what is this, what do *I* have to prove? Who the hell is Ralph Gleason? Well, Shapiro was right. Without Gleason, no deal. Alan and I met him, sitting with his wife and a soft drink. Alan wore his heart on his sleeve (Hey Ralph, man, dig, we really want to do a beautiful festival); I wore mine in my mouth. I didn't think he believed a word of what we said; though we should have been convincing, we weren't. Though we told truth, we were from L.A. . . . The main objection, as I recall it, was that Alan and Ben stood to make a profit and I was making a nice ($250 a week) salary out of promotion. Gleason said the S.F. scene was very pure, as pure as reasonably possible given that everyone got some spin-off. But he didn't like all that gold going to Ben Shapiro. "Judgment reserved," Gleason more or less said; "let me know how it shapes up and I'll let you know."

When Ben, Alan and I went to bat against John and Michelle Phillips, Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel also decided to play, and they hurled down some really mean balls and Ben was finally laid out flat. The festival became a charity trip with artists appearing free, workers (HQ staff excepted) doing it for love and the profits (expected to be half a million bucks) to go to some situation where youth and music coincided, like guitar classes in a ghetto.

Ben Shapiro was bought out for five grand and he left with a smile on his face and hate in his heart. Alan Pariser was made co-producer. It was a fine festival and Ben Shapiro turned up with his wife Mickey for the last night and (I guess) enjoyed themselves. I hope so. Don't let's forget that the idea of having it was Pariser's and Shapiro's nurtured in Shapiro's house, and even if he wasn't to be trusted with some of the aesthetics, let's hear it for Ben for trying. For, in the end, all roads pointed to Woodstock, and anyone who helped to erect a signpost to that hallowed spot deserves a smile, a prayer and a song.

We had a helluva press situation at Monterey. We had 1,100 people who said they were media and we allowed them all in, *all.* The result was that it



Gleason: "Let me know how it shapes up and I'll let you know."

was the best-covered pop event in history—and for the first time, the straight press had to realize that there was another sort of press with credentials just as valid as their own plastic I.D.—the press off the street with a very expanded consciousness. Throughout the festival, we worked out of the badge room where the great and the near great and the nobodies called to get badged.

Joan was pregnant with our fifth child but she flew in for the first night with the four we had. I went down to Monterey Airport to meet her. She was on the same flight with the Animals and lots and lots of fine freaks. What a trip it all was. Every plane skimming low over the Pacific, bright with fresh cargoes of acid heads and amps and coats of many colors. Up there in the festival grounds it was like the greatest show on earth, all life and vigor and health and loud, loud music. It was good to be, it was good to be. There were hassles, but they were only about nothing and no one. The chief of police said it had been like a dream and we gave him a necklace. There wasn't one arrest and there wasn't one injury and the mayor said she was very pleased with the young people who had come to her city. Music, love and flowers . . . the motto had come true, and next year the city, remembering, decided such a thing must not happen again, and it hasn't since, not in Monterey. But once, oh yes, once, it happened in Monterey, a long time ago.

11

Mae West: "It will depend entirely on your attitude . . ."

Hollywood 1966

David Mallet called me one day in Hollywood and asked me would I like to represent Mae West and I said, oh I don't know, I'm very busy, you know how it is. He said she had made a rock 'n' roll record, an album called *Way Out West* for Tower Records (a Capitol subsidiary which Capitol closed with an axe in the back in 1969), and she was going to need publicity on account of she had not been heard of for some years.

David Mallet was then in his early twenties. He was British, living in Hollywood and working as assistant producer to Jack Good on "Shindig," and like Jack he was very enthusiastic and persuasive and it took him all of half a minute to persuade me to change my mind and I promised to work for Miss West.

He warned me there was much to be done. "She is a very fussy old lady," he said, "but you musn't ever use the word 'old' in her presence. She would be *very* cross, very cross indeed. I will talk to her about you—I have already broached the subject—and then you must come to see her and she must be able to look at you and weigh you up."

I waited for a day or two and he called me again and said, "Miss West is still deciding whether she needs a press agent." A week later he called me again and said, "Miss West still doesn't know what to do for the best

but she has consented to meet you and it will be entirely up to you, it will depend entirely on your attitude as to whether she hires you. She is a very fussy old lady, but you must never use . . ." "I know, I must never use the world 'old' in her presence." David said the appointment was for three in the afternoon the day after tomorrow.

Now, in those days I had a grey suit which I had bought from His Clothes on Carnaby Street at the end of 1964 to accommodate my shrinking body, having lost a stone in the service of the Beatles. It was a nice little suit. It was very neat and compact, and it was the sort of suit you could wear at a school prize-giving and have mothers say you looked very smart.

I put on a white cotton shirt and a James Bond knitted silk black tie and black leather shoes and the little grey suit, had a little drink and a little pill, and then I caught a yellow cab to old Hollywood, down below Vine Street, and I was in very good time for my appointment when I reached the lobby at the old and very baroque apartment house where Miss West lived and had lived since the high days of Hollywood.

I announced myself to the lady behind the desk and I heard her pass my name to Miss West—"I have Mr. Taylor wishing to visit with you"—and then I went upstairs by elevator (I think it was wrought iron, but that may only be a quirk of memory).

I rang the bell at her door and wished I had remembered to go to the bathroom. David Mallet answered the door and let me in. "Hello," he whispered. "Miss West is not quite ready. Do come in."

We went into a long white room. Clearly, it was Mae West's. There was a painting of her, nude, on the white grand piano and there were photographs of her in furs, and it was a very nice room. I was very nervous. David sat on my left, and we waited in near-silence, exchanging only whispered comments on how absolutely fantastic the room was and what a fine (old) lady she must be, as if we were being taped or eavesdropped.

I watched the door through which David had said she would enter, waiting for the big blonde star of all our memories to sashay through it, filling the room with sex and power and wit.

Instead, a sweet little old lady walked in, wearing a long white satin gown and a tumbling wig of pale gold and a very knowing smile. David jumped up and I stood, grinning as suavely as I knew, to be introduced as Mr. Taylor from England, The Man We Have Been Talking About.

A conversation began, on general topics, like music and weather and how are you, and she was very nice but as nervous as we were and I think

we were all relieved when she produced some props so that we could relate to something other than each other.

The props were fan letters from young men who had gotten themselves involved with a Mae West cult which at the time (1965-66) was very small and in no way pointing to the cover of *Life* magazine and *Myra Breckenridge* and all that was to follow. She was proud as hell of the letters because they told her she was still the greatest, and though she was rich, richer than ever, and though her retirement had been voluntary, and though she was still in the best of health and not obviously seeking any renewal of past glories, she was nevertheless a star in need of recognition, appreciation, love even?

We read the letters and she told us about the old days when instead of hundreds a month, there were tens of thousands a week, and she amazed us when she said she had only made half a dozen films in her entire career. Half a dozen? Is that all it had taken to make her the greatest?

Well, not really, because, as she said, she had been the biggest thing on Broadway for scores of years, taking her own train to tour with her plays. She said she wrote the plays and cast them and if they had succeeded it was because of her and, of course, there is no disputing that and who would want to? In the hands of a woman like Mae, ego becomes a very precious jewel for which modesty would be a most unbecoming setting.

She said that she had been taught ever since she was a tiny child to think and behave like a star. Her mother, she said, had told her that when she stepped out of her clothes, she was to walk away from them. "Somebody else would always pick them up," mother said, and she was right. Someone else always did.

Mae said she had never taken alchohol and all of her life she had been opposed to tobacco, ever since her father, Battling Jack West, a prizefighter for whom she had the greatest affection, had upset her child's sensibilities by breathing over her the heavy stench of Havanas. (David had warned me about smoking and on each visit I excused myself from the drawing room and removed myself to Mae's bathroom where I opened the window and went through half a Marlborough in four minutes, watched closely by her fluffy ivory negligee. I hoped it couldn't speak.)

In days gone by, she said, she had been careful to prepare for the future which was why, now, she felt able to participate. "I was never in a hurry to make a decision. If I was buying land (she has a lot of very valuable real estate in Los Angeles) I would go for a drive with a friend and I would see a corner of land and I would ask my friend to investigate was it for sale,

"I chose my men because they had class."

what would it realize in ten years, things like that. I would like to know for myself what I was getting into. That way I could know what was going on."

Her close identification with her ventures landed her in jail once in New York, in the play *Sex,* which she wrote for herself. Sentenced to a week and a day, or thereabouts, for obscenity, she survived not only the scandal (how could she have failed) but also the rigors of being locked up, for she was such a favorite that in the evenings the jailers would take turns driving her around Manhattan for "a break in the routine" before returning her to her cell (and even in jail she stepped out of her clothes and someone else picked them up).

After our first meeting, David said, "She likes you. You're hired."

The fee was $300 a month and the aim was to make Mae a rock'n'roll star.

I went up to see her again, and then again, and much of the time I spent listening to tales of old. She didn't like the (then new) topless craze, she said, because it didn't hide anything. "In my day," she explained, "it was suggested, lightly, with style and humor. We didn't just display them and say, 'Look, here they are.' "

She said it upset her to drive along Sunset Boulevard and see so much blatant titillation. "You should do that sort of thing with class, with understatement." Mae said that her leading men enjoyed working with her because she gave them a dignity which was lacking in the second half of this twentieth century. "I chose my men because they had class," she said, "and I let them keep it and use it in my films."

Cary Grant she had spotted walking across the lot in the early thirties. "I said to the man who was with me, 'Who *is* that fine young man? So masculine the way he walks.' I was *very* impressed. You can appreciate how he must have looked in those days. So I put him in my picture and he has done very well, hasn't he?"

Mae was obsessed with Self. I am not complaining about it. It would be silly to expect anything else. Seventy years in show business, mostly at the center of adoring throngs, outstretched arms, hem-kissing; nice work if you can get it but it doesn't make for good listeners. She was very funny, though, and she told terribly good stories. She said she had never made a cup of coffee in her life; someone always was around who was good at that sort of thing. The way she saw it, the gal who invented the shimmy didn't need to make coffee as well. One day, she said, one day quite recently, she had been alone in the apartment and she had thought to herself, "Well, I most certainly would like to drink a cup of coffee right now." The more

she thought about it the more she wanted a good cup of coffee, and at length she could wait no longer and she telephoned the very nice young man in the lobby and asked him how she should make coffee. He told her how to place the grains in the top of the percolator and fill the thing with water and place it on the electric stove and turn the switch from left to right. She said that she did all this and settled down to watch it. After some time the pot began to boil, and then it began to hiss and spit and spurt and bubble and jolt and jerk and rock and roll and she became very frightened, she said, so she phoned the nice young man in the lobby and she said that the coffee was certainly going to explode, what should she *do*. The nice young man said: "The switch on the electric stove, you know the one." "Uh huh." "Well, you must turn it from right to left and then the problem will be solved. As a precaution, however, you should first remove the pot from the heat."

"I was so relieved," Mae said. "Such a clever young man. I should never have thought to do that."

Mostly, in the days I was visiting her, we were waited upon by a quiet, stocky, friendly chap named Paul Novak, a companion of Mae's for many a year. He brought us Coca-Cola and orange juice and all of that and I would've loved something a little stronger but rules were rules and if Paul Novak had any whiskey around the place he certainly kept it well hidden.

One day while we sat around Mae launched into a tale about a guy who had written to her boasting of an extraordinary sexual feat and the room became very warm and the interviewer with me, Danny Fields—one of the few great music business freaks in the sixties, now still as lovable but one of many, many great music business freaks (his Mae West assignment was for *Datebook,* remember *Datebook?*)—Danny and I were wondering was it true, Mae West was really getting down to some basic talk . . . ?

No. She ended the story abruptly, in the middle, and indicated she was tired, shook our hands and retired most graciously and I never saw her again. By the time I reached my office her secretary had called to say that Miss West and I had enjoyed a satisfactory and useful relationship which was now complete and a check would follow.

A check did follow; I Xeroxed it and cashed it and lost the Xerox.

Au revoir, Mae; you're still the greatest.

12

"Should be an interesting journey," said Paul.

England 1968

On March 22, 1969, Annabel Lucie Taylor was born.
It happened like this.

In April 1968 Neil and John and Paul and I were sitting in Nat Weiss's apartment in New York talking about nothing at all. On Nat's record player Paul played a brass band-style version of "Thingumybob," a tune he had written for a television series of the same name which was one of the magnificent line-up of programs with which the new London Weekend Television company was planning to open its first season and justify its manifesto of Great Promise.

The version was very ordinary. I was very stoned. I said: "Seems to me the only way to get a brass band sound on a gramophone record is to use a brass band." "The best band in the *land*?" said Paul. Yes. Now in those days there was never a long wait between the musical will and the recorded deed and by phone the best band in the land was swiftly found, hired and asked to report to the Victoria Hall, Saltaire, Bradford, England, a fine northern location for a brass band, at ten o'clock on a Sunday morning, a fine northern time of day for a brass band.

We flew back to England.

Joan and I lived then in Newdigate, Surrey, in "Laudate," a beautiful

little Japanese house overlooking a lake on eleven acres of land, house and land owned and leased to us by Peter Asher. It was an acid-head's dream down there and many dreams we had in the twilight of that long psychedelic idyll of the late sixties.

The house had the strangest vibrations. I don't think there was a day we didn't feel we knew for sure, without actually knowing anything for sure, that we were being watched by odd men and funny women.

The only others on the land were the monocled man who cared for the estate, his wife and their children, who lived in a caravan nearby. She communed with animals and birds and was further out than she knew. Once at 4:15 A.M. in a thunderstorm she walked into a trip involving John, Neil, Pete Shotton, Joan and me. When I say walked in, I mean *walked in* out of the darkness, sliding open the glass door on the lakeside of the house, pulling aside the curtain, and *bang!* there she stood on our trip with an enormous armful of damp washing. "Nearly got soaked," she said, laughing like a maniac.

John was very taken with her. She said she, too, sang. It was now 4:30 in the morning, and we were getting higher and higher. She said she would write a song there and then about what was going on. She did, too. John gazed at her in wonder. He told her she could make an album and paint the cover herself.

At 5:00 A.M. she left and the vibrations changed and we became afraid. Who else was out there? Terror. Just terror.

No need to worry. It was only Chief Superintendent Tommy Butler and his avengers waiting for Bruce Reynolds (remember the train robbers?) to come back. (This we learned but not till much later, in 1968, long after we had left the house and come to The Gables, safe in golfing Surrey, away from the bats and owls of Newdigate. Only a manhunt for Bruce Reynolds—the Japanese house where we dared to explore our madness was where he had dared to explore his freedom before moving to Torquay where Chief Superintendent Butler nabbed him not long before he himself was nabbed by cancer and taken off in a wooden overcoat by The Reaper to do the sort of Bird that God stores up for career-coppers who live with their mothers.)

Laudate had always been very freaky. Aristocratic homosexuals had romped there, drinking gin and lacing the lake with toilet rolls and getting their naughty names in the news of the world. At other times Peter Scott had come to watch wild fowl and in grimmer days Peter Louis Alphon had told all to Jean Justice, the lawyer who still fights to prove Hanratty didn't do it. As he didn't.

At "Laudate" in Newdigate I decided that June to take a very modest few milligrams of LSD in a final cup of tea with Joan before setting off for St. John's Wood to pick up Paul McCartney and Peter Asher and Tony Bramwell, the Apple team due next day at Bradford.

A fine black Rolls arrived and I was packed and ready for a rolling trip of medium duration, minimal strength and maximum visuals for there is nothing like a ride in a Rolls on a little acid on a Saturday afternoon in June in the lanes of Surrey.

And so it turned out. Paul seemed very positive and played us some rare recordings, "dubs" he had made of songs, written by him for others, dubs on which he was singing for the first and last time. Maybe one day they will make an album of them, but maybe it will have to be over his dead body for I don't see him wishing to complete that particular symphony in his lifetime.

I said I had taken a dollop of the dreaded heaven-and-hell and Paul said it should be an interesting journey and it was.

We stopped at a pub on the way up and I astonished myself by coping remarkably well, up until the point when I asked the barman if I could buy a filthy table which stood in a corner covered in cigarette burns and the stains of long-dead pints.

He said, "What would you want with an old thing like that, better to get a new one"; it hadn't been anything special even when it was new, he said. "You may not believe this," I replied, "but it is the cigarette burns and the stains I am really buying. They are so incredibly far out."

"Drink up," said Paul, seeing the signs and playing Dad. "Write your name here, please, Paul," said the barman, and we left.

We arrived in Bradford after dark. Some cripples were operating rowing machines in a charity marathon in a local showroom. We wandered in and looked, leaving some silver in the collecting boxes, neither the first nor the last of the small spenders.

It was midnight as we checked into the hotel. There wasn't a soul or a sound except for the red-nosed night porter, as old as Moses. Paul had brought Martha (My Dear) with him, the sheepdog of the same name. "Can you shampoo her?" he asked the porter, who recoiled in terror. "It's her arse," said Paul, and he put his fingers in the thick curls around Martha's back passage and pulled off a cluster of clinkers. "Look!" I nearly fainted. "I'm afraid not," said the porter. It was very late after all.

Next morning, another lovely day. I felt very nice and clean around the brain, always have a lovely morning after acid.

A few months earlier Paul and I had gone shopping for suits; he had told me navy blue pinstripe was already on the way back (meaning that *he* wore it) and I fell for it and ordered one. I had taken it with me to Bradford; just right for Bradford, I said. I wore it down to breakfast and then we went off to the Victoria Hall where the Black Dyke Mills Band were waiting on hard wooden chairs, looking bloody marvelous and real and solid and honorable and stocky and lots of other words like that. Paul had on a magenta shirt and a white jacket, double-breasted, with black trousers (no one had ever told him they were on the way back) and the Black Dyke Mills Band was quite stunned by his charm and by the way he handled the music.

Marvelous recordings were made, indoors and later in the street, of both "Thingumybob" and "Yellow Submarine." It was a good morning for everyone because the portable recording unit worked, the band and McCartney worked and the press worked out beautifully—I saw dozens of old friends and we had a few pints and then lunch.

At around three o'clock, as we filmed the last TV interview ("How do you like Bradford?" "It's great"—fast-moving stuff like that), I decided to off the suit and black shoes, put on a pair of red corduroys and a white Mexican cotton shirt from Olvera Street in Los Angeles, a couple of beads, an Indian scarf and down my throat another 250 milligrams of the dreaded heaven-and-hell drug. What a day for a daydream.

"Should be an interesting journey," said Paul.

The chauffeur said, "Back to London?" and we said yes, not sure that it was the right answer.

Alan Smith of the *New Musical Express,* Alan who had been on the *Birkenhead News* when I was on the *Liverpool Daily Post,* was traveling back with us and was taping interviews; when asked about Biafra, Paul said he had to confess he didn't really care about Biafra, if he had he would have gone there, wouldn't he, he suggested.

Smith: "Really?"

McCartney: "Own up! Who really cares about anyone else?" And so on.

As we rolled away from the South Midlands and approached the Northern Home Counties, the acid really started to bounce. It was late afternoon and if there was a heaven to be found on this soil, then I reckoned it would be found this evening, in the green and gold of this divine countryside.

Would you like to swing on a star, carry moonbeams home in a jar? Yes, said Peter Asher. Where would you like to go? I asked. "AA book," said

Paul. "Pick the most beautiful name in Bedfordshire," I said. "That's where we should go."

Peter looked at the map for what seemed like two hours or more.

"Harrold," he said, after fifteen seconds.

"Harrold?" said the driver, naturally knocked out with delight to leave the M-1 and crawl down B, C and D roads to a village no one in the car, including himself, had ever heard of.

We wound through Bedforshire checking off the signs steadily until we reached the village sign: HARROLD. Oh, it was a joyful Sunday sight.

It was *the* village we were supposed to have fought the world wars to defend, for which we would be expected to fight the third when told to (but won't). It was a Miniver hamlet on the Ouse and there were notices telling of a fete next Saturday, and a war memorial which made me weep. Thrushes and blackbirds sang and swallows dived into thatches and a little old mower wheezed as we walked down the only street there was, past the inn which was closed, past the church which was open, nodding to a sandy man with a 1930s moustache and khaki shorts as he clipped his hedge and stared at these city people with funny hair and clothes.

It was seven o'clock and acid or no acid, it was opening time and I steered us into the most beautiful village inn the world has ever known and there were three or four people in there, magical antique villagers with smocks and shepherd's crooks and also there was a fruit machine offering Jolly Joker tokens. Through the dancing lights, past the sparkle of the green and tawny bottles, I saw the sandy man with the khaki shorts.

I went to the Jolly Joker and stared at him as he spun past, parallel lines of leering jokers circling the globe, mocking my greed, never stopping at the same time, matching with lemons, cherries, apples, half a striped plum, never the Jokers met to jackpot me into the problem of cashing twenty jokers behind a bar which now seemed a thousand miles away behind the sandy man and his knowing smile.

"Welcome to Harrold, Paul," said the sandy man, the local dentist, downing the rich gold beer he had earned with his shears. "I can hardly believe it, in fact I think I'm dreaming."

And so we found ourselves in his house, below dipping oak beams, a banquet before us, hams and pies and multi-jeweled salads, new bread and cakes, chicken and fruit and wine; and the dentist's wife, a jolly lady, still young beyond her maddest fantasies, bringing out her finest fare. Paul McCartney was at her table in the village of Harrold.

Hiding at a turn on the crooked staircase stood a little girl, shy and dis-

Ah, but Dr. Leary's medicine was good that day . . .

believing. And she had a right-handed guitar she placed in Paul's (left-handed) hands and the wizards were producing this play by now and floating with the splendor of this the strangest Happening since Harrold was born, the dentist and his wife, and the neighbors as they peeped through the windows and the parlor, and the children all caught their breath as Paul McCartney began to play the song he had written that week and which he said went "Hey Jude, don't make it bad, take a sad song and make it better."

I sat peacefully, full of the goodness you can find within yourself when goodness is all around, and the dentist's wife picked up on it and asked why life couldn't always be like this and I told her there was nothing to fear, nothing at all, and the dentist brought out the wine he had been saving for the raffle at the fete next Saturday and we drank to celebrate the death of fear and the coming of music to Harrold and then, and gradually, the dentist was freaking and he asked me what I thought I was talking about and for a moment it was very tough, very.

Ah, but Dr. Leary's medicine was good that day and we came back to a good position again, but I didn't feel quite right about the dentist after that, and I don't think he felt quite right about me, but how was he to know and what was I to do? You don't just tell strangers you've been taking that naughty old heaven-and-hell drug.

It was now eleven o'clock and we were still in the house and the inn was closed but a winged messenger came to say that as this was the night of nights, never to return, the inn was to be reopened. "In your honor, Paul." Illegal, but magic.

The pub was absolutely full. The whole village was here. Paul played the piano until at three o'clock a spastic stood and sang "The Fool on the Hill" and he left the piano to dance with her and kiss her on the cheek and then I went and sat in the little garden and cried for joy that we had come to Harrold. It was a most beautiful garden, with hundreds of flowers and the tiniest weeds, and Alan Smith came out, pissed as a newt and said, "Why so sad, old friend, why so sad on such a night." "Not sad," I said, "not sad, old pal, just happy to be alive."

We left them, waved away by the Harrolds, by all of them, and we never went back and I never looked at the map again, not even to see if Harrold was there.

It was full of day and birds and dancing daisies at Laudate as I tiptoed over the rush matting in the little Japanese house, into the bedroom as Joan opened her eyes and smiled, "Hello darling," full of sleep, "had a good time?"

As best I could I told her what I have told you and because she has been somewhere like that herself she understood and put out her arms and I slipped into bed and what with one thing and another Annabel Lucie Taylor was born on March 22nd in the following year.

And it happened like that. ♥

13

. . . like no business I know.

London and Hollywood 1967

Monday, it came and went,
and then it was Tuesday, a new day, another day
and one less to guess about.

THAT AFTERNOON, Dave Clark called me on the telephone and asked me if I liked boxing. He called me and said, "Hi, this is Dave, Derek, Dave Clark, do you like . . . " and just as he was about to say "boxing" I got a flash that he might be going to say, "Do you like *me*," so that when he actually got out the word boxing, I already had my answer ready: "Yes." The answer was so pat and inaccurate, I blush. I had no chance to change it because I do like Dave Clark so much and he is so decent that even had he asked me, "Do you like playing with a poodle's balls," I should probably have answered yes. I wouldn't want to confuse Dave by answering no to anything, just never would I say no to Dave.

So I said yes I liked boxing, and nothing is further from the truth, nothing. I think it is a terrible way of passing time. The only thing I can see in it is that for those who are strong enough, it is a way of earning a living. But, *watching* it, man, for *fun,* man, no. Hate it.

So I told Dave yes and he said: "That's good, so do I." He said, "I have a little party coming up. I'm a member of the National Sporting Club and every month we have a dinner at the Hilton Hotel and I would like you to come to this month's with me and Mike Smith and Dudley Moore and Bryan Forbes. It'll be young featherweights." I said I would be delighted and

Joan said afterwards that it must be business, what else could it be that would bring Dave Clark, Bryan Forbes, Dudley Moore, Mike Smith and me together at the Hilton Hotel to watch young boys punching each other's heads?

Dave is a super host; he doesn't drink but he pours with immense generosity. He is cheerful and straight and he cares. He doesn't worry about the rights and wrongs of boxing any more than he cares about the rights and wrongs of fox-hunting. But he does care about the rights and wrongs of the way his friends are treated, and charity begins at home and I know a lot of people with social consciences on their sleeves and poison on their lips who don't care. Not Dave Clark, man, oh no.

We went to the Hilton—Bryan Forbes, Dudley Moore, Dave Clark, Mike Smith and me. A very strange bunch of people, and no stranger than our fellow guests. Lord Wigg was one of the guests at the head table; he was one of those who nailed Profumo on the wall. Lester Piggott was there. And Jimmy Tarbuck, Henry Cooper, jockeys of horses and discs and enough agents and managers to fill the Old Bailey which is where some of them belong.

During the evening, some little people dressed as jockeys took up a collection, and a procession of slim boys come into the ring to beat each other up. I had never known that blood was so pink. It was nasty to watch (and, I'm sure, nastier still to be in the ring). Sitting around, drinking and watching and belching and picking their teeth, the obese fringe-figures of show business seemed delighted with it all.

Dave was not happy with the way the evening was going, I thought. He said, "It's better when the heavyweights are fighting," but he wasn't convincing. I think he meant that it would have been better if the spilled blood had been a little *older,* or from the veins of men with more to spare than these thin lads who seemed so frail, so young.

We were all relieved when someone began to auction racing relics. Lester Piggott's signed saddle was offered; I bid sixty pounds and won it. But I had no money. No money at all. What the hell am I doing, I wondered aloud; "what indeed," said Dave and talked the auctioneer out of it. They insisted on bringing me the saddle, and I think I pretended to be French, or foolish, and by not actually looking at them as they passed the stinking leather thing over the table, it was possible to view the whole affair as unreal and, after all, what on earth was one doing there, with all these strange, blood-spattered people bidding for signed saddles?

There's no business like show business like no business I know.

Invitations to dinner and boxing come to me rarely. All the more surprising in 1967 that Nancy Sinatra got Ron Joy to call me in Hollywood to invite me over to her house for dinner and to watch some boxing movies.

Ron Joy was Nancy's Mister Right in those days—and I knew him from the Beatle tour in 1964 when he was a photographer. Ron is all rogue, all Hollywood, all charm and good looks and he is a friend. He is always hustling a deal and he wears his shades on his head and his pants are very well cut. You won't catch Ron in a Mustang and he has a tan.

The idea was that maybe I would write Nancy's autobiography, which would be the story of her life with her father, and the thought of getting into that one was very fascinating. FRANK SINATRA? Wow. I had been to see Nancy earlier, at her office (in 9000 building of horrid memory). She was still working with Lee Hazlewood, Boots Productions, then; she was a patriot.

The office was red, white and blue, and crisp as can be. She was a most fetching hostess and she said the book would be called *He Was A Very Gentle Man,* and I figured that as Frank's daughter she would have a view of him that had nothing to do with his public image. "So he is gentle?" I said to her and she said, "As a baby!" "No warts?" I said. "None that I can see," she said, and I believed her and I still do and I can't wait to read the book for, in the end, it was to be written by someone else so that's a good thing: I'm a poor ghost.

I told Ron I would like to come to dinner with them and watch boxing movies. Would Frank be there? No, said Ron. What's he like? A little strange, said Ron. That would be a great title for the book, I thought. *He Was A Very Gentle Man, But A Little Strange.*

The evening of the dinner party I walked from my office at A&M Records up Sunset Boulevard to the Gaiety Delicatessen where old Ben the Barman had just come on evening duty. Ben was Ben Stokes whom Joan and I had named godfather to Dominic, our American child, but there was no christening or anything like that, just that over a drink we had named Ben godfather and that was it.

I phoned a cab and Ben asked where was I going. I said I was going to see Nancy Sinatra. "Good," he said. "That father sure done some living." Right.

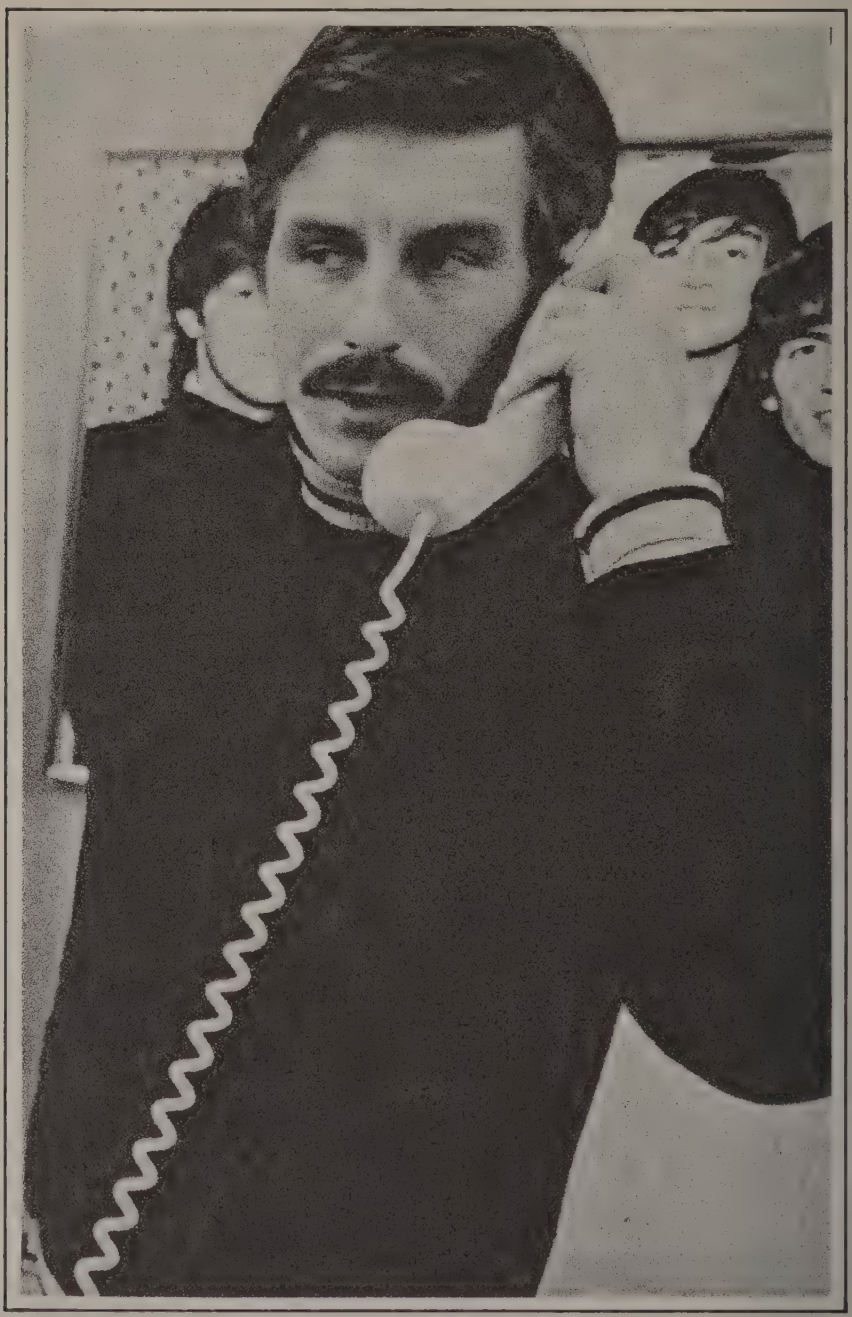
At the house they were all sitting down to dinner but they hadn't gone too far, maybe a course and a half. I was asked to sit at the head of the table. A fatherly figure, maybe an uncle. There were a few there I didn't know.

Samantha Eggar was on my left ("Where are you from?" she asked, us being British) and her husband was on her right and quite uptight. On my right was Guy McElwaine, a press agent about to become a manager, a Man About Hollywood. Guy once represented lots of people till it went even sourer than usual. Ron Joy was there, of course, plus a young guy who looked like he was the only pothead around (except for me, and me I took for granted).

Down table there were two heavy guys, older than the rest of us. I figured they had come for the movies. Nancy was very delightful, fussing over everything being right and it was. The movies started and it turned out it was about two hours of knock-outs, all the famous knock-outs that had ever been filmed. Blood and bashing, nothing but. The old guys slumped in their armchairs and gave themselves to the movies and I sat some way back. Nancy came over and sat down. "Do you like boxing?" she asked, and this time I was able to say, no, I didn't; it was very violent and upsetting. She said, "I agree. I don't like it either."

I never did ask why we were all there watching it. I guess there was a very good reason, but it must have been multilevel subtle. From somewhere a guitar came out and the pothead sang and I wished I had a joint. Tom Stern, Samantha's husband, came over and muttered that he would like to get high and that made three of us. But none of us had anything to smoke and the evening passed and we all went home.

14



Where the fuck are all the secretaries?

London 1968

THE FIRST thing that happened was I said they can all go and fuck themselves, the whole fucking lot of them, thinking they can come in here and dip their bloody hands inside my head and pull at my fucking brain, sod them, that's all, just tell them all to go and fuck themselves.

Norma said, "There's Patsy and Anthony the art critic and two others and a strange American."

I saw them. I saw them, leered at them coarsely.

I don't know what Norma did, but they'd all gone a few minutes later and the reception office was clear except for the strange American who was waiting to see a Beatle, any one of them would do, but probably John would be best of all.

I haven't seen the papers. But Tony Hancock died in Sydney in unspeakable torment. He used to ask me to go round to his dressing room to talk to him but I rarely did because we used to get so depressed, so depressed.

The papers will talk about the Clown with a Broken Heart and everyone will tell stories about how he used to ask them to go round to his dressing room to cheer him up and some of the stories will be true and some will be lies and none of them can save him, them, us.

None of us can save any of us.

I'll buy his albums.

Michael of the *Daily Blank* rings me and says is John Lennon getting divorced or isn't he. "I'm asking you as a fellow newspaperman, come on. I mean, it needs clarifying, just let him say is it off or on?"

"How's *your* marriage, Michael? How's your editor's? How's Lord Beaverbrook's piles?"

"Oh, much better since he died, never had a moment's trouble sitting down."

Ray from the *Evening Blank* says: "Can I rest easy and know that none of the others will be using anything about the . . .?"

(Rest easy, Ray, Ray rest. Mae West forever.)

"I think Derek Taylor's gone strange since he got into bad company and all those drug-takers around him," says Geoff of the Manchester office of the *Daily Blank* and he rings to say, "You looked nervous on 'Late Night Line-Up' . . . Oh yes, we've got telly up here."

"Nervous? Balls. I was fine. I was bloody great, actually."

George Harrison is in now and asks for a cup of tea and where are the pictures we asked to have framed ten weeks ago?

"Where are the pictures, Kevin?"

"I've asked and they say there's a delay because one of the fellows that frames is on holiday."

"Get them back, Kevin."

"Okay. Then what?"

"Ring up every framer in London and tell them we want them framed by tomorrow, tell them they can have the Beatle Warrant, Framemakers to the Fab Four."

Later Kevin says, "I rang a framer and they're ringing back to say if it's okay."

"Ring them all up."

"Okay."

"Where's that fucking tea?"

Don of the *Daily Blank* rings to say he's in Jersey with Lady Docker and it'll be a great book if he can get her to get around to talking, if we are going into book publishing we can have it and if John Lennon happens to be around would he care to talk about his marriage, that'd be helpful. . . .

"Ask Peter Ustinov about his private life, or ask Peter Sellers about his. Why ask me?"

Hugh Blackwell is in the reception room, his head is splitting open, he wants to see any of the Beatles, he wants £50,000 because he is now *all* of

Where's the fucking tea? George (top) and Jeremy Banks (foreground, above).

the people mentioned in both *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and in *John Wesley Harding* (albums, albums) and in addition he is Popeye the Sailor Man and he needs every penny he can get to act out this amalgam in a movie.

Tell Hugh all the physicians we have are busy healing themselves and cannot spare a moment today; maybe tomorrow.

Where the fuck are all the secretaries?

Lunch? Lavatory?

Why don't they eat and go before they get to work, why aren't they like camels?

The secretaries come back and say wouldn't it be great if they had some big lump of a slave to bully.

It must be great being a boss, they say.

Where the fuck are those pictures to be framed?

Paul got back from L.A. He took the film of the new company, didn't he, to show to the U.S. partners? Oh, it broke down? So he posed with each of the five hundred delegates for their snapshot wallets.

Better than a film of the new company, yes?

Better and better by far. To think his journey was once second priority to the primary need of sending a film.

"That's your daddy with Paul, Junior."

"That's your ole pa with a Beatle."

"You're a hero, dad; give me a gun."

Christine calls and says why don't you call her back, she's called three times. We know she has no memory so we say, "how do you know you called three times?" and she says, "because I wrote it down that I'd called," and we say, "Well, we called back twice, why don't you remember that?" and she says, "I suppose it's because I didn't write it down . . . I can't remember why not."

"Don't be so fucking clever."

Ringo is in now and wants photographs of every revolution since 1900, particularly the Irish.

Keystone News Agency say they have the Russian but not the Irish and we say, "How's that?"

"Because we don't go back that far."

"Well, the Russian's 1917 and Irish is 1916 so what about that?"

"We don't go back that far."

"Well, have you got the Hungarian?"

"Yes. I didn't know you wanted the recent ones."

. . . and wants photographs of every revolution since 1900 . . .

And the press marks time . . . (top, with Tony Bramwell)

"Okay then, have you also got the Cuban? And the Algerian?"

"Yes. Send someone round."

The word is that the press are going to massacre Apple.

Ray Coleman, who edits *Disc* and *Music Echo,* tells me "the knives are out."

Jeremy Pascall from *Rave* and *Nineteen* magazines says he only wants the truth.

Don Short from the *Daily Mirror* says Dougie Marlborough of the *Daily Mail* really has it in for Apple, the Beatles, and me.

Bob Barr of Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. says he has no respect for the British press.

Lucinda Franks promises me that UPI will carry a more favorable story than AP.

Alan Hall of the *Sun* says George Harrison is not the man he used to be.

Five reporters from the *Daily Express* conclude that the Apple has gone sour and quote the company's leading competitor in support of their conclusion. Impressive evidence.

The *Evening News* says the Rolling Stones have a greater sense of responsibility than the Beatles.

The People have secured an exclusive interview with Brian Epstein taped by Ivor Novello and shipped through a medium in West Hampstead.

Anne Nightingale from the *Daily Sketch* wishes she hadn't been in Tunisia when the anti-Beatle storm broke.

The *Liverpool Daily Post* hopes the Beatles haven't forgotten their humble beginnings.

The *Western Mail,* Cardiff, hopes Mary Hopkin hasn't forgotten hers.

The *Sunday Mirror* believe John Lennon to be in Austria.

The *Evening Standard* wants some facts.

Stella from the *Daily Telegram* doesn't know "anything about pop music." "What's Donovan's first name?" she asks.

Philip Palmer of *Record Retailer* wants to share the Beatles' financial secrets.

Bill Harry of Liverpool wants the boys to play The Cavern again.

Bill Marshall of the *Daily Mirror* doesn't want Derek Taylor to change.

Tony Barrow of Nems doesn't want to comment.

I don't want to die.

The BBC doesn't want to know.

Melody Maker just needs something for the front page.

Time-Out would like an advertisement for *Wonderwall,* as they're good enough to review it this month.

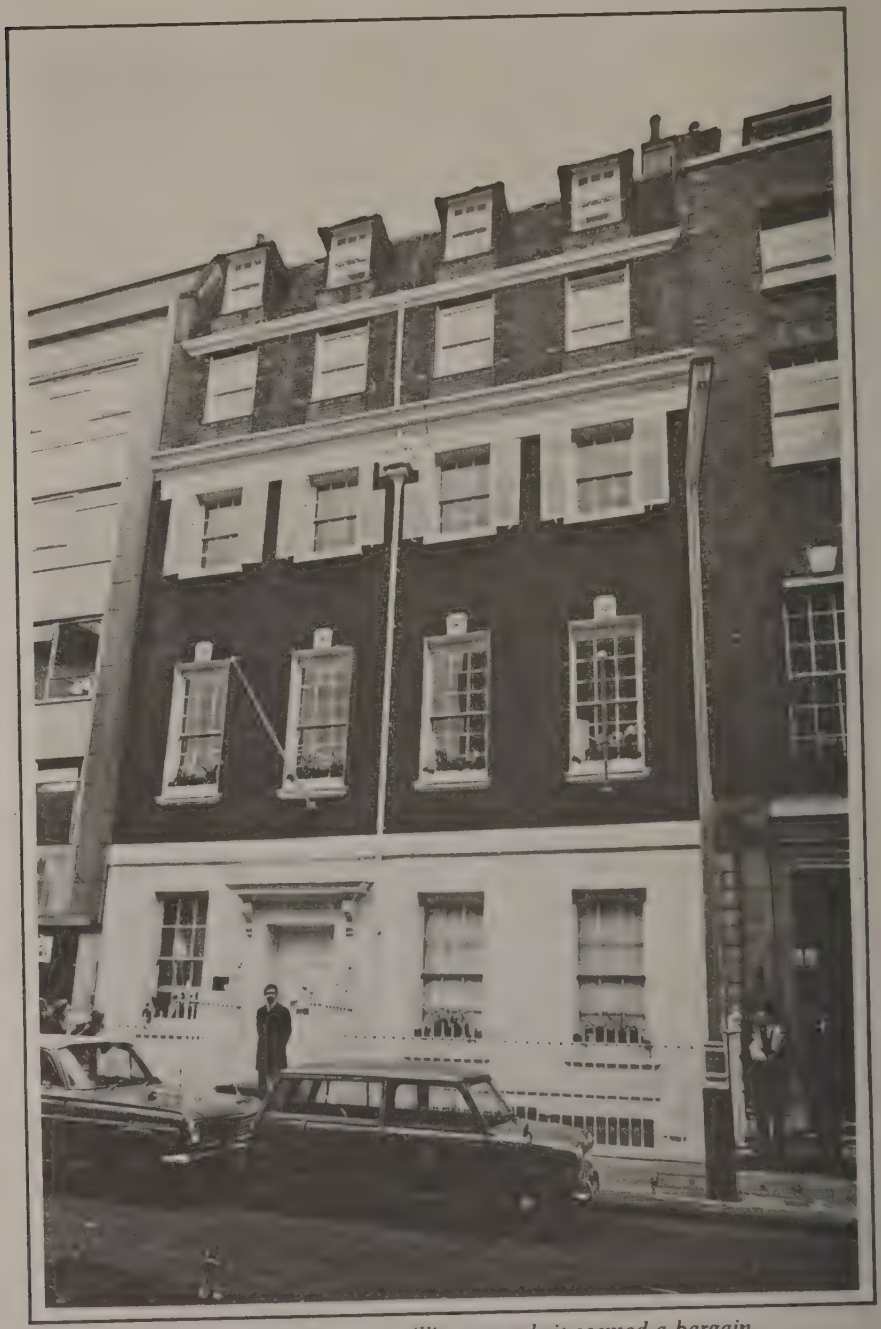
Record Retailer would like an ad just for being there.

The *Sunday Times* would like to be congratulated for staying away.

The *Sun* would like to be forgiven for rising, and the rain would like to be forgiven for falling.

Everyday has a life of its own, and the press marks time. For us in black and in grey, the only white is in our children's eyes.

15



. . . and as it only cost a million pounds it seemed a bargain.

London 1968-1970

THE APPLE building is in Savile Row, a street which believes itself to be awfully important (it lies behind Regent Street, another street which has a high opinion of itself). Both are in the western end of London, glamorized sometime between the wars by the title "West End," a phrase much affected by the media to suggest a beautiful way of life in which big band leaders and rich society people wined and dined and opined on the really essential things like oysters and quails and champagne and staying up late and keeping things much the way they are, only better and bigger and finer.

Savile Row didn't really welcome the Beatles. Many of the shopkeepers there, silly, snobbish, growly, obsequious people, believed that since they had been selling marvelous suits to marvelous people they had a right to be the *only* ones there which is about as daft as you can get, for as Lewis Carroll said, a Cat *may* look at a King (though few enough choose to). So when the Beatles gave their wonderful rooftop concert and, however briefly, gave West London a shining hour of absolutely unique excitement in 1969, it was the stiff-necked shits of Savile Row who called in the law and had the music stopped.

Anyway, the Apple building *is* in Savile Row and it doesn't look like

it's going away although if the scaffolding were taken down there is no absolute guarantee that it wouldn't collapse in a heap of eighteenth-century bricks.

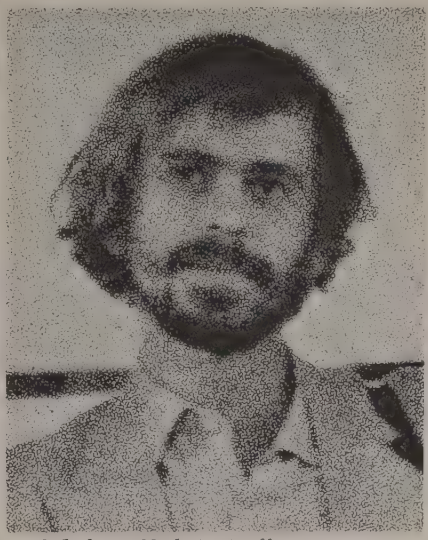
Apple was in Wigmore Street first. Wigmore Street was really awful. It was occupied mostly by office people, strapped into suits and ties and we were forever getting stoned in the evenings and finding ourselves locked in by those people whose delight is in locking and bolting doors and running to the pub for a fix of firewater and ice, and fuck anyone who's locked in. I went over to Savile Row one morning and never returned to Wigmore Street. We sat on a plank, my secretary and I, and old pal Richard came over and we set up shop and prepared for the premiere of the movie *Yellow Submarine* which meant really that we hired some fancy clothes and resisted requests for interviews and carried out other little tasks.

Neil Aspinall had found Number Three Savile Row and as it only cost a million pounds it seemed like a bargain. It had five stories and a basement where Magic Alex built a studio which was later ripped out and replaced by another where now some good albums are made and some great masters are cut. But in the beginning it was very untogether and so were we.

A doorman was found and a receptionist for the ground floor. I had the main ground-floor office—being there first I made sure I scored it—but I later gave it up to Ron Kass, head of Apple Records and Apple music who was later upended, shaken out and rudely treated by Allen Klein, and then John took the room over and made it a center for more fine madness than I had ever known or ever will again.

I moved to the second floor and Neil and Peter Brown took the first. The Beatles were to set up their own room, like a cheerful millionaires' commune, but they never came to anything because they were getting deeper into the eternity of business meetings and horror shows which led finally to the High Court and which have not even now years later, shown real signs of solution. The accountants were given the usual choice of the worst rooms; at the top of the building, Peter Asher was planning the career of James Taylor and others who would come running to sign with Apple.

Peter Brown was personal assistant to the Beatles, best man to Paul and to John at their weddings, fixer supreme, tremendously smooth. He had been Brian's personal assistant and before that he had worked in big stores. For a provincial boy, Peter was very impressive and he ran grand lunches



Peter Brown, Magic Alex and (below) Neil Aspinall

in his grand room and I must say there was a lot of pleasure in eating good meals and fresh vegetables and drinking Chateau en Gerryfitt and Rémy Martin Bormann in the late sixties.

We were allowed, even encouraged, to plan our own decorations. Mine was a hodge-podge of color and artifacts and nonsense with a tiny desk and a vast white cane chair of the sort now much affected by models advertising cigars or vaginal deodorants. I brought it home when I left Apple and the left arm-rest is bent and broken where I leaned so many long long hours listening to as many hard luck stories as time and tempers would allow.

Neil Aspinall's room was a high-class Headorama full of visuals with a lovely fireplace and chimney corner. Neil has always been with the Beatles; maybe he can remember when he wasn't but I can't. He is a fine man, began as road manager, became managing director of Apple and was deposed by Klein but allowed to remain if allowed is the word and it isn't. Neil *had* to remain because he is Neil. It is impossible to explain so I won't.

Mal Evans (Neil's companion when they were managing the road before the job got its own title and its own dignity and its truly fascinating place in the complexities of touring) is still at Apple and still one of the greatest roadies the world has ever known. But more than any of us he found a way to adapt to changing times and he became a record producer ("Badfinger"), played parts in movies (*Help, Magical Mystery Tour, Blindman* with Ringo and others) and he is willing to serve if he may and there is nothing nobler than real service I believe when I believe it which isn't always but it is right now, so there!

Apple had a kitchen of its own and we were always told that the cooks were Cordon Bleu and I think they were. They were very nice posh girls with good legs. I think they too have gone but I can never be sure. After Peter left to become an impresario and present *Jesus Christ Superstar* on Broadway, the accountants moved into his room and others moved into mine when I joined Warner's and now, such are Allen Klein's priorities, the Creatives are in the holes and corners and the Adding Machines have the rooms with the fireplaces and the brass chimney seats. The more things change, the more they are not the same any more.

We published two magazines while I was with Apple, both very free and honest. They, more than anything, show that we were an experiment in business operations; we were fresh and we were green and when they said we were rotten and going broke they were wrong. We were not. We were going right. All we wanted was more consistency and, at the top, a vision-

Everyone is tired. Harry Nilsson and Joan.

ary with a business brain (rather than four visionaries growing up and apart painfully and publicly). We should have relaxed more. We had plenty of money (Apple never did go broke) and we had plenty of gifted people working there or offering to work with us. We were very short of time and we began to panic. The acid and the pot and my independence with my own clients and, much more than this, the California experience had not prepared me for administrative life back in Britain. Life on the open road hadn't prepared Neil for life behind a desk talking to cold crude bankers with the accents of Eton and the minds of hyenas.

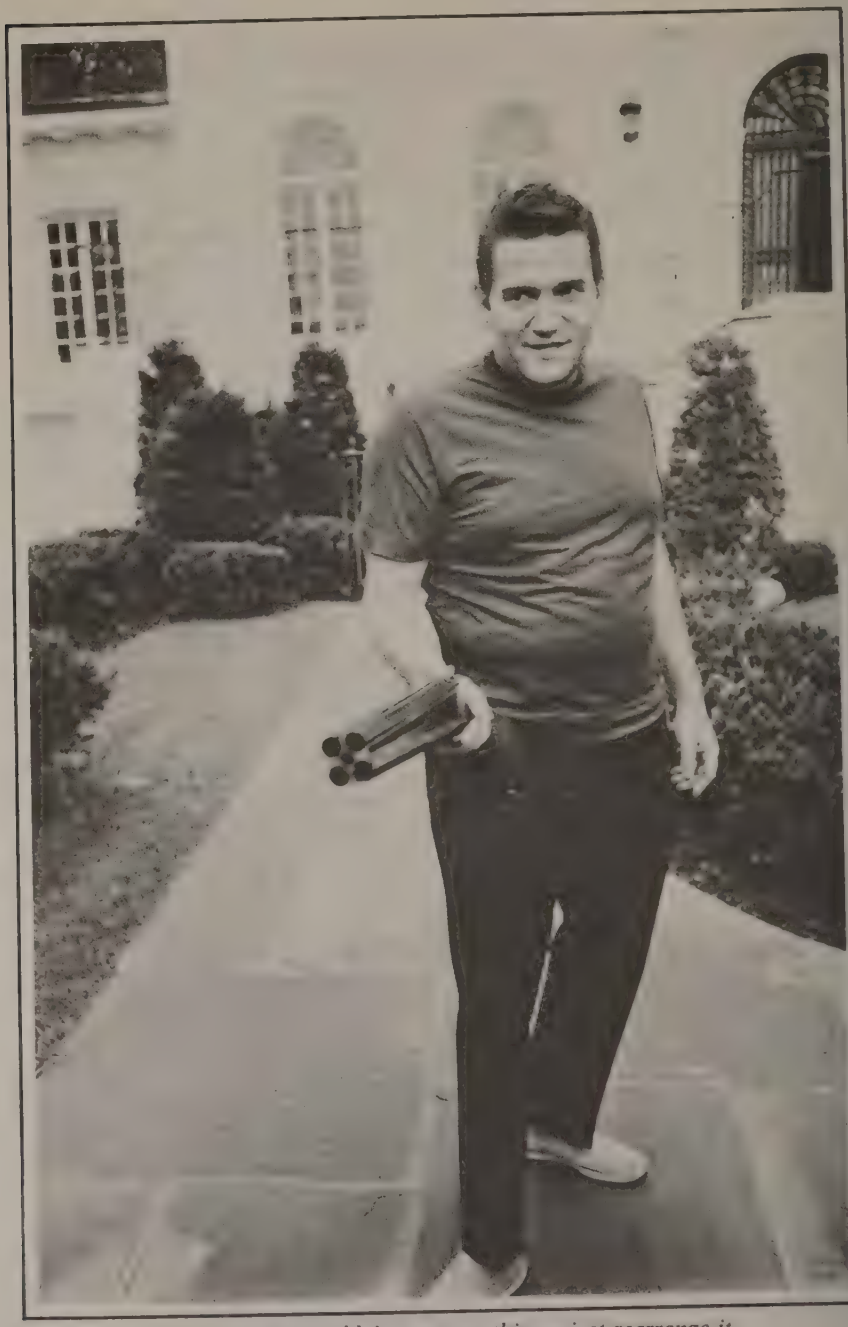
But we tried.

And we did wonderfully well at times. The Beatles themselves made the *White* album and *Let It Be* and *Abbey Road,* and *Yellow Submarine* was released. John met Yoko and Paul met Linda and George became a producer and Ringo made two movies which he enjoyed making and two albums which he had always wanted to make.

All of this happened during the first three years of Apple. Mary Hopkin was found, launched and made it, whatever you may think of her music. She came out of Wales and brought a lot of freshness into middle-of-the-road entertainment. Badfinger had a home where they could sit it out while they were broke waiting to make it, James Taylor made an excellent first album, Doris Troy and Billy Preston had a crack at whatever they cared to do, and tens of thousands of the good and the bad, the ugly and the beautiful could always drop in and make their pitch or pitch their tent; be they Ken Kesey or Harry Nilsson or Harold Wilson, there was always some baby brew from a big brass cup or a rest on a big brass bed or a big brass handout or a big brass band at Apple in the sixties, so in the end who's counting the cost except the accountants and, for Christ's sake, they and the lawyers have little enough to complain about about Apple.

It was tiring at times, but then . . . I am tired now. Everyone is tired. It is, as Joan says, tiring being alive.

16



Klein said he wouldn't upset anything—just rearrange it.

London 1970

When Allen Klein came to Apple there were those who feared him and those who didn't fear him. There were those who didn't even think about him, like the cooks and the cleaners and the office boys and the filing people and the tea ladies—the essential people who are usually paid less than anyone else and whose absence from work can have quite an appalling and immediate effect on the temper and morale of the highly paid groovers and bossmen (whose own absence is frequently very beneficial).

I was very excited when Klein hit town and moved into the Dorchester with his rough and tough New York crew. They were a change from the whey-faced English miseries who had offered to sort us all out. Klein came up to see me and said everything was going to be great. Great. Great was a great word in those days. Great.

Klein said he wouldn't upset anything, he would just rearrange it. So I wasn't frightened because I thought that if it was just going to be a rearrangment then that would leave me unmarked since I was always rearranging myself anyway. What I didn't want was to be upset. Who needs to be upset?

Then the firings began. We had talked about firings many times before (Paul had been talking about them almost since the beginning of Apple).

Neil and I were asked not once, not twice, but twice times a hundred or more times to draw up a list of who should stay and who should go but we never could get around to it. (Nor could Paul.) But Klein came along and didn't need no lists, man, he just needed the figures. Then he could begin firing.

Klein would meet me on the stairs from time to time and he would say, "I saw the figures for the last ten years and these guys have been robbed." I always responded the same way: "Me?" "Naw," he would say, "*your* department isn't at all bad."

It wasn't a very expensive department we had on the second floor. We had no hire-cars or hotel bills or nights out in clubs. We had a terrific staff. Lots of us and all nice. We had Mavis who had worked for Leslie Perrin who is now the PR man for John, George and Ringo, for Apple, for the Stones, and Sinatra and Lulu and dozens of others. Mavis is the wife of Alan Smith who used to be on the *Birkenhead News* when I was on the *Hoylake News* in faraway Cheshire. Alan is the editor of the *New Musical Express* and as we go to press with this book he is adding readers by the thousand. Good luck, Alan, and good luck, Mavis.

Then there was Richard DiLello. Richard is from Forest Hills, New York. He is in his twenties and we met when he was a boy in Los Angeles. Richard was, he would say, a slave. He did everything that needed to be done by someone like him. He was never a slave; he was an author doing tasks for a publicist and both of us were writing books. Richard's father and mother ran a French restaurant in Manhattan. They are now retired. I was very proud of Richard, somehow. He is the very best of America.

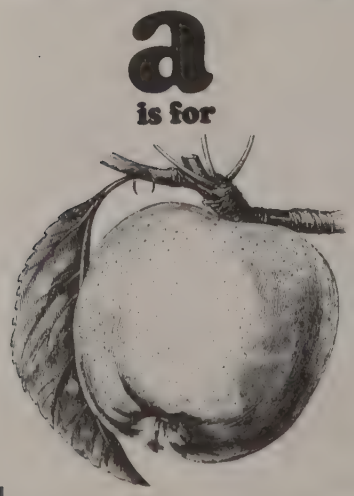
There was Carol in our Apple room. She was Number 1 secretary. She nearly lasted longer than any of us. She was with Apple when I joined and she stayed there when I went into semi-retirement to write this. Then one morning Klein gave Carol and Richard a day's notice and a couple dozen pounds and my office was closed down. Mavis had left some months earlier to become a housewife. There were other secretaries and friends working out of the room, Sally who had been a model and Frankie who had arrived with the Hell's Angels and stayed on to work for me for free and all the Scotch and tea she could drink. George Harrison stole her for his personal assistant and then she split for San Francisco and she has been with Bob Weir of the Grateful Dead for many a long year since. There was Veronica, who came as a temporary and stayed, and Francie Schwartz for a time. Francie too was an author and briefly Paul's girl friend. She took notes all day and wrote a book as well. So much writing talent in one room?

We had talked of firings many times before . . .

Stocky McMullen was with us for about half a year; mostly he sat on the top of a filing cabinet and drew elaborate pictures of penises eating each other. He had called me sight unseen from London Airport one morning and said he was on a bummer and could he come by. Oh yes, we said and he did and he was with us for six months. Richard and Stocky became friends and they shared their tasks—joint-rolling and so on. Sylvia was another secretary; she came as a temporary, became indispensable and stayed on and off for three years. A girl called Dicken arrived on the second floor one morning with a donkey, a gift from Jeremy Banks, a crazy man who was also with us for nearly half a year, a champagne and Panadeine-crazed photographers' agent with a flair for fixing pictures. I brought the donkey home and she is still here. Dicken herself joined Joan and me for a time as a help with the children and animals, so you see, a lot was saved at Apple. Apple was for people. How many offices are for people? Not too many.

We were always very busy, we worked very hard and all of us had some talent. Mine was energy. Richard's was intelligence. All the rest were as bright and attractive as can be and there was no nicer place to visit in all of England.

That was my Apple, or some of it. When my office closed and I gave up writing this—I returned to a different Apple. My artifacts and posters and friends had gone and the room was as smooth as silk and dead. Really dead. I would sit with Neil in his room and we would get drowsy by the fire and then go out for lunch. Then that too died and I left. Well. That was what happened and it was okay in the end.



17

Found more than George or Pattie thought they had.

England 1969

VENGEANCE is mine said Sergeant Pilchard climbing out of his can, covered in slime.

It is not nice to knock at your own front door and have it answered by someone you have never seen before.

It is most particularly not nice to knock at your own front door and have it answered by a *cop* you have never seen before.

It is most particularly of all not nice to knock at your own front door and have it answered by a cop who tells you he is busting you for possession of a dangerous drug (or two or more)—just how many will be decided by the police analysis. Just how dangerous dangerous drugs are has not yet been decided by anyone, but that is another story.

This now is a story of a young man and his wife having eight men cops and a woman cop and two dog cops as guests all of a sudden on the evening of the day the young man's friend and colleague—no less than Paul McCartney—got married in front of the world. This is the last day you would want to give coffee to cops.

George Harrison heard over the phone he'd been busted from Pattie who was in the house when Sergeant (Career Cop) Pilchard—"I have a duty to protect and serve the community"—arrived to sniff around and ferret in

their personal belongings, with seven other bluff bobbies, plus a lady and a couple of mean Labrador pilchers in a severe state of withdrawal.

It was just a routine visit, the sort of thing that could happen to the Beatles any day, any time of the day, any time of the night, but better than ever in Sergeant Pilchard's view to bust George on Paul's wedding day. Confronted with so much youthful happiness, what would anyone do? What would *you* do to make more memorable a guy's wedding day? You would arrest one of his best friends, wouldn't you?

Pilchard was standing by Pattie, said Pattie, as she phoned George. I was with George in Apple when they spoke. George thought maybe it would be better for Pattie to show Pilchard "the stuff," just lead him straight to it, or maybe not.

She didn't, but Pilchard found it anyway. Found more than George and Pattie thought they had. That's no unusual. What would it be like if nine cops and some dogs entered a Beatle's home and found nothing? That wouldn't look too good.

In Savile Row, Peter Brown phoned Release, looking for the reliable Martin Polden, the civil solicitor who because of some loop of destiny now found himself the most prized pot-lawyer east of Manhattan and amazed to be that way, most amazed and probably, though he never showed it, sometimes a little nervous. Civil liberties lawyers are not liked by the Establishment.

Martin was out but one of his colleagues was there. George phoned Pete Shotton who also lived in Esher, said we were waiting for the lawyer, would Pete call on Pattie, sit with her, bring some friendly vibes. "Of course," said Peter, and left for George's house immediately. The lawyer arrived at Savile Row, a bit nervous at meeting a Beatle, and George said he was for telling the cops to fuck off, he was anxious to own up proudly to pot as one of the small, agreeable features in his life.

The lawyer said that wouldn't help. George said it was the truth and the lawyer, who was not a bad man, became even more nervous. The *truth?* Great heavens, let's leave the truth out of it for a moment, we're talking about the Law. You mean the Law has nothing to do with the Truth? The law has to do with what is lawful and what is unlawful.

Quite. It was not long before we had left the truth out of it so completely that the three of us were tap-dancing around the extraordinarily untruthful proposition that George should deny smoking pot, knowing anything about the filthy rotten mind-eroding devilweed.

That a plea of guilty was entered was due not only to George's conces-

sion to his conscience but also to the reality of the coffee table in the living room at the Esher house which was a pot-smoker's dream. Hashish from Lebanon and Nepal, marijuana from Mexico and papers from the noble Captain Rizla, papers orange, papers green, pipes from San Francisco and Asia and the Holy Land and joss sticks of many scents and secrets.

We arrived in Esher. We knocked at the door and as I said, it is not nice knocking at your own front door and having it opened by a cop.

"Come in, come in," the cop said generously, and many solemn men in several rooms rose and put on their silly soft felt hats and gathered their height to its fullness and spread their shoulders to their extent and bounced upon their boots with robust anticipation. Sergeant Pilchard has got himself his second Beatle. Arise, Inspector Pilchard, may your ulcer bust and may your first coronary also be your last.

Sergeant Pilchard puts his little finger in his ear and does a rat-tat-tat rat-a-tat-tat. He takes his little finger out and looks at it.

The record player was playing a new Beatle album, as yet unmixed and unreleased. The television was on. Sergeant Pilchard ordered: "Turn those down," and then he charged George and said he had charged Pattie and it seemed very peculiar to me altogether as I was exceedingly stoned myself on the heavenly Acapulco Gold.

Sergeant Pilchard and I exchanged glances and concluded we did not like each other. George said he would indeed accompany Sergeant Pilchard to the police station with his wife Patricia Anne Harrison. Patricia Anne Harrison, meantime, was pouring wine in the kitchen, watched by the lady cop.

George drank his wine and looked at the men in the hats and said, "What are all these men with hats on doing in my house giving me bad vibes?" The men appeared not to hear, or not to understand. George said, "Badgers have holes and birds have nests but man hath nowhere to lay his head." I said, "We own nothing. We have nothing to call our own."

The men appeared not to understand. Pilchard said it was time to leave and that as the bail bondsman I should follow in a later car. I thought that would be fine and saw the first party to the car. A weasel in a raincoat ran to the front door and exploded a flashbulb in our faces.

In the course of communication it is sometimes the case that the communicators run up to the front door of an Englishman's castle and explode flashbulbs in his face. It has apparently something to do with freedom of the press but it appears to have very little to do with the liberty of the individual or with a citizen's right to privacy on his own good soil or with

common courtesy or simple dignity.

The old cops left a young cop to watch me and it was a very great drag for both of us. The cop said it was a warm evening, I said it was, and in no time at all the two of us were discussing men who expose themselves indecently on towpaths.

The cop said it probably had something to do with the abolition of capital punishment? Yes? I said I had just read *In Cold Blood* and the young cop became considerably freaked as I told of Perry Smith and his friend and the many wicked murders and the hanging and the rottenness of it all. The cop was quite amazed.

Later, in the car to the station, the sardonic old cops escorting me asked me where Peter Brown was. Big joke. Peter Brown, Bailer of the Beatles. Big fucking in-joke, in only a handful of cops, but "in" enough for it to be offered to me, but now the grass had done a double somersault and left me emotionally sprawled on the floor.

That's all. The evening ended. It ended and it was a terrible evening. George was fined £250 and Pattie was fined £250 and some of the nice righteous right-wing newspapers commented on the leniency of the fine: "Not nearly enough," they whined.

Lenient? It was the maximum. It was the *maximum* fine. Lenient? Fuck off, it was lenient.

Bring back the cat, the birch, the lash, the gallows. Punish, punish, punish.

18

Apple is an ABKCO managed company.

London 1969-1970

Is it possible that I could be paid to write the truth and if the truth is not groovy, that I could *still* be paid? Or is it more likely that I could be paid to write only the groovy truth. If the latter, then of course I am a hack. If the former, I am a very lucky man. I would prefer to be a lucky man than a hack, so here is the truth as I see it. I hope I luck out.

I work for Apple. Apple is an ABKCO Managed Company, or so the advertisements for Apple tell us. Apple pays me, therefore ABKCO pays me. The head of ABKCO is Allen Klein of New York, New York. Allen Klein is a businessman. He has had dealings with a guy called Tony Calder who worked as a partner with Andrew Oldham. The three of them managed the affairs of the Rolling Stones. Oldham & Calder left the Stones, but Klein stayed. Oldham & Calder ran Immediate Records, which went bust. I know Calder and I like him.

Calder sees me one morning a year or so ago (he lives near me; I live in Sunningdale, he lives in the next village, which is Virginia Water) and he says he will give me a lift to work in his Morgan. I usually go to work by train, but I say, "Okay, Tony" and I travel to town in his two-seater Morgan with him and his wife.

Tony says, "Allen Klein says you are in his way. Allen says you are

blocking him from meeting the Beatles and doing business with them."

I am amazed. I say, "I never give Allen Klein a thought from one year to the next. What is the guy talking about, me being in his way." Tony says, "Allen couldn't accept that you don't give him a thought. His ego wouldn't stand it. He thinks he is on everybody's mind all the time."

I say, "Too bad." Tony says, "Allen thinks you are sore at him because he gave you a verbalizing in his office in 1966." I say, "He is an asshole for thinking that." But true enough, Klein did give me "a verbalizing" in 1966. It happened like this.

Andrew Oldham comes into the Gaiety Delicatessen on Sunset Strip where I do a lot of my business. He takes me to a quieter table. He says, "Would you like to handle the Stones' press?" I say I would because I am a sucker for saying yes in 1966. He says, "Okay. Come to New York on Saturday and meet the fellers. Also you can meet Klein at the Sullivan Show next day and do the deal. What will you want?"

I tell Oldham I'll ask for a thou a month. He is very deadpan and I go to New York and I meet the Stones, one or two of whom I half know and we get on like a supermarket on fire. Next day I go to the Sullivan Show and there is this short fat man in a seersucker shirt and it is Allen Klein. He comes on very cool, like he knows all about me but he is not going to let it be any big thing. I know he knows I am always short of bread because everyone knows that. I know he knows that I am not short of friends, because everyone knows that too. I also know that with Klein, bread/friendwise, it is exactly the other way round. I figure that either we will make it together or we will not. There will be no half measures.

We do to a deli and I have food and beer. He doesn't drink or smoke at all and he doesn't eat too much either. He is not happy in the deli, but I am. It is Sunday afternoon.

I am small-talking and he is drumming his fingers. He says: "Hey, we can't talk here. Let's go to my office; I got a great office." I can't think of anything less groovy than going to Allen Klein's office on a Sunday afternoon but it is no good arguing because he isn't going to do any deal in a deli and I have come 3,000 miles to do a deal.

We go to his office and he sits me opposite him. He is in his big important chair behind his big important desk and I am dying of thirst. He is feeling very good and he tells me all about where I should get myself remotivated, start looking for the real bread, I am wasting my life. I think maybe he is right, so I lay on him that I would like a thousand dollars a month to work the Stones and also I would like to know where is the water

cooler. I get some water and then some more. He tells me things about how to make money and what sort of a corporate setup I should need and how he came from nowhere to be a big guy and by the time I leave and he leaves I don't hear one word about whether I work for the Stones and the fee or any goddamn thing I came to discuss but I think well, maybe he feels better, and it was nice seeing the Stones and I will be home tomorrow so what's it matter that I had to leave Joan and the kids on the other side of the subcontinent (and Timothy had broken his arm a day or two before) to come to Allen Klein's 14,000th floor office in Manhattan.

A few months later he sends me some bread to cover my fare and I don't give him another thought (didn't get the Stones either) till I am in this Morgan with Tony Calder three years later and one hell of a lifetime older and wiser.

So I tell Tony if Klein thinks I am in his way, and as I'm not in his way, I'd better show the guy I'm not by moving out of the way anyone else who might be in his way.

That's my first mistake. Others follow. I tell Tony to tell Klein I am (a) not in his way, and (b) if anyone else is, I will remove them. I tell Tony to tell Klein to call. I go in to work at Apple and I see Peter Brown, Brian's old pal, mine, the Beatles', Apple's and so on. Peter knows—or knew—many things. I say, "Allen Klein wants to meet the Beatles." "Does he ever," says Peter. I say, "Is there anyone in his way?" Peter says, "Only the Beatles."

He explains Brian can't stand Klein and the Beatles have never heard anything about him that attracted them either.

I ask him will he take a call from Klein (on account of he is the Beatles' personal assistant, the last filter—or was) and he says he will.

The way is clear and Klein places his call. He doesn't get through, nowhere near does he get through and he must have called Les Perrin because Les calls me and says: "Klein says he can't reach Peter Brown." I say I'll check and then I go to lunch with the Beatles in the room opposite Peter's, which is now Neil's but was then the Beatles' own, born in a dream and left unfurnished because a dream is just a wish you hope will come true* and this one didn't.

At lunch it is one of those days, it is like eating toast under water. It is a real down time and they are still talking about how lousy Apple is and how we are a lot of time-serving fools, the usual. I say there is this guy

*Harry Nilsson wrote that.

Paul doesn't like any of it, none of it.

Klein who wants to see them in the worst way. John says yeah, Klein's been trying to reach him but he won't take the call. I do some hype for Klein and say he is a strange cat, hated by many who have never met him and by some who have only heard of him. George says he sounds really nice and I say that if they want someone to run their money scene then Klein may be the man. But I say they better look at him very hard and ask around, Jagger and Donovan and the others he handles, I mean *really* check Klein out. But see him. John says okay, I'll see him, and the others rhubarb a bit and that's lunch.

I see Peter, tell him John says okay, take the call. I call Les Perrin and tell him, tell Klein to call and Klein calls and he flies over really fast, like yesterday. He meets John, they talk all night and boy do they dig each other. John comes into the office and says, "Don't care about the others, don't give a shit . . . but I'm having Klein, he can have all of my stuff and get it sorted out."

John says there is too much fear around, everyone must stop being frightened, everything is going to be fantastic, like Klein is going to be the genie of the lamp. Paul, George and Ringo get to meet Klein and he begins to act as if he is half hired but maybe not.

He says he will save Northern Songs from Lew Grade. He says he will buy Nems Enterprises. He says he will take EMI to the cleaners.

In the end he doesn't save Northern Songs and he doesn't buy Nems Enterprises. He takes EMI *and* Capitol to the cleaners, and to hell and back.

Klein tells George he will get him more money and he tells Ringo the same. He tells them all that there are four first-class Beatles, not two, and John doesn't mind being told this. Paul doesn't like any of it, none of it. He has a father-in-law who is also from New York and his name is Lee Eastman. Lee Eastman is a toughie, but his manners are better than Klein's. Paul would like Eastman to be the Mr. Big that Apple needs. John wants Mr. Klein to be Mr. Big and Mr. Eastman to be Mr. Large.

A year passes. It is 1970. John digs Klein more than ever and George digs him more than that and Ringo doesn't mind him. Paul? He is so uptight about Klein he only leaves the Beatles, that's all.

Klein and I meet the press and TV and all of that; together we sit on a sofa and talk about Paul. Mr. Klein, why doesn't Paul like you? Mr. Taylor, why doesn't Paul like Mr. Klein? I don't know, don't ask me, man, don't ask me.

Paul releases his album and Klein releases the Beatles' album and they

both make a million and Klein has had Phil Spector remix Paul's song "Long and Winding Road," adding a woman's choir and some other things. Paul thinks this is the shittiest thing anyone has ever done to him, and that is saying something. Klein laughs up his silk sleeve and releases "Long and Winding Road" as a single, still with Spector's arranging. Up in Scotland, Paul McCartney, one of the four owners of Apple, the company formed to give total freedom, artistic control, to struggling performers and writers, wonders what went wrong, when even *he* can't control his own work.

I am wondering too.

Everyone is wondering. But Klein isn't wondering. He know, he knows.

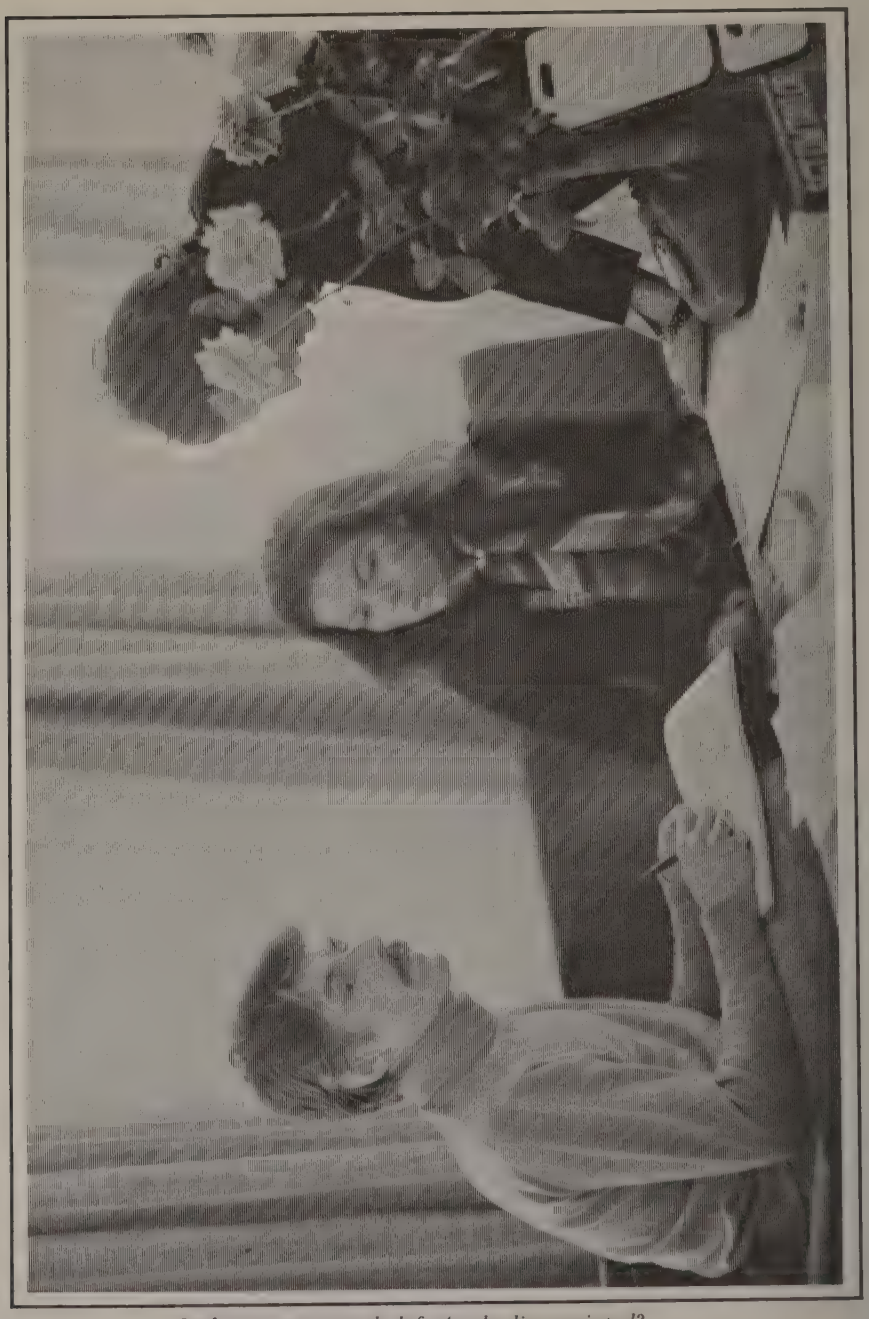
Klein is now Mr. Big and Apple is an ABKCO (Allen B. Klein & Co., get it?) Managed Company. Two dozen people have been fired, maybe more. Others have resigned in despair, executives, accountants, beavers, squirrels, pluggers, musicians, gone, gone.

Money is pouring into Apple and the only extra overheads are Klein's transportation and accommodation so I guess you could say that Allen Klein straightened Apple out as the Beatles wanted it.

The only thing is . . . where is Apple and where are the Beatles? If you find out, please let me know. I haven't seen them in a long time.

What have I done? Our Apple is all chewed up. It is the most ungroovy place I ever knew and I have to say it, we have all let it happen, all of us, but *me,* I told Tony Calder to tell Klein to call and if I am going to make any more mistakes about Allen Klein, then let it be writing this, let it be.

19



So how many people left Apple disappointed?

London 1969

TAMBI MUTTU is not at all well, and the *Evening Standard* wants to know if I approve of Tambi Muttu, who is an Indian, a grey-maned handsome little Indian who has taken everything from acid to vitamin X through an ocean of hard liquor to end up looking pretty good and very cheeky asking Apple to back a poetry journal.

However, the question is on ice because Apple don't know whether they want to put money into Tambi's poetry journal and also because Tambi is not at all well. We tell the *Evening Standard* that Apple approves of Tambi, and that also we like him very much because he is charming and clever and true.

Tambi, I say, is a fine man. The *Standard* wants to know if Tambi has actually met any of the Beatles. "Yes, George." "Then he actually did meet George?" Yes. The *Standard* says thank you and no doubt feels that Tambi Muttu really is a good honorable man now that it is confirmed that he actually met a Beatle and has been approved by the mighty Apple for whom I am spokesman, judge and jury, becoming a man power-crazed and living on or off a treacherous charm.

Tambi wants to use our Apple trademark for his new magazine and would also like a desk and a telephone and the use of Apple's address

for his letterhead. Moreover, he would like money to back the magazine.

Now, though I think Tambi is a great man, the demands are pretty heavy and Apple really has no intention of getting into poetry. Not after their shops closing, not after all of that. God protect us.

So I give Tambi a comfortable seat at my left elbow and Richard the Hippie keeps the drink moving and from time to time sits with Tambi and vibrates positively and well so that by and by Tambi, not knowing whether he is pissed or on a trip, forgets what he has come in for. That pleases us because it means we don't have to fork out any money or promises, of the first of which we have little and of the second of which we have far too many.

Clive X came to Apple once, from Canada. He was not a nice man. He wanted $30,000 to launch a new concept in retailing furniture. He had short black flat lacquered hair and glasses and from the back he looked like Rudolf Hess. He wore bell-bottomed purple or green trousers and carried a briefcase and several grudges. One grudge was that he had been in England five days and no one from Apple would see him. This was conveyed to me by someone in the next phone booth to X's somewhere in Chelsea who was eavesdropping on X and learned that he was planning to do Apple "some harm." Dark threat, darkly offered and wilily eavesdropped. I, not anxious for Apple to be harmed, found X and called him up to the throne room where he created so many instant and bad vibrations that I knocked over a cup of tea.

Clive X said he had come all the way from Canada and he was not going to be fucked about. No sir. If we were as good as we said we were, and as honest and forward looking as we said we were, and if we were as groovy and hip as we claimed to be, then oh boy we had no alternative but to bankroll Clive X to the tune of thirty grand, yes sir!

We said it was clearly a trap and faced with the choice of coming off like a good honest forward-looking groovy hip guy (and handing over the bread which *said* I was all of those things), and with coming off like a shit, faced with this choice, I took the latter route and was naturally readily abused by Mr. X.

I said I would have taken the other route, had I had the thirty G's, but I had only eight shillings and an ounce of hash. Clive said he was not going to get bogged down by a lot of dumb people who couldn't see what a fine deal he was offering. I said I could sympathize with that. "You have no intelligence," he told me and I nodded. "And you have no honesty," he said.

This was true, one agreed, inviting Mr. X to leave.

"Your vibes are very bad," I said trendily, "and you are a cunt."

Clive said he would prefer to finish his drink and then find someone with decency and common sense who could dig his furniture scheme and get him to the Beatles to hand over the bread. Maybe too he would like a ceremony with X's photographer there to capture on film the smiles and handshakes as "John, Paul, George and Ringo, yes, the Beatles, hand over a check for $30,000 to Canada's brilliant Clive X." Or something of the sort, I thought, reaching for the intercom button.

Clive X sat bolt upright drinking his drink in nervous sips, looking fiercely around the room at a forest of badly vibed heads. He was clearly feeling very good. The negative buzz was flowing like molten honey through his system. The voice of Big Jim came on the intercom. "Yes?" "Mr. X, who is in my room, wishes to be assisted to leave," I said. Clive couldn't have felt better and he smiled broadly and said, "This is what I suspected," and I said it was great that he'd found what he'd come for. So many people left Apple disappointed, it was good that Clive had found what he expected, suspected. Clive was assisted in leaving and he looked *very* like Rudolph Hess as he left the room with Big Jim.

Well, well, well, Apple sure made itself a field of thistles and a thorn hedge sky-high when it said it was a home for people who needed a break. I helped to spread the word that Apple was willing and thought maybe it was no use trying to blame anyone for Black Friday, the day at Apple when Hell's Angels, the managers of the Grateful Dead, a homeless family of seven from California, the Beach Boys, Hare Krishna, two transcendental meditators from Rishikesh, Mary Hopkin, George Harrison, John Lennon, Yoko Ono, a German television producer and Tambi Muttu all arrived at once needing cups of tea and conversation.

It is over, Black Friday, it is over, and I am still alive, and recall few details, few indeed.

The homeless family were homeless no more by the New Year. They had come from the hills beyond Los Angeles, Mick and Annie—husband and wife—and five children, barefoot in spirit and very broke. They had tried to reach me many times, once in New York. I had invited them to tea and left the hotel forgetting the invitation. Their aim, they said, was to get Paul McCartney to bankroll them to an island near Fiji, where the sun shines all the time, and also they planned on Paul traveling with them. They told

Top: one-man Gallup Poll, Mr. DiLello; above: Mary Hopkin.

me I should also prepare for the journey, without delay, with my wife and children. No time must be lost.

An emissary had landed on these shores two months before Mick and Annie. Tall and fair with a pale silk dress down to her sandaled feet, belled and chained, she arrived one afternoon in Paul's yard; she came over the gate and began to cry. She had to see Paul because Mick and Annie ("Annie *was* the Lady Madonna of the song, wasn't she?" the courier sobbed into the soft folds of her dress) were on their way and time was short. Well, Paul was busy what with one album or another, and Fiji would have to wait, I said and not unkindly.

Mick and Annie hit Apple near Christmas and I gave them the third floor waiting room until they found a home. Determination pays off and it wasn't any time at all before the homeless family from California had found their island, not in Fiji after all but off Ireland, and not just any old island, but John Lennon's and it was theirs, theirs alone, and if that ain't a dream come true, I never had a dream.

Time magazine wondered whether the Beatles had any comment on J.S. Bach and *Newsweek* wanted to know what the Beatles wanted for Christmas. I wanted to know what the Beatles had to do with either Bach or Christmas and the Beatles didn't want to know about anything, and me not blaming them, I sat at my desk and seeing once again the lined and smiling face of Tambi Muttu in the room, did no more useful work that day remembering on the train home and to my horror that I had failed to tell *Newsweek* about the Beatles' Christmas presents or *Time* about the Beatles' Bach.

I was very annoyed with myself because I didn't like failing in my responsibilities to magazines with the dignity and seriousness of purpose of *Time* and *Newsweek*.

I asked myself what it must have been like being on the road with Jesus. "Lay your hands on me, Jesus, lay some bread on me, Jesus. Don't get uptight, Jesus, I just didn't get the breaks."

The government phoned me next day, asking for details of "Mr. Richard DiLello, an American national desirous of seeking employment with the Apple Corps, and requesting a permit allowing him to remain and work in the United Kingdom." After such an opening, I contemplated the prospect of the remainder of the conversation with much melancholy.

"Mr. DiLello," said the government, "appeared to have no qualifications different from those of an average Englishman." I said that one qualification Mr. DiLello had that was different from an average English-

man was that he was an average American. The government couldn't see how that could be relevant and I said it was relevant in that the job Mr. DiLello was seeking was one that only an American could do.

The government at that moment were not unimpressed and there was a pause, but then the government said they would need more than that and I, discovering within myself a surprise package of lies, explained that I was a middle-aged square with a mortgage and children and that as I didn't understand the young American record market and Mr. DiLello was in fact the embodiment, a one-man Gallup Poll, of the young emancipated American, he would be able, uniquely, to reflect the best means whereby Apple could tap the American import demand and earn untold and sorely needed dollars for Great Britain, Great Britain.

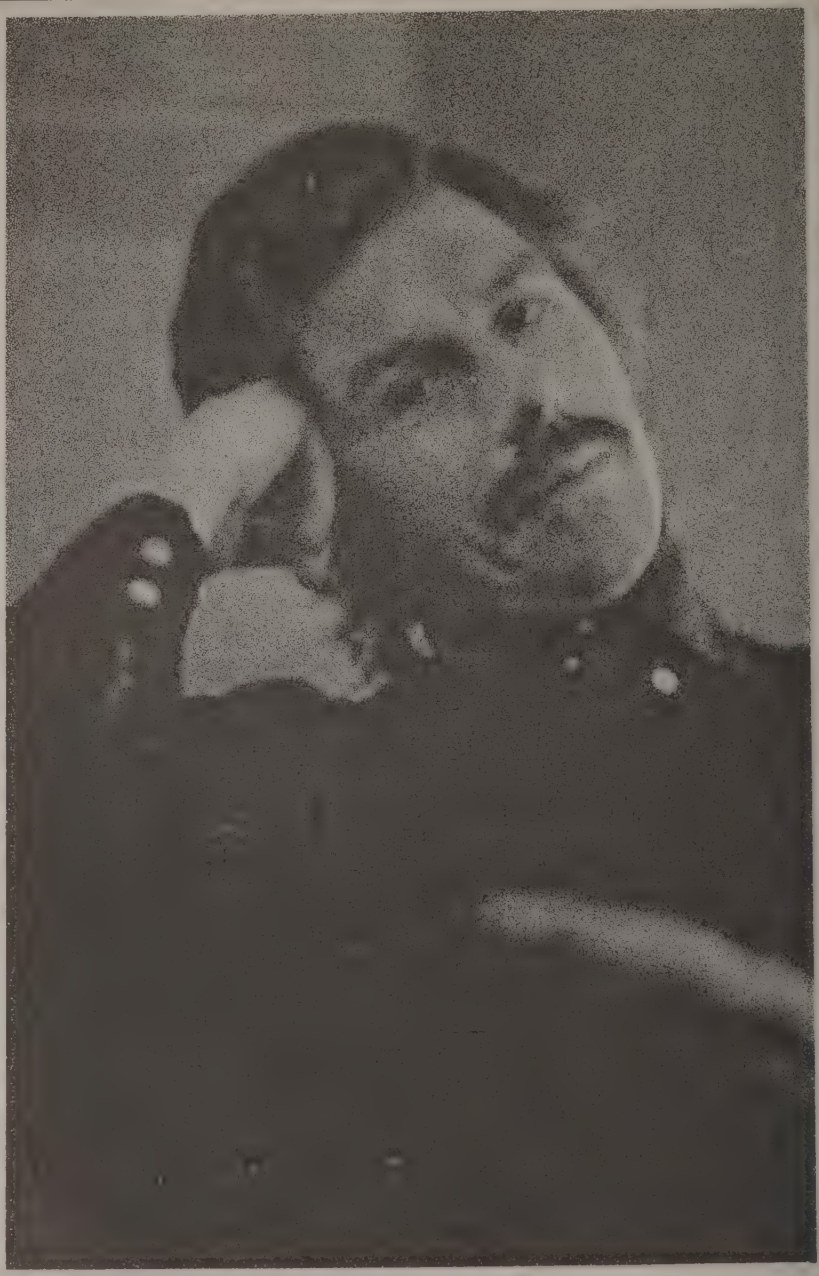
Richard, his hair like a huge hedgehog, grinned across the room; he had never dared to hope he could stand at such an international crossroads, stand alone, with so many hopes, with the prosperity of the Kingdom resting on his dusty buckskin.

Their minds blown, the government thanked me for my help and many victories were claimed that night and shattered two weeks later when I was again called upon by the government, this time to be asked to explain what I had said during the earlier conversation. It is easier to face a surprise package of lies than to remember the evidence offered a fortnight ago. I tried again with "I'm a middle-aged square with a mortgage," etc. to be told by the government that they weren't having any of that old (to paraphrase them) shit, don't try and bullshit us.

Somehow I pulled myself out of that quite well, and at any rate Mr. Richard DiLello got his work permit; but in the end many of us despised ourselves for the sly and wily, slimy simpering lies we told the government about Richard for in truth the only reason for his wanting to work for Apple and Apple wanting Richard was that we dug him and he dug us.

One day, I thought, someone is going to have the guts to answer, "Because," when someone in the seat of power asks, "Why?"

20



It had been a very ugly confrontation.

London 1969

I TOOK THE DAY off work today because I couldn't face it, couldn't make it, couldn't get shaved or washed or anything. At the office there were too many colliding lunches to cancel or rearrange, too many open-ended promises to unkeep. So I have taken a day off, a full day.

I am sitting typing in the oak-paneled bay overlooking the lawn where Dominic is stumbling and staggering. I am working today only for myself, I am working for self-gratification, and I am enjoying it.

I hope nobody at the office will miss me too much today. I hope life will go on. I mean, I know life will go on, but it will not be the same as if I were there. We change the situation by being there. It changes so much when Allen Klein is in town. It is not the same Apple at all when he is there. It is so much heavier, so much more serious, so much more interesting. I think we need him more than we know. He is The Man We Love to Hate and I am not sure we are fair to him.

Klein has sued the *Sunday Times* for libel. The *Times* carried a mean, petty piece about him: said he was a liar, a self-publicist, said he was involved in tax-evasion charges, said he went to see Mr. Morley Richenberg wearing a dirty polo-necked sweater.

Allen Klein doesn't like being called a dirty, lying, self-aggrandizing tax-

dodger. He is funny that way. I don't think the *Sunday Times* should have done it, though I confess I have had more pleasure from the *Sunday Times* than I have had from Allen Klein.

So Allen Klein has sued them and no doubt they will apologize. I hope they do.

Klein is enjoying himself. He doesn't know everything but he knows a lot about money and he enjoys it. It is fun to him, it is good clean fun. He knows a buck from a dime; if they were buried in cement, if they were the last currency on earth, he would smell them out. His wife says he is extraordinary. I agree.

His skill, his love, his life, is in dealing. I think Klein is cruel, but I think I quite like him and I think he likes me though neither of us has the slightest idea what drives the other. We are both less than frank, face to face. Maybe we are scared. I know I am.

Mr. Klein has a scheme which will help the Beatles recover their lost riches. It will mean that they will have to spend a large portion of the lost riches they still have but Allen assures them that everything will be fantastic and so they must be patient.

It must be difficult being patient, waiting to be taken to the cleaners yet again. John has an island in Ireland, a country home in Ascot and eighty-five acres and a lake and God knows what else. Paul has a sheep farm in Scotland and a townhouse in London. Ringo and George have estates in Surrey and between them they have more cars than they or their families can use. Yet as often as not the four poor bastards spend their days and evenings in the city talking about gold to some of the smoothest thieves in the universe.

Dick James of Northern Songs came in the other day. Dick was the publisher who met Brian Epstein at the very beginning and did a deal for the Lennon and McCartney songs. He was a small publisher who became very rich and influential because of the success of the Beatles and there is no doubt he behaved very honestly and very properly and also he showed that he was a good publisher, in the sense that he worked the copyrights in what he would call "the boys' best interests." He used to say he had a big book and he could tell you exactly what was happening with each song, and he could show that dozens of, hundreds of, thousands of people had recorded the songs and made "the boys" a whole lot of money.

What has upset "the boys" is that Dick James has not yet found himself able to give them a bigger share of the profit. They have had meetings with him, short, long, nice, nasty dialogues, trying to show him why it is they believe that the "boys" who write songs should receive more than the

"men" who sell them, but there has been no reason offered that they could accept as a reasonable reason. If Dick could only have said to them, "Because I am better than you are, boys," they might have been able to accept it, in the same way that they have expected him to accept that they should receive more because they are "better than you are, Dick." But no dice.

And when Dick James came in the other day it was on a very difficult errand. It was to explain to Neil Aspinall why he had sold his own shares and those of his partner to Mr. Lew Grade without the knowledge of "the boys." Dick said he would have liked very much to have told John and Paul of his decision to sell his shares to Lew's company, Associated Television, but as they were away, he couldn't risk blowing his cover by passing the information through third parties. He explained that it was a delicate matter and secrecy was terribly important.

George and I were in the room when Dick came in and Neil was sitting by his fire looking sad and lonely and it looked as if it was going to be a fascinating Applechat and heavy as hell so I asked could we sit in.

Neil said we were welcome as long as we didn't interrupt or become facetious or hostile or get in the way. Such promises are easy to give and impossible to keep so we gave them and didn't keep them.

Dick James told Neil that he had sold the shares to make his company safer, to protect the future against predators. God, so many warnings against predators. We ourselves were warned about predators who are warned about us and we warn about others who warn each other about others so that in the end there is no one we can trust.

George asked Dick if there was no chance of John and Paul making the grade without the help of Lew Grade, for Christ's sake?

Dick said the question was not realistic. The future of Northern Songs had nothing to do with the fantastic talents of John and Paul (in the admiration of whom, he said, he was second to none and there is no doubt he meant it). "No," said Dick, "Northern Songs' future has to do with money and strength."

I told Dick I thought he was playing with words and Dick appeared not to like this suggestion and he said he had not come to see me, nor had he come to see George, much as he admired George, but he had come to see *Neil,* he said, to explain why Lew Grade appeared to be on the way to owning the words, the music, the art of John Lennon and Paul McCartney (in the admiration of whom Lew had indeed been second to many people, although when gold dust began to sprinkle their moptops he had, typically, not been at all unquick to spot it and now there he was reaching out his

hand to touch the gold for himself).

George told Dick that the trouble was that Dick didn't really believe in John and Paul. Dick said that was a cruel wicked thing to say and I said the truth sometimes sounded cruel and wicked, which was a very righteous and pompous thing to say. Dick remarked, "When your opinion is needed I will ask for it. I have come here to talk to Neil about private business con-concerning something very serious to me."

"Fucking serious to John and Paul," said George.

Dick never liked rows with Beatles and I cannot blame him. He turned to Neil and said, "The boys have come under the influence of some very bad advisors recently and I am not talking about you, Neil."

I guess we all wondered what this dark hint meant. Was it Klein or was it those "predators" again or was it really us, the Apple clique, with our crazy attitude towards business, the let it be, it'll be okay amateurs.

George and I left and I regretted being rude as I always do and resolved to apologize to Dick James.

In the *Daily Mirror* next morning the city editor, Robert Head, wrote: "Dick James was wrong to sell," and I felt a little better, but not much. I liked Dick James. He had been there from the early days and surely he couldn't be the enemy. But then, these days everyone feels like the enemy.

Mr. Lew Grade's bid of £9 million for a company built on the talents of John and Paul indicated that the Beatles were a very potent investment and it was clear that there were sound economic reasons for grubbing around the Fab Four's feet for the remainder of the spring and maybe into the summer if there were still any pennies left lying around. It would be a foolish financier who took an early holiday when there were diamonds still to be mined in Savile Row.

Allen Klein told the Beatles that far from allowing Lew Grade to buy Northern Songs, they themselves should buy the company and don't ask him where the money would come from. It would come, that was easy. He would find it himself if necessary. It was only a few million lousy pounds. Shit, what was that? Allen said it would have been good to buy Nems, Brian Epstein's old management company, which also had a big piece of the Beatles, but too bad, it was now going to Morley Richenberg of Triumph Investment, a "gentleman" who had refused anymore to meet Klein, a "non-gentleman." Had it not been Morley Richenberg who had told the *Sunday Times* that Allen Klein had worn a dirty polo-neck sweater the last time Klein had been to see him?

It had been a very ugly confrontation. The Beatles were wondering,

wondering all the time, wondering how they had come to this point where what they had themselves founded, energized, furnished, made in their own image, had turned into a wasteland, a minefield. Nems, Brian's North End Music Stores, a little provincial company, quite a nice little provincial company, had become on the backs of the bold bright boy Beatles a million-pound theatrical agency in Mayfair, now owned by a shiny-shoed city gent who didn't know Aretha Franklin from Archie Andrews. Who the hell was Morley Richenberg that he talked about dirty polo sweaters?

And as for the government, the government which had forced the hand of Nems to sell to Richenberg for cash to pay the duties occasioned by the very inconvenient death of Brian Epstein whose money had been well and honorably earned—and at what a cost, God rest him—and on which he had paid so much tax already . . . What was the sense in anything? Why stay in England at all, the Beatles were wondering. Jesus, would it never end. How to get out of England, wondered John, whose U.S. visa had been withdrawn because of his bust.

It was strange, we all thought, that America should feel threatened by John Lennon. Big, strong, America frightened of a man because a dry, long-forgotten piece of hashish had been found in his house. Still, John said, it was no good wondering why because the reality was that America had removed his visa. "Reality," mused John, "leaves a lot to the imagination."

Last night a few friends came around and we Appled for hours, Appling being the inexhaustible pastime of putting our house to rights in theory without having the power to do it in practice. It is like playing Monopoly, and like Monopoly, it can be played by anyone and often is.

Apple staff don't enjoy playing it with non-Applers, however; they ask too many questions and they talk after they have left. God knows to whom, but that they do talk is clear from our clipping service.

Last night we concluded that Klein was our best chance of clearing the present muddle, but we wondered if it would create another. Klein is doing what we have all done, drawing up lists of targets and aiming at them. We pride ourselves that we only aim at abstracts, never at people. Maybe that is why we have achieved so little. Klein aims at people.

I wonder who he'll hit.

He says there are some people at Apple who are not helping. Some will have to go, he says. They are not good for the Beatles. He is sure *he* is.

Klein was particularly anxious to remove Ronald Kass, the American who came to us early to run Apple Records. I am very fond of Ron Kass.

He is much that Klein is not. He is handsome, tall and fair, very smooth and courteous and popular. An old friend of mine came to Apple a few weeks ago, came to assemble the Plastic Ono Band, the perspex prototype built to John and Yoko's specifications to house gadgetry that would play music, screen television, make a light show. Klein and George came into the room while it was being assembled by my friend, Charlie Melling, and they began to Apple.

Klein said Ron Klass would have to go—he was in his way. George wasn't sure. I asked Klein not to remove Kass. I said he wasn't in the way of the rest of us. Klein said, "Maybe I won't get rid of him. Maybe we give him another job but he will have to take less money." A fine thing for Ron Kass. Take a drop in salary and wash the toilets out.

Klein says Ron did poor deals. I say we have sold 16 million records. Klein says that is not the point.

A few days later Klein asks me what's happening, which is his normal opening. I say does he want lunch and he says he does.

So we go to the Santa Lucia restaurant in Rupert Street in Soho, Klein and me and Neil, and while we are lunching we see Germaine Greer.

At lunch Klein tells me there is some firing going on back at Savile Row. "A few people are getting hurt," he says.

He explained that he didn't want to be there while it was happening. He said he was having Peter Brown do it because it was better that way. Peter was quite good at firing people—he had a way of coping with it and as these were not his decisions, he could remain detached.

Oh? So who was being fired?

Well, Ron Kass for one.

So.

And a few smaller people, neither here nor there.

Oh.

(Small people were not as important as big people, we once again concluded. It was not nearly so serious for them. They did not have as far to fall. They didn't feel it as much. Small people are something like blacks, their threshold of pain is different. As Henry Cooper says: "If I had round Negroid features, I wouldn't cut so bad.")

Klein told Neil and me that things could be much worse. Some heads had to roll, that was clear to him. "You better know it," he said. "It could be much worse. Usually I come in and fire everybody."

Such nice people we are mixing with these days. Fire or be fired. Some choice. The Apple of our dreams was in a hell of a state.

Paul has never been sure about Klein. After a waiting period during which he toyed with the notion that Klein might, despite his crude thrusts at power, benefit Apple in that he could cut through the clutter of Jobs for Best Friends, Court Favoritisms and all the other handicaps that had arisen from the acid dreams of 1967 when we were all going to live in a Yellow Submarine, after this period Paul decided he didn't like the feel of Klein at all and he called in Lee Eastman, who, like Klein, was a New Yorker but never likely to wear a polo-neck sweater (dirty or clean) when visiting the likes of Morley Richenberg. In short, a gentleman.

Lee Eastman is a powerful man in New York music-publishing circles and neither he nor his son, John, a lawyer, has any love for Klein. So now it was John for Klein, Paul for Eastman. Klein and Eastman lurched at each other, collided and fell in a heap. John and Paul each claimed victory for their fighters. George, who saw his peace of mind dependent more and more on remaining neutral, said that in his view *both* had lost.

Klein said, "Boy, did I show Eastman." Eastman is believed to have said something similar, though he would no doubt have put it differently, more elegantly.

Outside the ring, the seconds preserved their friendship, but John was still for Klein, Paul still for Eastman. John said it was fantastic stuff. It was real theater. "It is a pain in the arse having to go to sleep at night," he said. "I can't wait for the day to begin again. All these people fighting it out."

Darker figures were entering our lives. The men in black from the City with fine manners and discreetly leaked statements to the financial press. Northern Songs, said the City, in the person of Ormerod, would not be bid for by the Beatles. This statement I was given for release to the press and it was amazing because it was completely opposite to Klein's stated promise, but maybe in these strange days that was to be expected. I had the statement typed.

It was Friday morning. I asked Neil what the background was, why were the Beatles letting it all go, without a fight. Was Lew Grade then to own "Yesterday" and "Norwegian Wood" and so on, just like that? Neil said it might not be the final word and by Friday afternoon it wasn't.

Ormerod said a second statement had been prepared. The first was cancelled. The second statement said the Beatles *were* to bid for Northern Songs.

I thought it was as well I had not released the first statement. It certainly seemed that the more people talked the greater the confusion.

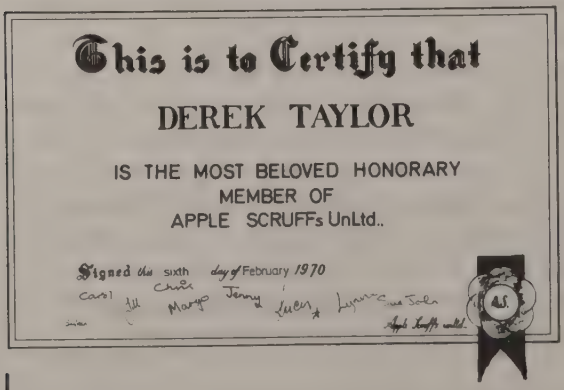
It was Friday when the Beatles bid nine million for Northern Songs. It was Friday when the big and small men who had been fired left too. One of them went out and got drunk. Not very drunk, just quite drunk. I met him in the lift. His name was Alistair Taylor and he had been with the Beatles boy and man from the beginnings in Liverpool when Epstein had found them. Alistair Taylor's was the signature as witness on the contract they first signed. He had worked in the Nems record shop, he had been general manager at Nems in London, and he was mad about the boys.

A fussy man, Alistair, a "straight," if you like, but loyal and devoted to the Beatle ethic if there is such a thing. In the lift I said I was sorry about you-know-what.

Alistair said it was okay. "It's show business, isn't it?" he said and he introduced us to a silly bald man, twenty years older than anyone else in the lift. "This," he said, "is Robin," and he touched a rose in Robin's lapel. "Robin is my new friend and he has just become engaged to a very charming young lady. We have both been celebrating."

Alistair led Robin out of the lift and into the office in which he had served the Beatles for so long, to serve a last short drink to Robin who had just become engaged and that was the end of that. I hope Alistair and Robin and the lady are all right. Oh dear, oh dear, I think to myself. Oh dear. It is so strange that it has come to all of this. We had not forseen it, Neil, Alistair, Peter or I, none of us, and yet maybe there had been a little grain of fear back there in 1968 when it was all new because then, at the beginning, I was asked to write an article for *Disc* and *Music Echo* and I decided to write a piece as if it were twenty years on, as if it were 1988 and all over and changed.

The piece was never published. It was too obscure, said *Disc*. Why write about contemporary events as if they were twenty years out of date?


This is to Certify that

DEREK TAYLOR

IS THE MOST BELOVED HONORARY MEMBER OF APPLE SCRUFFs UnLtd..

Signed this sixth day of February 1970

21

"Tell Derek to cancel the press conference today."

London 1969

It was a very good morning and the advertising man had been and gone. The advertising man was more than forty and less than middle-aged but the years were telling and there was the faint red and purple sheen of the boozer who had shaved well and slept badly.

The advertising man had come because the night before Paul had said we should get something very good going for the new album, "You know, really make a scene out of it because it is a great album: made a new man of me just listening to it."

Thirty tracks on the new album and it had taken five months, only. What a long long haul from May to October but we got plenty time for the waiting game. *Variety* had become confused, writing that the new Beatles' album would feature John Lennon and Yoko Ono nude and would be called "Yellow Submarine" and who *was* to blame them, except that a few words with someone would have got it right for them. The press are good eavesdroppers and bad listeners. Brian Mulligan, *Variety's* London man, said they were idiots (I said they were cunts), and *he* would write the real story.

Well, it had been a good morning for the advertising man had gone, and Neil came into the room at about noon and said, "Could I have a word with

you?" He said he had just phoned John and it looked as if John had been busted. He said he had phoned John at the flat and a strange voice had answered the phone. "One of those voices. One of THEM," said Neil and the voice had said John was not there.

"Who are *you?*" had said the voice, and Neil had said, "Never mind that, I want John." "Who are *you*?" the voice asked again, with no name of its own.

Neil said, "Neil Aspinall," hoping he had nothing to fear, and the voice said John was occupied and couldn't speak. Neil heard John muttering in the background, and then after a silence John's voice said into the phone, "Tell Derek to cancel that press conference today."

Neil said, "Okay, but why?"

John replied, "Imagine your worst paranoia, because it's here."

That was what Neil told me and he said it seemed as if John had been busted.

Busted? BUSTED!

Two American girls had come in; they worked with Jim, they said, in Hogsville. One was dark and one was fair. The dark one was Katy and she was chewing gum, rolling it out, pink and gnarled, on the tip of her tongue. They were mannerly and conditioned in the American way, working to a unified script that had been not memorized but rather dyed into their conversation. "You must be Mr. Taylor; gee, this place is really neat. Quite a building to work in; you must be very happy working here. I hope we're not interrupting anything." "No. Have a glass of champagne." "Wow, thanks. I wish I worked here. Really neat. Thanks."

I gave the fair one, Laurie, a copy of George's album *Wonderwall* and the conversation inexplicably took a curve into the elections: "I think I'll vote for Nixon," said Laurie. "He seems safer."

Safer?

Don Short of the *Daily Mirror* phoned and said there were bad vibrations with the police. Nothing he could isolate. Just a nasty atmosphere.

Neil came in again and asked Jack Oliver to go to the "Joe Loss Show" at the BBC, to relieve Peter Brown. The plan was Peter would leave the show and go to Montague Square to see what was happening with John.

Laurie said, "Gee, you have a busy office," and we talked some about Jim who had been a very good disc jockey in the early Beatle days. Never

wordless, Jim had been thriving in Brutus, Ohio, until some bar he had an interest in got raided by the friendly police, and the radio station had to eliminate him, having a "young audience" who didn't care to know about naughty disc jockeys who kept shady bars.

I went downstairs for a copy of the Beatles' biography by H. Davies of Malta. Neil was settling down talking to someone about something which had nothing to do with busts. It looked as if it may have been a false alarm after all. I got a biography, signed "John, Paul, George, etc." and took it upstairs to hand to Laurie who said this was their lucky day, really neat.

Katy looked very down. I found a second copy of *Wonderwall* and gave it to her. She brightened up and said, "The book is for both of you, by the way. You'll have to share it." Laurie's grip on it tightened, and she hugged it to her and said, "Wow. I've got it. It's mine." I took it back and wrote on the inside, "To Katy and Laurie," and Katy would have hugged me if she'd been five and mine, but at twenty it was too late for innocent hugs if you come from Hogsville.

Ronan O'Rahilly, Pirate King of the Sixties, told of the mystery of John (by Jeremy Banks who'd been whispered to by me), phoned Neil and offered any help he could give. Neil came upstairs and took Jeremy outside the room and left the door open. We heard the beginnings of one of the why-did-you-tell-him-I-thought-he-ought-to-know-you-had-no-right-I-had-every-right discussions that punctuate the day in corporations large and corps small, so I closed the door so we couldn't hear any more. I hate earwigging rows.

Then Neil asked me to go down, and while he was repeating much the same thing to me, the phone range. "It's Peter," said Barbara, the secretary with the mostest secrets.

Neil said probably it was just that Peter hadn't met the car to take him to John's.

It wasn't that at all. Not at all.

It had been a bust.

"Where are you?" said Neil.

"At John's."

"The police there?"

"Yes, more later, must go."

I phoned Joan and asked how was she, because John had been busted. "Oh, poor man," she said, "poor fellow, the bastards do that." She said, "What a day," Cohn Bendit had been refused an entry permit to stand for the Rectorship of Edinburgh University. "The bastards," said Joan. "The

fuckin' swine," said I, and we had a couple of minutes like that and then we said a warm good-bye and Ray Connolly phoned.

"John's been arrested," he said. The *Evening Standard* are very quick on tip-offs. They appear to know things simultaneously with Caxton Hall, Scotland Yard, the Royal Docks, the London Clinic, you name it, the *Standard* has it. Many pieces of silver change hands between Beaverbrook Newspapers and the fawn raincoats who whisper second-hand secrets down the public phone.

Ray is a good man, and very straight. "He is a fool, isn't he?" he said. "I said it would happen."

Jeremy said the phones were probably bugged. "I have feedback which says they're tapping the lines," he muttered.

So I told Ray in a voice which was unnaturally loud, and therefore more unconvincing than ever, "We never take drugs, Ray. It is most improper of you to say so, ON THE TELEPHONE. How DARE YOU LIBEL US."

"Cops," said Ray.

"I'm very sorry," Don Short was on the other line. "It's happened," he said. I said I knew. Don was sympathetic, then he laughed. "Trouble is, I've got a couple of other dodgy stories for tomorrow. One is that John's Dad has married. The other is that Yoko's pregnant. Can you confirm?"

"No, Don. Not at the moment. Can we leave it over? Till Monday?"

"Yes, better, much better," he said. "I mean drugs, adultery and his father. It's a bit much, all in one day, even for the leader of the Beatles."

Don too is a good man who must be rescued from Fleet Street (or, better still, must save himself).

It started to feel as if it were lunchtime or maybe later but in the circumstances we didn't feel like eating and in the circumstances we didn't feel we should smoke anything and in the circumstances even Jeremy's offer of prescribed Librium appeared unsafe so we did what we'd always done, what we used to do all the time in the old days.

We drank.

The phones were buzzing pretty hard by now. Michael Housego from the *Sketch* called and said, "I suppose you've heard."

"Suppose so, Michael."

"Not much you can say, is there, Derek?"

"No, Michael, there isn't." I wished I could see his face, find out if he was smiling . . . I was glad I couldn't see his face; he was certain to be smiling. They were all certain to be smiling. Do the press ever weep? Well, it was, in newspaper terms, a Good Story. No doubt about that. It was

what some of them call a Biggie. A Very Biggie.

The *Evening Standard* called again. Ray said, "They're at the station now. They've been charged with obstruction."

Well now. That would mean they hadn't wanted the police to come in the house. Does anyone want the police in their house, ever?

Tony Barrow phoned. He said, "Hello, mate." Mate? "Hello, mate," he said. "Keep me posted."

Dorothy Bacon from *Life* called. She wanted immediately one final picture of Mary to complete the cover story. She hadn't heard the news of John and one wondered whether sometimes the media didn't overestimate their power for there are in truth many people out and about in the thick of city life who have no idea what is going on around them.

I phoned Mary at the Caprice and she gave me a medium but not rare hard time about the picture for *Life* because, as she explained, "I'm with my mother, so I don't want my picture taken."

It took a couple of minutes to persuade her and not for the first time I was glad to be under pressure, because a minor issue becomes easy to accomplish.

Bob Barr of Westinghouse phoned and, with the ease and smoothness and grace of the better American journalists, asked for some quick background.

I told him what had happened and how it could come about and what could overtake even a Beatle with the MBE, and much of his adult life devoted to the making of music, the spreading of fun and fantasy when having pulled up his roots and fled his home he had finally and completely forfeited the protection of the Establishment by posing naked with a woman not his wife for the cover of his own record album.

Ringo was in Sardinia and I phoned him, clear as a bell, and softened the conversation's opening by telling him the album was finished, "All thirty tracks, Ringo." "I know," he said without puzzlement, though he must have wondered why one phoned at noon on a Friday when he was on holiday to tell him something he must have known for twenty-four hours. Neil brought a proper sense of direction to the conversation by taking the phone and saying: "Hi, Ring; Neil here. I've got bad news . . ." Neil is very blunt.

We couldn't trace George in Los Angeles, and we couldn't work out why, until much later that night when we discovered that Zsa Zsa Gabor had not been able to vacate her home in time for George's arrival as temporary tenant and that as a result his agents in L.A. had placed him in the mean-

time in what must be the only dwelling place in all of that electronic city not to have a telephone.

Newsweek, The People, Women's Wear Daily and a German disc jockey had to be phoned and asked not to turn up to discuss John's record album with him. "For obvious reasons," we said with some archness.

Four photographers in raincoats, hard-faced, irritable, sour, tense, arrived at Savile Row in search of John and Paul. "Can we be blunt?" asked one. Certainly. "We need pictures," he said. Amazing.

Paul returned, chatty and cheerful and sort of shaved. Inwardly he must have felt terrible and not only inwardly was this shown. He ruffled his hair endlessly and cracked the sort of jokes with which the best uncles seek to soften the horrors of the worst funerals.

Ivan Vaughan was with him, Ivan who had introduced him at fourteen to John, drunk at sixteen at a Saturday afternoon garden fete in Liverpool many centuries earlier. Peter Shotton arrived, Pete from Quarrybank School, never far from John's side in emergencies in the sixties. Tom Wilkes from A&M Records in Hollywood rang and said he'd heard about it on the L.A. radio. It was not, he said, unexpected. No it wasn't. When, we all wondered, would they come for *us*? I dare say some of us wished it could be soon; let's get it over.

I phoned the *New Musical Express* to sound them out for an ad we might put in, raising a "legalize freedom" petition. Percy Dickens said he didn't know. The same paper had earlier turned down the picture of two naked backsides. What's worse, hashish or a bare arse?

The evening papers arrived. LENNON AND YOKO was the main story. Not John any more. "Lennon." A fan called, tearfully, for news and said, "God bless you." Mick Jagger was phoned and told on the set of his movie. He offered advice and love. Brian Jones called and sympathized.

Now we're truly all one and the Beatles were as persona non-Scotland Yard-grata as the Stones. Maybe anyway it was time, we, some of us, thought (though no one dared voice it; for who among us would have the guts or gall to nominate another to be *our* martyr?). Who has the right to say it must be John who fronts for our drug-smoking? Should we all present ourselves at the police station and surrender? We may have thought we should on Friday, but I notice none of us actually did it. Cowards, or Men of Discretion? I don't know. Cowards, more likely. Lazy and cowardly.

22

John said that acorns had a lot to do with trees.

England 1969

JOHN LENNON was on the "Eamonn Andrews Show" the other night with Yoko, and the two of them were in bed. Then they went on another show with Eamonn.

There were people on the show (and at the show) who wondered what the hell John and Yoko thought they were doing in bed and who the hell they thought they were to do it and why the hell should any normal person put up with it and when would it stop and where it would lead us and if you were going to get peace in the world (bearing in mind that there has never been any and that there will never be for haven't all the fat and weary intellectuals told us that "All you need is love" is banal, trite and oversimplified, "I mean I've smoked pot like these Beatles but that was years ago in Oxford when it wasn't fashionable and anyway it made me sick so give me the old bottle of rosé and a good row anyday," don't they say?) and it was just a piece of profiteering Beatle nonsense and what the hell is beautiful about acorns for peace?

Yoko and John were sending two acorns to world leaders so that they would plant them and grow oak trees for peace. "What's so good about acorns?" the man in the audience still wanted to know and John said again that oaks grew from them. "Do you like trees?" he asked and the man

didn't reply. "Don't you like trees?" asked John. The man said, "Yes, I like trees, but that isn't the point; what have acorns to do with trees?" John said that acorns had a lot to do with trees. The man waved such nonsense aside and the studio audience, seduced from an evening of viewing by the promise of being viewed with Eamonn, applauded the common sense of the man who was Anti-Acorn, possibly the first time this particular minority cause has received public recognition and, indeed, approbation.

Jack Benny was on the show with John and Yoko and there was one very fine dramatic moment when he stood up and said, "I wouldn't get involved in this row for a million dollars," all this with that famous clasping of his hands which in their splendid theatricality almost, but only almost and not really, obscured Benny's real commitment which ran right down the line faithfully from Bob Hope, hopeless in his emigrant-patriot paranoia, solid with the forces of Light, Freedom and Truth against the Red Hordes, wheeling in from the East in Chariots of flaming shit. Still, Jack Benny is Jack Benny. Pretty funny.

John said he didn't worry about communism, later told a friend he would have said, better red than dead, but he had to think of the Beatles' image . . . Communists, yet?

Yehudi Menuhin (who is also there) pointed out that there were certain circumstances in which it was necessary to kill. John wondered what these circumstances might be. He wondered to himself if Yehudi Menuhin would be prepared to be killed right then and there if, as a result, world peace could be reached. He asked Yehudi if Jesus (who?) had said anything about certain circumstances when it was necessary to kill. Yehudi says that is not the point. John says, "What did Jesus say? Did he say anything about killing?" Yehudi coughs and says, "No, Jesus didn't, but he didn't say anything about staying in bed at the Hilton in Amsterdam." It is then John's cue to say that nowhere in the New Testament (nor, for that matter, in the Old) is there anything about violins, but he doesn't say this because the audience is applauding Yehudi Menuhin, the violinist, for his wit.

It was a dumb, daft, nothing-solved evening on the "Eamonn Andrews Show" and it was not helped by the presence of a Rolf Harris who didn't want no boats rocked either.

John and Yoko, Yehudi Menuhin, Rolf Harris, Jack Benny, Eamonn Andrews! Was it all a dream?

No. I am working for Apple, you know, and it is Thursday and today one of our number fired ten of our number in the name of all of us and I think

it is awful. Apple? Home of the Brave, hope of the freemasonry of the emancipated young? Sackings?

A man knows I am with Beatles and he is telling me that pop music is "fixed" in that kids are bribed by record companies to go around buying up a single so that it will be in the hit parade. He says a man in a very senior (*very* senior) position with EMI told him all the tricks.

I say, oh no, pop music is a very clean industry, no one's going to be fooled into buying anything they don't like. He asks, "What is it that sells a record then? Sheer talent?" "No, not necessarily sheer talent, it is the sound that sells, the sound." That sounds trite, but it is true, it is true, it is the only way to put it.

He is not impressed. He says, "The kids will buy anything that is in the hit parade." Oh no, oh no. The kids will not buy anything they don't like. A record is only in the hit parade (there I go, now I'm using it: "hit parade" indeed) because the kids have bought it, that is how it gets in the hit parade. He says the hit parade is fixed. I say who fixes it, the BBC? He smiles knowingly, he rubs together his thumb and second finger and says, "Kids, bribed by record companies." I say kids aren't corrupt, not like grown-ups. He says, "I remain unconvinced. I am square." I say of course he is square and he has a closed mind.

Oh no he hasn't, he says, far from it. Then the boot: "So it's sheer talent,

is it?" he is saying. He smiles uxoriously. "ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THE BEATLES HAVE ANY TALENT?" he climaxes. Here it is, the old, old story. I say to Joan, "Isn't this when we take a walk?" She smiles and says, "Yes." We walk. He is very cross because it has never happened to him before. In *his* Game, you don't walk; you stay and discuss, politely, or impolitely, you make your point. You argue, debate.

Not us, man, not us. It wasn't good for the barbecue, I think. He musta told his wife because she gave us the bird too. Why do we ever go out except among our own, why?

Another guy asks me what on earth John Lennon is doing with that house (a Georgian place a mile down the road from where we are barbecuing each other) and I say I don't know, but he isn't living in it. He says it is a pity John isn't living in it, what with it being such a fine house. I say "It's a fine house," and he gets very excited and says, "Oh you agree, do you, well I'm very glad to hear that."

I figure he is very uptight about John having the house at all and that he is going to become rude about J&Y, so somehow we drop the subject. A lady says she would like to know the truth about J&Y and I say I don't know the truth, does anyone, and the lady asks is it true that they had been so badly burned by local contractors that in despair and disgust they had fled to America. I said it was unlikely they would fly 7,000 miles to escape the bad vibes of contractors who would always and everywhere be screwing the Beatles.

The lady said wasn't it silly of people to burn the Beatles. "After all, no one is ever going to re-employ a contractor who has burned him." I said the contractors shared the squares' view that as the Beatles were only a flash in the pan, you could do what you like to them, but quick, charge them as much as possible, but don't delay.

I don't know what's worse, moving among people who don't know them or mixing with people who do. The topic remains the same, Beatles, Beatles, Beatles. It's only the approach to the topic that varies.

I have an acquaintance in Canada who came to visit me on tour and said he wanted to see me and talk about old times, he didn't want to bother the Beatles, not him; but by evening he had hired a photographer, hidden him in the backstage area at Maple Leaf Stadium so that he could get a quick snapshot of himself with the fabs "for my kids, Derek, not for myself. Believe, forgive me."

Sure, sure. It's not for me to forgive you, E. It's for you to forgive yourself.

23

Don't take any white powders that don't have a name.

Los Angeles and London 1971

I AM THIRTY-NINE this year, I have five children at school and one beautiful baby daughter aged two and Joan and I are having a good life. My father wrote to me today and said, "What a world it has become; I am glad I am nearer to cremation than creation."

I suppose it is a terrible world. There is hardly anything I can do about it. Trust in God and don't take any white powders that don't have a name.

I was in Hollywood the other day, movie capital of the world but really a suburb. I love it, it is as good and as destructive as I am and in about the same proportions, maybe that's why I love it so.

There was a funny powder going around. The man pushing it made a big deal of getting out a piece of tin-foil as if it were a gold plate of communion bread and with a lot of "hey" and "wow" and whistling between his teeth and sniggering and what-not he said this was the all-time psychic energizer, safer than horse or milk or any goddam thing, and the buzz, wow. . . .

It looked mean as hell, clotted and white, and I didn't have any; Christ, a psychic energizer? It was two o'clock in the morning. A nice pillow and a pair of sheets, maybe, but *another* psychic energizer?

Hollywood. What does it mean to anyone who has only seen its movies?

It is a wonderful assault on neglected senses, neon for the eyes, smog for the nose, rock 'n' roll for the ears, too much for touch, hamburgers for taste, traffic for all five and psychic energizers for the sixth.

And the people: everyone you know is minutes away, thousands of them all on the same trip, all within reach, take your pick and no accommodation problem, no bog down the landing blocked by the last man to abuse it.

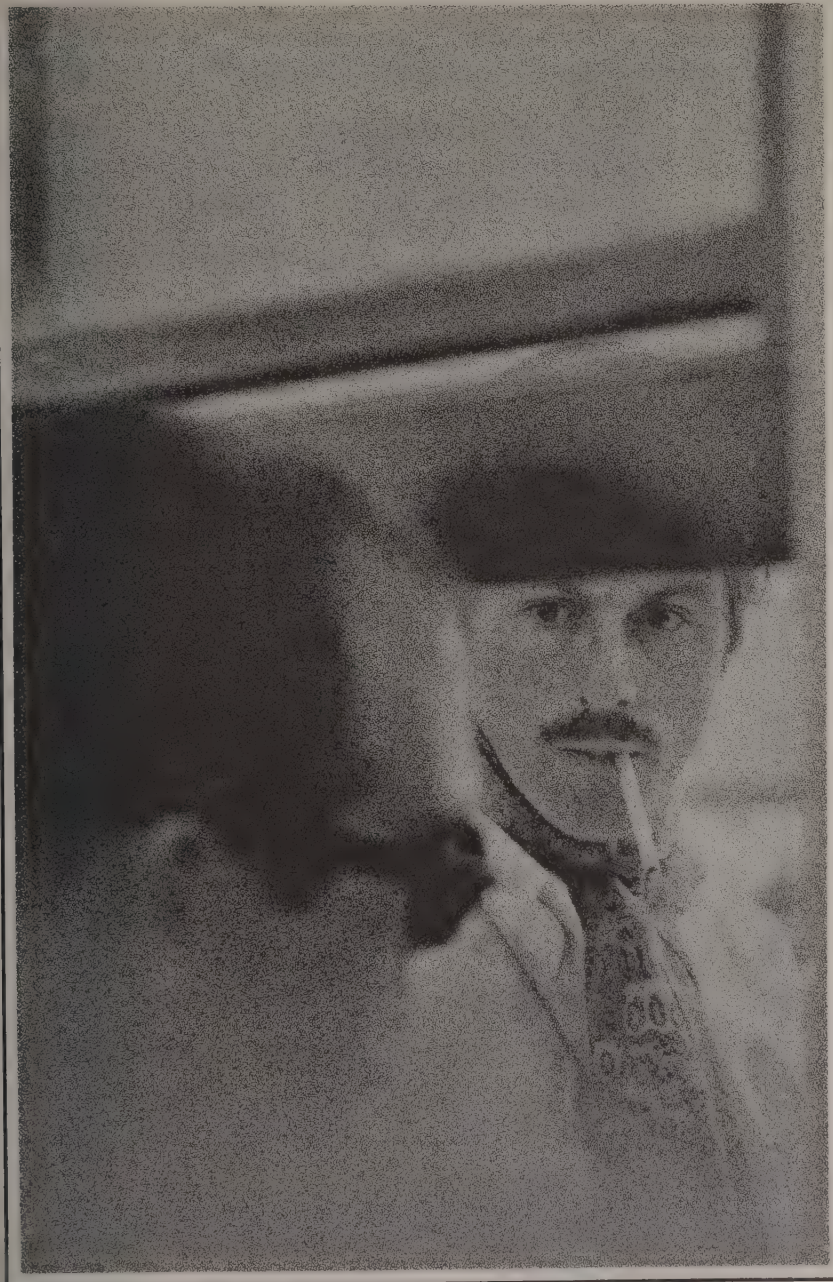
The police are awful, of course, really awful. Two of them came to my house one afternoon because one of the children had thrown a Coke bottle into the driveway of a house occupied by two exquisite tanned young men, fussy and nasty, forever hosing their pool surrounds, their drive and finally each other when everything else was clean as clean.

The nasty young men did what so many people in America did (though fewer and fewer are doing it now) when things happened: They called the cops. I was taking care of the baby, who was ill with pneumonia. Peter Asher and Betsy were sympathizing on the sofa with me, Joan was out buying medicine, it was a horrible hot day and it is one of those stories.

There are the cops in the doorway, sun glasses, jackboots, guns, "Good afternoon, cops, do come in, oh I see you ARE in." "Never mind that crap, your kids have been throwing missiles." "Missiles?" "Yeah, missiles." "Oh, well, they are very young, six and seven, very sorry." "They better clean it up, buddy." "They won't clean it up, cops. They aren't allowed to mess with broken glass." "We can take them to juvenile hall, buddy." "You aren't taking them anywhere, cops." "You better clean that glass up, mister." "I can't clean any glass up, I am nursing a sick child." "We can pull the kid in, too." "The kid is only two." "We ain't superstitious, buster." "Nice cops *you* are." "Cut the talk, get out there with a broom and put that cigarette out; this is a fire area."

I gave Vanessa to Peter and Betsy and went out and swept up the glass. Juvenile Hall?

It is October 1971 already and the Cockettes, pricks, balls and everything, are in *Rolling Stone* this week. They are tomorrow's heroes. Am I strong enough to face tomorrow with the Cockettes? I don't know . . . there are dangerous signs of nostalgia . . . Joan and I went to see Benny Goodman the other night with Mr. and Mrs. Tony Palmer, all enjoyed it, said, now *that's* how to play. Two weeks ago we went to see Johnny Cash and we said, now *that's* how you dominate a stage. I guess if we go to see Harry James in November, we can say we are walking backwards. It will be all right, I trust.



There are dangerous signs of nostalgia.

Today we are planning Alice Cooper's visit. It is just after dawn and I am feeling very good. I have never met Alice Cooper but they say Warners gave a very funny party for him, using the Cockettes as cigarette girls selling smokes and vaseline.

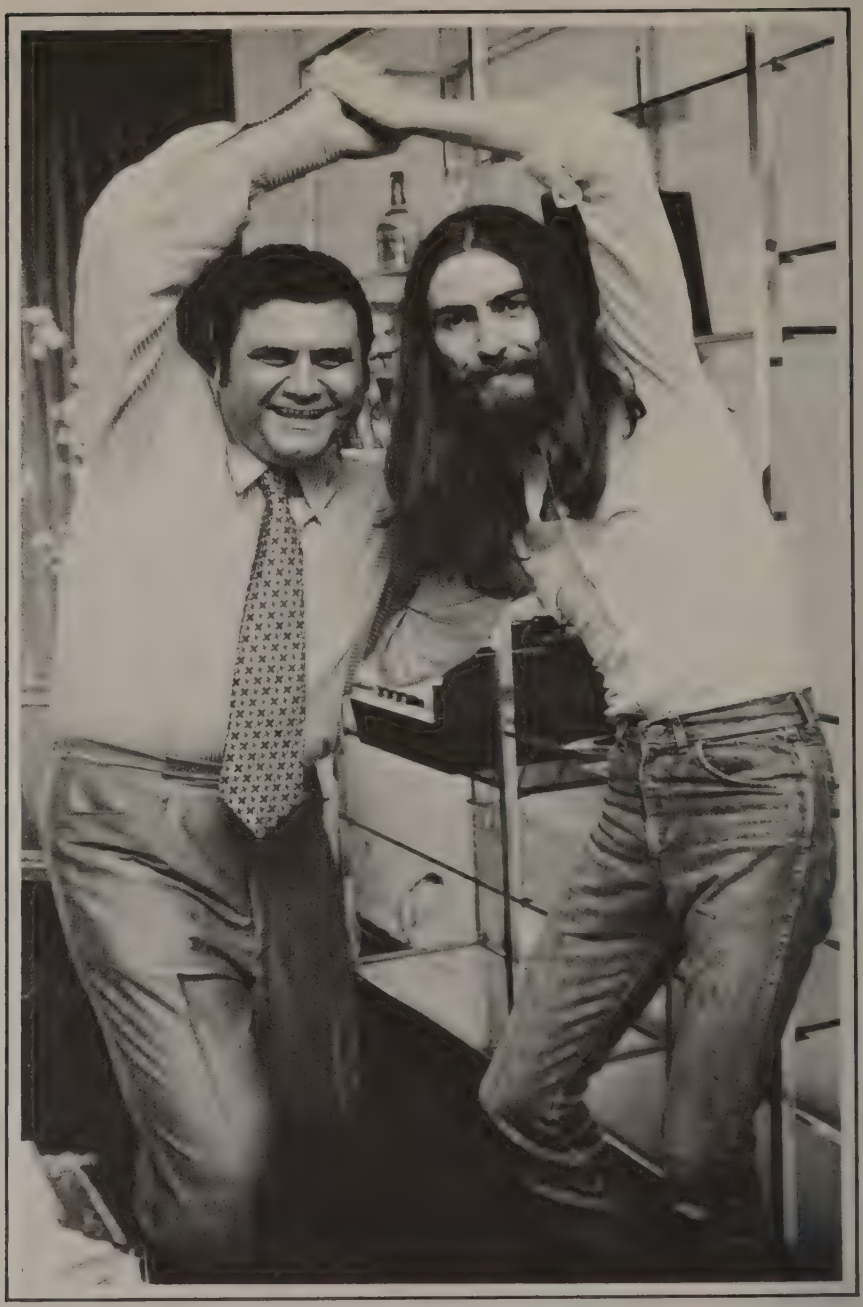
Shep Gordon, his manager, came into the office yesterday and talked about Alice. He said he had been with him for four years, tough years but real good. It was hard in the beginning, yes. You could tell where anyone was at then just by mentioning Alice Cooper. ("Watch their eyes," said Shep.) Not so much now, not so much now there's gold, maybe, in Alice. Gold changes everything except the shape of your soul.

To London Airport (through HM Customs) Alice is bringing in a snake—a boa constrictor—and an electric chair, part of the act. Shep says Alice hangs himself in the act in the United States, much more effective than the chair. I am all for whatever he does to nail the hangers and fryers. At the same time . . . on clarinet . . . ladies and gentlemen, Benny Goodman!

I am living a double life by now. Milk and biscuits before bed last night and I haven't been really drunk for three weeks. "Is this a sign of age, doctor?" "Not at all, I do it myself, have milk and biscuits before bedtime." "But you are seventy-three, doctor, and you gave up sex years ago."

Quite.

24



Who's the cat with Pete Bennett?

New York 1970

GEORGE WAS given his visa back; the U.S. government had revoked it after he had pleaded guilty to possessing the dreaded and deadly cannabis resin which causes euphoria and introspection and God knows what else. Now he had it back again, valid for three weeks, but he musn't engage in gainful employment while in the U.S., nor attempt to overthrow the government nor indulge in prostitution.

So we caught a jumbo to New York, and this is what happened as far as I can remember. At Heathrow a girl from the airline said she would take us upstairs to the private club where we could have a few drinks before take-off. She apologized for the climb and we said it was quite all right. She asked were we economy or first class and we said we were traveling first class but as for *being* first class, that was a matter for debate. She said all she was getting at was that if we were first class we would have more time for drinking. That was nice for me but George was indifferent.

He doesn't drink a lot and today he had a bag of Krishna beads made and presented by Shyam Sundar-Das, one of the London Krishna temple who was presently engaged on carpentry work at Friar Park, George's Gothic revival pile at Henley on Thames in Oxfordshire where another Krishna devotee, Deva Data (from Westmoreland) was putting the thirty-acre garden

straight (the *Daily Mirror* having pointed out that it had been neglected for twenty years. Jealousy will get you nowhere, *Daily Mirror*).

What with chanting the maha mantra—Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare—and counting the beads, there wan't going to be much call for whiskey on this flight, thought George. In the club, Pattie and George had coffee and Terry and I had whiskey and Coca-Cola, an unusual drink commented the waiter (so unusual that practically everyone we know had been drinking it since 1963).

We left the club and Pattie kissed George good-bye. She kissed me goodbye and said do look after him and I hoped I could. I hoped he could look after me too. I hoped we could look after each other, I wondered who would look after any of us if the plane should drive into one of the gravel pits in Staines.

We went through immigration and walked through the tunnel and into the jumbo. One of the stewardesses shrieked, "A famous person, I've got a famous person on my flight." We sat down and put on our safety belts, and the stewardess came over and said it was him, wasn't it, it was him? George said it wasn't and the girl said it had to be. She said she had never had anyone famous on her flight; well that wasn't true, she had had Gregory Peck but his wife had been hostile. She hoped we wouldn't be hostile. She was very excited by it all, and George said it might be better to cool it as it was a long flight and we weren't yet off the ground. He put his hand in his blue Krishna bag and began to chant under his breath. The stewardess went back to welcome other passengers who were not famous. A steward came on board. He looked like Omar Sharif and we thought he probably smoked pot.

The plane took off and to my amazement it didn't crash over Staines. The faces of the other passengers began to assume characteristics. There was the pale man and the red-faced man and the old lady with grandchildren and the spinster and the man who had flown a lot and the Starer who would just have to make an approach before Kennedy Airport. For the time being, he just stared. Later he became a Grinner, hanging back and grinning and staring. There is usually a Staring Grinner when there is a Beatle around.

Before lunch, someone said that if he wanted to get high after we had eaten, there was a joint available. No thanks, man. Jesus! What it is to have a conviction for smoking. You might just as well carry the words "dope fiend" on your forehead ever after. There was much fussing and bowing

and some very pleasant attentive service throughout the flight, due almost entirely, so far as we could see, to George's fame and due partly to the minimal demands we made on the crew. We are not difficult passengers, we were saying to ourselves, and it was true enough. The stewardess who had welcomed a "famous person" finally hit George for autographs and she said, "You have been no trouble at all." "Neither have you," we said.

The Grinner made his approach an hour before Kennedy. He was in the travel business, he said, and here was his card if we should ever tire of the high life. He said it was okay being him, he said, because he was a nobody, but it was tough living where he did because of the MARIJUANA PROBLEM. There it was again: were we just wealthy symbols of the drug subculture, so that anyone who had ever smoked felt they had to approach us as fellow conspirators? We supposed we were. Well, okay. But don't give us any more grass, man. Don't forget we only just got George's visa back after eighteen months. Don't get us busted at Kennedy, for Chrissake.

We landed safely and said good-bye to the crew. Our names were called in immigration and an official said Pete Bennett was there. Pete is Allen Klein's promotion man and fixer. He is very stocky and has a deep suntan and he has a lot of black hair on his chest and shoulders and back. He chews a cigar and he is short and he has fancy linings in his suits and labels that say "custom tailored for Pete Bennett." He is about forty and he can fix most things but he doesn't read books. Also, he can be nice and to important people he is very kind and generous. He would be kind and generous to unimportant people, if he ever met any. But he doesn't, any more. He has been photographed with many important people and we are going to publish a book called *Who's the Cat with Pete Bennett?* For three reasons we are going to publish this book: (1) it will sell; (2) we like Pete; and (3) the people he has been photographed with are really important. Such as Lindsay and Nixon and Elvis and George and Senator Javitz. Maybe the most important of them all is Pete Bennett.

We sailed through immigration and customs in three minutes flat out, our path smoothed by Pete's fix. UPI and AP met us on the freedom side of the barrier. "No pictures," cried Pete, putting an arm around George's shoulder and grinning into the lens. "Absolutely no pictures." We limousined into Manhattan and even felt glad to be there.

Who sould be with us but Al Aronowitz, red bearded, chewing a match, Al from the *New York Post,* once with *Saturday Evening Post,* dear Al, one of our Five Fave Yanx.

It was warm as can be in New York and humid. I was glad I'd brought no

coat. George had his hair in an elastic band and he had stopped chanting by the time we reached mid-Manhattan. There was so much to see. Pete said he had got Ringo's album a lot of airplay and likewise Paul's and he would work his ass off for George when his album was complete. George saw the New York Krishna devotees dancing and chanting on Sixth Avenue and it felt like home. At the apartment, on Fifty Third and Seventh, Allen Klein joined us, and Paul, Klein's runner, showed us a full refrigerator and a willing smile. Paul was another good fixer: tutored by Pete he would become a great one.

It was evening by now and we didn't think we would go out. We switched on television and it was worse than we remembered it. Nixon was to decide whether to invade Cambodia and it was very heavy. Off with TV. Allen Klein told us he was releasing "Long and Winding Road" as a single and George wondered what the Beatles would think. Then Allen left, likewise Pete and Paul, and George told Al what had gone down in the past twelve months while I made a huge meal of scrambled eggs (twelve) and vegetables, spinach, corn and green beans. No one ate it.

Next day we woke very early. We had tea and breakfast and by mid-morning we were on the street with Al, buying shades, and then I tried to get a traveler's check cashed. A bouncer bade us good day and frisked us with his eyes. The check was refused: "The amount is too big, sir," said the teller. On Broadway we saw a gang of Klein's people leaving for the New Jersey funeral of his father. They said they would cash the check and in the meantime George lent me $120 and we went off to Miller's and then to Kauffman's to buy western things. I phoned Joan from a phone booth and across the ocean we communicated about chest measurements and what size shoes did Vanessa wear. Easier than phoning Berkshire from Harrod's and really it was lovely to be back in America where so much of life is easier if you don't care about politics.

We were about $250 lighter by now and feeling good and so we went to Hudson's, a very tough store which sells any amount of cheap tat and some good stuff too. The populace looked pretty hungry and evil so I watched the car while Al and George shopped around. George tried to ask for boots and the clerk said unless he had got the exact catalogue number he could go fuck himself. George took over watching the car and I bought four baseball hats, three pairs of white cotton socks, about six dollars in all, and asked for a basketball in the window. "No," said the man, "I'm not getting it out of the window. You can buy a basketball anyplace in town."

It was $3.95, the basketball. I bought one later, in Abercrombie and Fitch, just before closing time on Saturday. It was $18.50.

A hippie bouncing a tennis ball came by and said: "Boy, is this town uptight. I'm from San Francisco. I'm going to Spain to groove, man. This town is so uptight." A black woman with a shaved head told a WASP with a face like a lemon: "Just stay out of this, wench. Mind your own."

Then we went to Manny's. Manny's is the big musical instrument shop in New York. They have signed pictures of anyone who ever played or sang a note for public acclaim and they asked me could I get new ones of the guys, signed. Yes. George borrowed a new guitar, a Gibson, and an amp and was persuaded to try out new equipment. A small and nice crowd gathered. I leaned against another wall and a hippie said it was groovy to see George, really groovy, what instrument did John play on "Mother Nature's Son." Stokely Carmichael was in the store with Miriam Makeba. Manny introduced George. Stokely was pretty distant. Miriam Makeba smiled.

Al drove us through midtown Manhattan in his new car. It was very big and dusty and quite new. It broke down fifteen minutes after he took delivery, he said. Then a front window was forced and his tape deck was ripped out. Nothing surprising in that, he said. His little boys had been mugged and robbed more times than they could remember, just walking back from school. Once, maybe twice, it had happened in the elevator of their apartment building. Suffer the little children, and the big children. Four days later four were to be murdered at Kent State and one of the National Guardsmen would say: "It was like we were told to clean out a latrine. You do what you were told."

We had lunch at the Brasserie. It is French in a way and American in a way and the combination is very nice. We went back to the apartment and George phoned Bob Dylan, who said come round tomorrow. Tomorrow we did go round to where he lives in the Village, but first we had a few words with our sponsor, Allen Klein, an ABKCO Managed Company, who was quite benign and very businesslike.

Before we went to see Klein in his terrifying offices on Broadway, we entertained the press; just one. It was Howard Smith, who works for WABC-FM Radio and the *Village Voice*. He is okay. He has a mustache and a lot to say which is just as well if you earn your living broadcasting and writing. He got just about the best interview George ever gave. It is interesting these days sitting in on one of these solo interviews, wondering

how the web would have been woven if all four had been together again, answering the same questions. No wonder God, the Devil, Popes and Premiers weren't discussed in the old days. The wit got in the way of the wisdom. But it doesn't matter. To everything there is a season and if you valued the Beatles and believed their influence to be ennobling (and if you don't, what are you doing reading this) then it was well they were witty and flippant at a time when they were winning the millions.

With Howard Smith there was a sound man and a cameraman, Tim Boxer, who turned out to be a stringer for Earl Wilson to whose birthday party he invited us all the coming Sunday. "There'll be a hundred show business celebrities there," he said as an inducement.

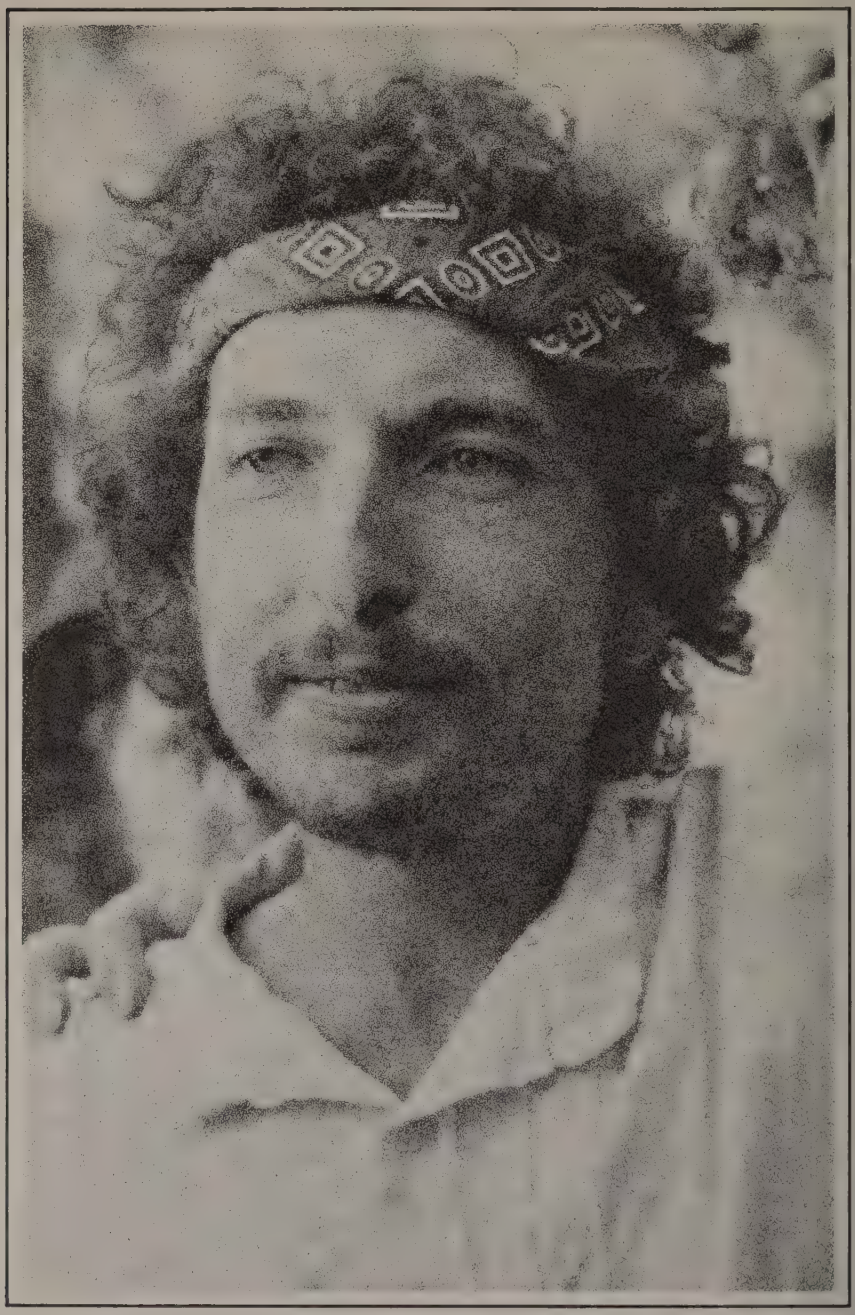
At Dylan's that night we heard his new album and I met him properly for the first time. He is a very decent man, father of five and he looks as if he doesn't overdo anything. He played some tunes on the piano, some new and some old, and asked George would he do some recording with him next day. We drank some cognac and some coffee and met a painter friend from Woodstock, a big cheerful man with a pretty wife with a face that looked very serious, anxious even, in repose. Who can tell about people, who can tell?

At midnight, Al and I left for a short walk round the Village. We had a whiskey or two somewhere and met Ramblin' Jack in the street. We took George home and we all went to bed.

We never did get to Earl Wilson's party. Pity. Charlie Chaplin once described him as a pretty decent fellow.

Praise indeed.

25



London 1972

That was in the spring of 1970 and it is now 1972, near enough two full years later; silly to say a lot has changed. The album Bob Dylan had played us was named *Self-Portrait* and it was not well reviewed but we played it at home last night, "Blue Moon" and "Let It Be Me" and "The Mighty Quinn," and maybe I like too many things, maybe I have no critical faculty but it sure sounded good. Later Dylan made *New Morning* and that was well reviewed and they all said he had found himself again and it is so sad and so awful that people keep undiscovering and rediscovering these artists who are doing the best they can when they can as they can and sometimes it doesn't come off. Too bad, too sad, sod it. It is quite all right, you know, there is a lot of fun around.

So what else happened?

To Allen Klein, for instance: he got sued by Mick Jagger and the Stones and he sued James Taylor. He was alleged to have ripped off Bangladesh's starving millions so he sued *New York* magazine for $150,000,000. I met Allen Klein in the street in London recently and he grabbed me in a bear hug and danced around, saying, "How ya bin," and things like that and also, "I always ask after you, betcha I ask after you more than you ask after me." "True, Allen," I said, "but there are times when it is easy to love you,

like now I love you, Allen."

He is a funny one and no mistake. Three corners of that old Beatle block still have plenty of faith in him and they have all made some nice records since he took the weight of the money off their backs onto his.

In the years between my end of Apple and now, I saw nothing of Paul but the other day I had a phone call, right at lunch hour, a favorite time for him to call, and we talked for an hour about Life Itself and Music and Klein and it was nice to hear from him and I hope we can make it through the rest of our lives just having nice conversations about this and that without getting uptight.

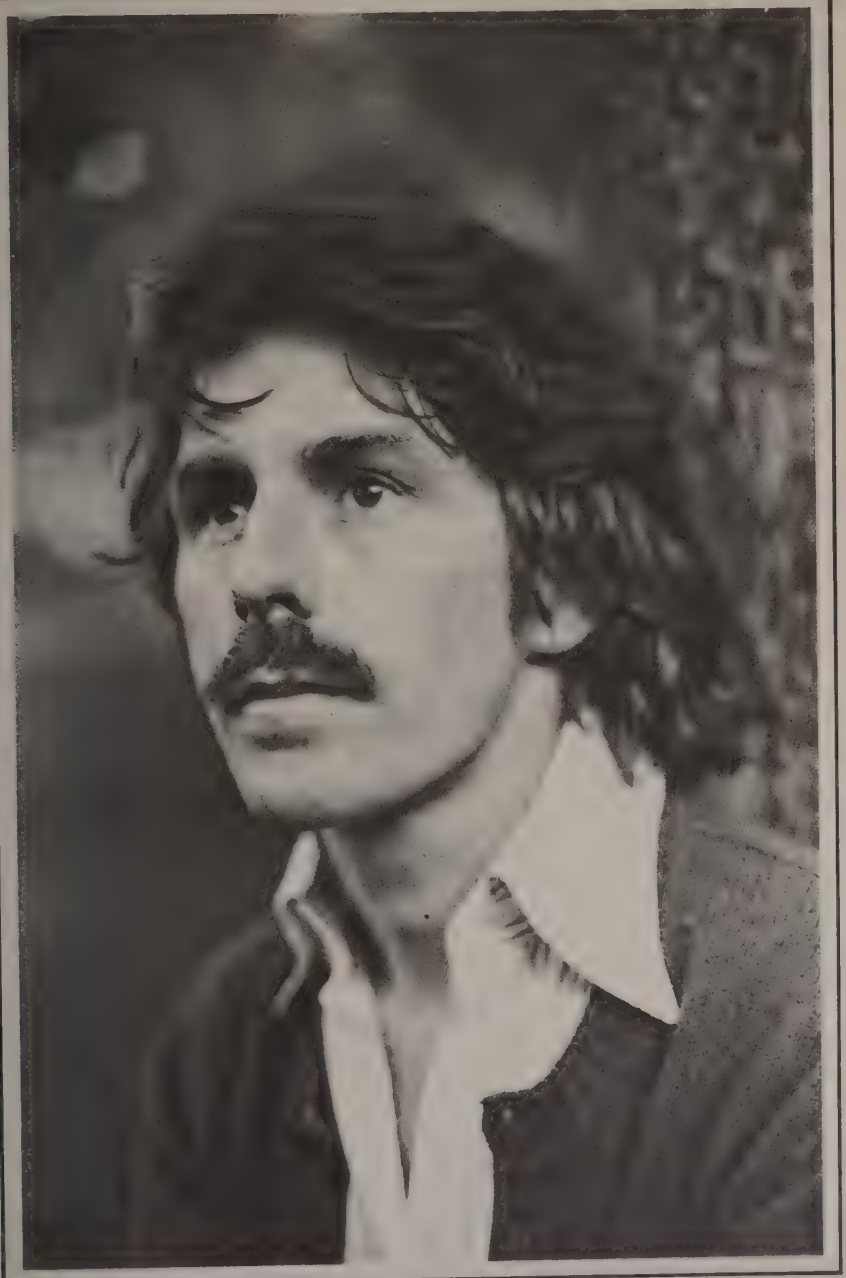
Many other things have happened. My father is now eighty-two and pretty well and somebody is writing a book in which John Lennon's father will tell ALL. All is a funny word. Everything is another funny word.

I have been working for WEA Records for a year and a half now. They gave me a nice title, "Director of Special Projects." Very grand and very true.

For a time it was bewildering being with a new group of people, out of the Beatles' umbrella, working with such a long list of artists, and you can find it confusing doing work for Rod McKuen, Alice Cooper, Frank Sinatra and Fanny in one week never mind in one minute and it is as well I have a parenthetic mind. I wrote a movie treatment, a terrifically mediocre potboiler which was actually quite as good as any treatment. Like, for instance, I don't suppose *Easy Rider* looked like much on quarto sheets: "there's these two guys on motorbikes selling coke and taking acid . . ."

Anyway, my relief was boundless when no one wanted to make the movie which was about a Northern band who made it big, managed by a young bachelor, moved to London, toured America and called themselves the Myce (any resemblance to anyone living or dead is entirely coincidental); so imagine my horror when Tony Calder, a friend who commissioned the script, said Laurence Harvey adored the work, wanted to direct the film and play the manager.

I went to see Harvey who was playing a schoolmaster in a melodrama at the Queens Theatre in London and we talked about the work and he thought it was very fine stuff which really brought me down. In those days I had a chilling sensation in my blood when anything to do with Beatles or Myce was mentioned but I shouldn't have worried because Harvey's play was taken off; our planned dinner was canceled. ("I can honestly say this is



Out of the Beatles' umbrella: "Director of Special Projects"

the very first time I have ever had to cancel anyone out," says Larry, call me Larry. Oh yeah? The very *first* time?) The script was stolen from his limousine and up to now the Myce haven't left their holes in my brain and if they never do, it will be too soon.

I am really enjoying life now, you know. This book is my Personal Statement I guess and I am going to call it "Foul Stories of Necrophilia, by Derek Taylor," rather than bothering to ask the publishers of "As Time Goes By" (by Herman Hupfeld) for permission to use their words "A Kiss Is Still a Kiss" for the title, which has nothing to do with the contents of the book although there is much truth in the words "A Kiss Is Still a Kiss" just as there is great truth in the words "A Smile Is Still a Smile" and also in the words "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" and this brings me to the way the seventies are turning out. I think they are turning out very badly. But our gang still treats each other with much tolerance and if we can extend it to those we don't care for, then maybe things will indeed get better, get better all the time (Northern Songs, thanks for permission).

26

That picture of me smirking.

Manchester 1962

I WAS WONDERING how to do away with half-informed critics without harming freedom of speech. Conclude there is no way to accomplish their downfall, conclude also that there is no need to. Best remedy is not to read them. But who are they, the instant critics, and why?

I was a critic once, for the *Daily Express.* My qualifications were that I was a trained newspaperman who knew more about show business than anyone else on either the *Sunday Express* or the *Daily Express* in Manchester which was saying very little.

I'd been working for the *Sunday Express* for a coupla years, since the closure of the *Sunday Dispatch,* since the closure of the *News Chronicle,* since the strike at the *Liverpool Daily Post & Echo,* all of which had combined to propel me into Beaverbrook Newspapers, whose policies in general were attractive to few of us but whose status and rewards were appreciably higher than most others in Manchester.

Anyway, a job was a job.

For most of the 1960s, both the *Sunday Express* and the *Daily Express* were favored (if that is the word) with editors who took a friendly view of the entertainment industry. Editors were the ones who got to meet the stars on their best behavior, at cocktail parties and banquets and receptions.

They had tickets for first-nights and even if their duties prevented them from attending many, they felt an affection for the cinema and for the theater (but not for television which they rarely saw) which was reflected in the space they offered me.

When I was on holiday on the Isle of Man in the summer of 1962 when Frank Ifield was the big new thing, "I Remember Yoo-hoo" (do *you* remember?) Howard Bygrave, Manchester editor of the *Sunday Express,* phoned me, Urgent, said the hotel, urgent, and I left the beach to take the call, uncertain as to whether my expense claim had finally bounced or whether I was being sued for libel, but certain that it must be one of the two.

Of course, folks, it was neither but just a nice friendly call to say that Arthur Brittenden, editor of the *Daily Express,* was thinking of taking me on as showbizman and theater critic and that he, Bygrave, would not stand in my way. "Think of the scope," he said, and I thought of the scope and there's no doubt that it was looking like a very good break. I mean, I really did love show business and I still do. I think it is absolutely vital for our survival that we have this great well of music and drama and laughter and song to fill our boots, to wash away our pain, to renew our psyche, it doesn't matter whether it's the Beatles or Ibsen or Gilbert or Sullivan or Pinter or Mahler, but we seem to need something.

But *critics,* where do *they* come in?

I waited some weeks after Bygrave's phone call, panicky weeks, a period of exquisite paranoia, would I or wouldn't I and if not me, then who? And, when you boil it down, one said, how much did one really know about the theater. Was one learned enough, substantial enough, mature enough, all those fears. Well, probably one wasn't, probably one wasn't, but one got the job anyway.

First decent-sized piece I had in the *Daily Express* was a feature on Frank Ifield ("with a smile as wide and as white as Sydney Harbour Bridge," a bridge I had never seen and which, when I did see it, turned out not to be white, and not even to be very wide. Silly stuff, silly journalese) and next to the byline (oh joyous byline, how coveted in those striving days . . . that's *me* there, *me* in print) was a faggish picture of me smirking in a nasty, cheap "Dobble Two" shirt. That day I went to Blackpool to interview Nina & Frederick, big, big stars then, and they said they liked the piece on Ifield, and they thought he would have liked it so I wrote one on them that I thought they would like, and they did and all of a sudden I was swinging with the narcissism of the business and it was tremendous fun,

filling space with warm complimentary stuff about people I liked.

However, it was made clear, there had to be conflict ("a little acid"* Bygrave had said) and not so much of the flattery, please.

My chance to introduce a little acid came the following Monday when Derek Bond, Jean Kent, Griffith Jones and others who had towered in the forties collided in a comeback, a play at the Opera House, Manchester. It was a very mean review, and it could bring the unhappy cast no joy when they opened their *Daily Express* on Tuesday morning and though I did the same to other plays over the next two years, and though readers and staff at the *Daily Express* were very pleased with me, I think there were few moments when I wasn't aware that what I was doing had no validity, no humanity, no point, purpose or possible defense except that I was paid to watch plays and write about them and that, in the scheme of things, I had the RIGHT.

On balance, I was much nicer than nasty, but that too became a drag, because the basis of the exercise was suspect. You take a man from here, you sit him there, you bid him watch and listen and then you order him to write, to write right up to the edge of libel. It takes, the whole thing, four hours, maybe five. Next day, many many millions of people are invited to share your judgment and depending on one's credibility or readability (and sometimes—maybe always—the two coincide) the public are turned off something *they* (in their impressive, impassive and weighty way) might have enjoyed and supported.

Play, producers, backers and cast, time spent creating, time spent in production, loving care and attention, real and earnest endeavor, very often something akin to lifeblood, all these are cast aside in two, three, four hundred words from a sour competitive man driven by who knows what motivation, prejudice or hangup, fighting the clock and sometimes quite pissed as well.

Of course, of course, I know, I know . . . not everyone is into the criticism game because they have a desire to spite or harm (though there are some very shitty people with powerful pens and a great distaste for their milieu, whether it be politics or the theater) but what I am wondering is why anyone would become a critic, and *stay* one, even, in most cases, to the grave (few critics retire—criticism is too easy and too cosy for retirement to have any fascination).

In my critical boyhood I was no Presleymaniac. You'd find me in many a

*Old-fashioned acid. Non-lysergic.

bar falling off my elbow with indignation about this decadent slob who couldn't write his name (the besetting sin of reporters is that they believe what they read in the newspapers and in them days the straight press never wrote anything nice about Elvis) but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now. And after him, in the days of the late fifties and early sixties (when, as Harry Nilsson said, every American singer seemed to be Johnny or Bobby), there wasn't much pop I could relate to, but then came the Beatles to the Odeon Cinema Manchester in May 1963, and I fell. The groundswell of "mature" criticism of the Beatles was considerable in 1963 (the band's conquest of many squares was only accomplished in 1964 when the American nation fell in love with them) and there were people in senior positions in all newspapers who doubted the permanence of their success. It is to the credit of the editor Arthur Brittenden and then his successor John Buchanan, a much maligned man, that they saw merit in liking the Beatles and through their support I was able to write pages of undiluted praise in behalf of the fabs.

Finally, I joined their staff because beside them everything else seemed pale, and in the years since, as the publicist in me transcended fifteen years of (impartial?) reportage, I have wondered a lot about critics.

27

We were frightened of them and we were frightened of each other.

London 1971

PAUL ONCE reminded me, "Don't forget, you're not very good, any of you, you know that, don't you?" I *had* forgotten, I *had*. It had gotten to the point where I was really believing in myself, you know, really having a good time being me.

Apple was in its (comparatively) early days. I had been back from America three months, this was summer 1968. It was design time for stationery and advertisements and logos, we were building our image by being and that was trouble, being. Being was sticking your neck out and getting bites all over it. I don't think I ever hated anyone as much as I hated Paul in the summer of '68. Postcards would arrive at my house from America or Scotland or wherever, some outright nasty ones, some with no meaning that I could see, one with a postage stamp torn in half and pasted neatly showing the gap between the two halves. Joan received one bearing the words, "Tell your boy to obey the schoolmaster," and signed, "Patron." Far out.

Lots of people were getting postcards in those days: Christ, you know it wasn't easy. These were the days long before Klein came to town. These were the days when Neil Aspinall as managing director would come to my room in Apple in the middle of the day and collapse on the sofa and sit staring and staring.

He tells me now it was fear.

I knew then it was fear. We were all frightened. We were frightened of Them and we were frightened of each other and we were frightened of the press.

At about this time Paul wrote "Hey, Jude." Remember? "Take a sad song and make it better."

We are in summer now, 1971, and I work happily these days, and from time to time I read things about myself in the over- and belowground newspaper without which the music business seems unable to believe in its own existence and without which I would be unable to pay for some of the extras that journalism provides.

Melody Maker, pointing out that apart from me everyone at Kinney was under thirty-five, said I was eloquent and world weary, living in the past. Ritchie Yorke in *Rock,* a new publication offered this week as the alternative alternative newspaper, said I was a celebrity extraordinaire, I was "honest, and frightened of nothing and no one" (I would be so lucky) and he said also that I was a gentleman described by some as brutal. Liner notes on albums say I am "gentle," my home-town newspaper calls me "successful," not knowing, how could they, that my happiest working days were spent long ago on that very newspaper, and this week I continue to resist (my modesty having temporarily cooled my scorching desire to communicate) approaches to be interviewed by none other than the *Windsor Express.*

Time Out, heavily ironic, calls me "a pop mighty, remember him? Fifth Beatle?" *The Guardian* says I am "experienced and pragmatic" and George Melly on BBC Radio reassures his listeners that contrary to the image they may have of the Beatles' publicist being frenetic and trendy, I am actually very decent and intelligent and rather nice.

Now, all of this is of considerable unimportance because it alters nothing that I am, but it is of some interest to me because it begs the whole question of who the hell are any of us to write about the rest of us.

It was three years ago this month that Paul said to us, "Remember, you're not really any good, any of you, you know that, don't you?" My God, it had been a long fight uphill most of the way, learning how to be and I credit the Beatles with astonishingly generous support for my efforts.

My job in journalism was going very well indeed when we met, if you regard the Beaverbrook Press as something of value (and I did then, don't

now, hate its attitudes and stinking bigotry with fierce passion). Then I was making some good time for myself, but then I met the Beatles and that was the something else that millions of us were to pick up on and feed off and feed off in one great seven-year feast.

They broadened my vision and narrowed my margins of error, they straightened my path, loosened my tie, and they taught me to stand up and speak out. They hastened my classlessness, turned me on and inside out, literally put acid in my tea and in Joan's, gave me presents, took my word for a lot of things, took my views on other things, my praise when it was offered free, bought my labor when it was offered for money and in the end, and in the end, by December 1970, I suffered an identity loss so crucial that when Richard DiLello returned to the Apple he had joined as an office boy and left as an apathetic wreck, returned as photographer and designer of the last Apple Christmas card which was to feature all our tense, cautious faces, I walked like a robot to an expensively designed hollow white plastic rhomboid, placed it over my head, sat in the director's chair and posed faceless as one of the 365 arses Yoko once filmed.

It was time to leave, I guess, and I went. It was New Year's Eve 1970.

An hour ago I was sitting here and messing about on the desk when I found a clippings envelope, unopened, dated August 26, 1970, and I opened it, and inside was a short piece with a picture of the four of Them and Yoko, from the *Aberdeen Press and Journal,* which read very nicely, if uneventfully, and regretted the passing of the Beatles. One paragraph read, "The highlight of the film is the finale on the roof with its sad irony, the four swinging into 'Get Back to Where You Once Belonged,'" and another described "Beatle-starved people who emerged from the surrounding buildings to listen wherever they could find a perch on a stance, snarling up the traffic, bringing the working day to a standstill, baffling the police."

We all remember that day at Apple because it was so incredibly happy—it was the Beatles live, in the open air and in public, but it was not insignificant that they chose a rooftop, their own private rooftop, out of reach, and for the most part out of view, to do their last show together.

I remember too that when the film was finally released, almost disowned by its stars, Piccadilly Circus was blocked by tens of thousands of chanting fans, hippies and straights and heads and bobbies and fathers and mothers and there were no Beatles at all at the premiere at London Pavilion and it was bloody sad, bloody bloody awful. We were there, Neil and

Get Back To Where You Once Belonged.

Mal and Peter and Derek and our wives and friends, *their* friends, we were there. We felt miserable and guilty at sharing in something so innately untruthful, as celebrative as a premiere, for we knew that grim as the worst moments in the film may seem the real facts and abstractions were terrible.

Speaking only for myself, and for the first time, it is now clear that working for the Beatles for too long had taken away from me not only what joining them had given me—an intense sense of being contemporary and wholly alive to the possibilities of life as it is lived moment by moment—but also what I had *always* had: a capacity for fun. I no longer enjoyed anything because I didn't believe I had the right to any more.

In the days after the premiere I dreaded one of them asking me: "Did you go to the premiere?" I don't know whether Neil feared this, but I feel he feared it. I did not care to ask him about his fear in case the answer was yes for if he too had this, then I would know that what I had was not my paranoia alone, but an infection. If the Beatles were having no fun, then how dared we?

In truth, Apple's paranoia was an epidemic and anyone still in the building in Savile Row (supported physically by scaffolding and financially by the continuing massive earning power of their words and music, emotionally by nothing more soothing than the chatter of adding machines and whispered conversations) will tell you it is hard to be there nowadays.

How can things get to this state? I don't know the precise answer to that one. It seems, looking back, that maybe the good Apple times were hard times. When Apple was doing well (and contrary to anything you read or heard or imagined, all the Scotch everyone drank multiplied by 1,000 would not have been able to make any indentation on the huge income generated by the Beatles and their devoted staff) the press chipped away hoping to find decay, and if they found none then they left enough trails of doubt and scorn to make everyone feel a little less easy with themselves.

I guess everything got too big, too bloody vast for human beings, frail ill-prepared human beings, to cope, whether Beatles (and we had to concede it in the end, oh yes we did, they *were* human, should have realized *that* when Ringo had his tonsils out, but with the bidding at $10,000 for them, how could we, in 1964) or us, nervous at their feet. We couldn't take it.

So . . . so . . . in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make. We weren't making much love in the late sixties, not any of us. All the bold gold promises of heaven on earth for all artists everywhere, they went out

the window by summer of '68 and by 1969 even Magic Alexis was unmagicked. Came 1970 and even going to the pictures to see *Let It Be* was cause for guilt and shame? Christ!

The manner of the ending of the Beatles is a shame, a real bad bummer. Maybe one day it will seem easier, I trust so. But had they continued, they and all of us who gave them their fixes and got our own in return, we would not have survived to tell the tale.

I say now, it didn't end a day too soon.

Difficult being Derek Taylor, though. Difficult being.

When we moved to America I got a lot of letters asking for a Derek Taylor Fan Club; did you ever *hear* of such a thing. I thought it would be fantastic to have a fan club, such a trip, to be the only press agent in the world with a fan club, you know, just for the sake of it and so on. Power without responsibility. It isn't like that, though. Isn't it? No it is not.

Out of the letters, all of them asking to be the one who started it, I picked the most businesslike; it was from a girl named Shelly Heber who lived in outer L.A., someplace like that, and she got it all together with newsletters and photographs and Christmas cards and Joan was very worried about the enterprise. What do you want a fan club for, she would ask and no answer was the stern reply. Shelly got a committee and twice they came to our house in Nichols Canyon, bearing gifts of food and records and books, including *The Judy Garland Story,* an album, and *Lenin's Life,* a book. They were very kind to me and all that, but it was becoming very inappropriate as far as I could see because, in truth, the girls were Beatle fans and it was really because of this that any of it got off the ground and when the time came for me to hold a convention of members in the 9000 Building to accept a huge gift and lecture them on "The Beatles As People," I really got cold feet, typed letters of resignation, moved them express mail across the state and cancelled out the fan club for good and all and may God give me humility enough never to do such a thing again. I hope the girls are all settled and happy now with good things to do.

28

With comedian Norm Wisdom: the disease of stargazing

Last Chapter

ON MEETING the great and famous of many lands.

One of the first Famous Men I ever had anything to do with was Dai Rees who was also the first man I ever heard say of a game, "I'm not doing this for fun, you know."

That was at the Royal Liverpool Golf Club in the late forties and it explained a lot about games that I'd never understood. It certainly underlined why sport was taken so seriously at school. It's fashionable now to read about contemporary heroes who were no good at games, rugger-haters who used sick-notes and dead grandmothers and spontaneous limps to excuse themselves from the dreadful game, but in those days you never read stuff like that and only read shitty worms and cowards lined up to be insulted by sado-masochistic gamesmasters on Wednesday afternoons. Oh it was fashionable for Churchill to boast of having failed at Harrow, but he failed at *work,* not at *play.*

Back in the forties, heroes were very heavy. Dai Rees, when he said he wasn't playing golf for fun, he didn't mean that he was playing so that he could be acceptable in society, he meant he was playing for money, playing to win and I didn't introduce him into this essay so that I could moralize about right and wrong, and winning and losing, but only to make the point

that he was the first person I ever had anything to do with who was really famous. I got his *autograph,* through my father who played billiards with him at West Kirby Sailing Club. *Billiards* with a *golfer* at a *sailing* club?

My father also got me Sam King's autograph and he said I was lucky getting both Dai Rees' and Sam King's which was true enough but I didn't really dig Sam King's because he wasn't famous and there is something very freaky about having the autograph of someone you never heard of. I tried to give it some significance, like I would take my book to school and say, "Look, I got Dai Rees' autograph *and* Sam King's," and they would say, "Yeah? Who's Sam King?" I would say, "He's the golfer, he's in all the gold books" and they would say, "Well we never heard of him but we heard of Dai Rees."

That was the beginning of what I grew to understand about stars, that there are stars and there aren't and there isn't really any disputing it by pointing out qualities or specifics or saying that Billy Bronze is a better guitarist than John Lennon but he didn't get the breaks. "Who the hell cares, man, who cares? We never heard of Billy Bronze." "Billy Bronze is the golfer's guitarist." Billy Bronze is a star? Drop dead Billy Bronze is a star, go fuck yourself, man.

Next famous man I met was Elton Hayes, who sang to a Small Guitar in the 1940s. Met him at a press reception in Liverpool when I was working in the *Hoylake and West Kirby Advertiser* and we would get invitations to travel to the big city to meet with stars like Elton Hayes when movies were being launched in the provinces. Hayes was a nice little guy with a large head, like Matt Munro, and later I concluded that the reason he was promoting the movie (*Robin Hood,* in which he played Alan Dale, wandering troubadour who sang to a small guitar) was that Richard Green the real star couldn't be bothered traveling to Liverpool from London, so that was another lesson I learned about stars, and lesser stars who aren't.

Next contact I had with the Great was when Richard Attenborough came to visit his auntie who lived in West Kirby. I was about seventeen and I called his auntie and said this was the *Advertiser,* could I speak to Richard Attenborough. I was paralyzed with fear; what could a Nobody like me say to a Man Who had been in *In Which We Serve* with Noel Coward.

His auntie said Mr. Attenborough had just gone for a drive and would probably call me later if he had time.

He was out! Thank God for that. And he was out driving in *our* village! Fancy a great actor like Richard Attenborough out like anyone else, driv-

ing, and maybe shopping!

Then the phone rang and it was him. "Good afternoon," said a honeyed voice. "This is Richard Attenborough. I understand a member of your staff wishes to talk to me."

Richard Attenborough was on this telephone? Jesus, it would be Jean Simmons next! I don't know what we talked about and I don't have the clipping but there's no doubt it was a very corny conversation and the lesson was that Richard Attenborough had the time to talk to the local press even if he was a big movie star, so why? Public relations or common courtesy. At seventeen there was no doubt in my mind, Mr. Attenborough was a gentleman.

Britain's all-time biggest-ever starmania in those days centered on Danny Kaye, and when *he* came to Hoylake to play golf, the star-chasing was tense. The girl reporter and me, we both ran like lunatics to borrow box cameras from Wilson's, the Chemists.

"Now hold on," said Big Bill Wilson, "he takes just as long to play a round of golf as the next man. He's only a man like the rest of us. What's the hurry? He's only a man like the rest of us."

ONLY A MAN LIKE THE REST OF US?

Bill Wilson must be out of his mind. We took half the golf course each, the girl (Dorothy) and me; I never did catch up with him and the worst of it was that she did. One exposure, the only one of eight on the film to come out, was published the next week and sure enough it was Danny Kaye all right. I had hoped it would be Sam King or someone else no one had ever heard of.

About twenty years later (twenty years too late for starmaniacs), I did meet Danny Kaye.

Warren Cowan, the press agent, calls me at Herb Alpert's A&M and says will I have cocktails with him. I say I will, in the La Brea Inn at La Brea and Sunset. We play a lot of games with each other; he asks me where I'm at, like am I *really* thick with the Beatles, do they *respect* my opinion, and I ask him what's the pitch because I'm not very good at those questions. He tells me he is married to Barbara Rush and then he says he represents "a very exceptional performer of whom you may have heard . . . a man named Danny Kaye."

Oh *really*. *The* Danny Kaye. Warren looks nervous; is he being put on.

"No, Warren, I dig Danny Kaye very much. I once queued outside the Liverpool Empire for thirteen hours to buy a ticket for a Danny Kaye show, in 1949, Warren." Warren is still doubtful, but he says, "Danny is looking

for a new, aaah" (how shall he put it) "a new *direction.*" In short, as the Beatles are about to launch Apple, and as I know the Beatles and as I seem a bright sort of (young, yes?) guy, maybe I would care to visit with Danny and talk things over. "Yes, Warren."

Next day I drive to Danny Kaye's place up there in Beverly Hills, and Warren is there with a very nice nervous smiling Hollywood cat who says he is Herb Bonis and he looks after things for Mr. Kaye, if I should ever want anything here is his number, which he writes on the cover of a *Sergeant Pepper* album I just happen to have with me.

About two minutes later Danny walks in and says hi. He looks me over and he looks me up and he looks me down and he turns to Warren and he says, "He doesn't look like a kook to me, Warren, he looks okay." "Thanks a lot, Warren," I say. "Like, who was it asked me up here?"

Danny is very nice and seems very stoned. I ask him would he like some grass and he shakes his head. Anyway, Warren has told him I was a fan and queued up and that pleases him and Warren splits and Danny plays me and Bonis some 78s and after a coupla hours I split and say he should record "Fool on the Hill" which I will drop in next day and I do and he doesn't record it, or anything else which is certainly a pity and, like Bill Wilson said, Danny Kaye is no different from the next man and there was no hurry to run up to the Royal Liverpool Golf Course, or anywhere else. A shame Warren Cowan couldn't have met Bill Wilson because Warren and all those press agents are still running for, with, to, by, from and because of the famous and it is a bum trip because the pace is too fast for just everyone. They are just people, like all the rest of us.

And another and another and though it took years and years and years, I cured myself of the disease of stargazing and the dimensions arranged themselves until it was clear as the noses that the great and the ungreat all have on their mortal, decaying faces, that the great and the ungreat are all One People Under God, only some are very famous and other aren't.

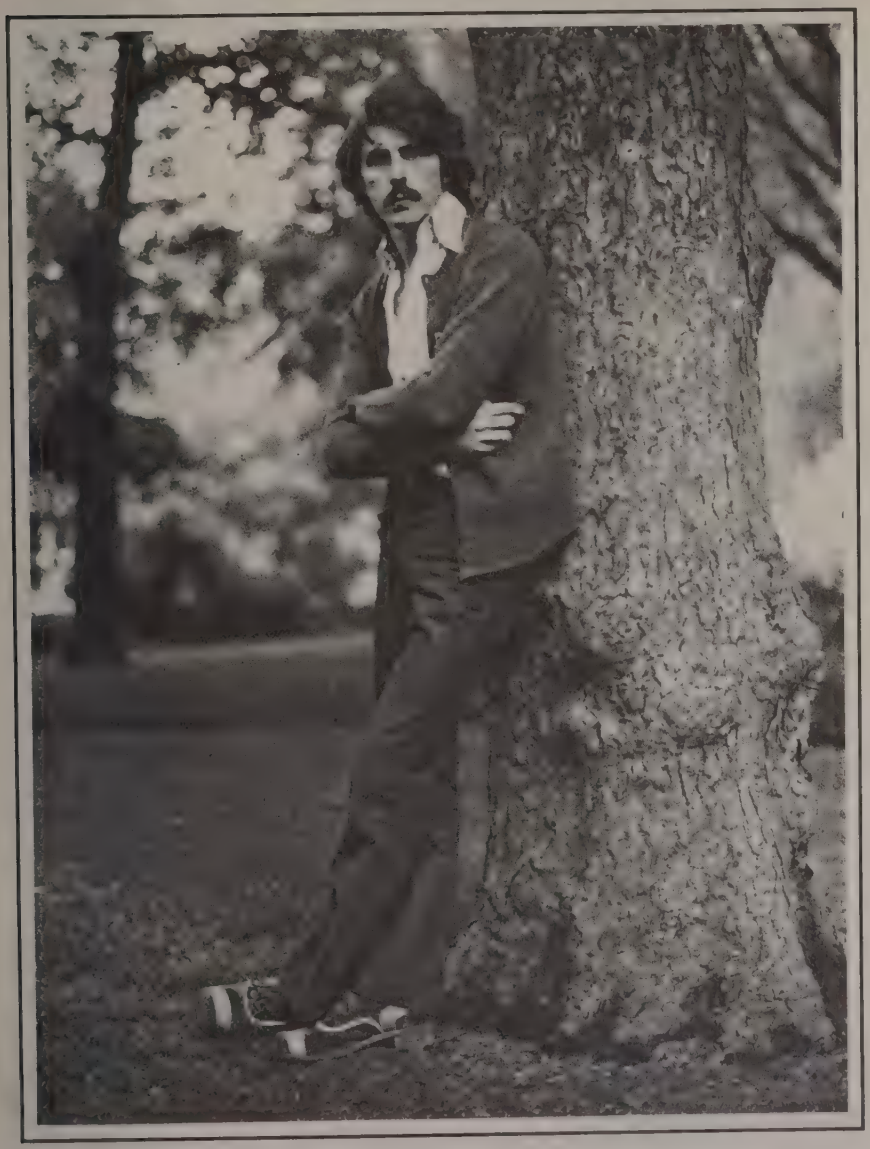
Did it have to take so long to find out?

I dunno.

It did, I think . . . because though I knew the Beatles were human, I looked to them as leaders and together with everyone else who had grown to love them I began to build the legend of invincibility and together with everyone else who *knew,* knew for sure, that Dylan was right about parking meters, I looked to the Beatles to show the way, and the poor devils were themselves crying out in pain and in vain that they were looking for a Way, a Truth and a Life, and not finding it.

John through Yoko and Peace, Paul and Ringo through familial coziness, George through Krishna, all searching . . . all of them just like the next man . . . and when I discovered that, I was, again, myself.

You too? ❤



As time went by they left Klein and still, even now, nothing is settled . . . but then it never was. I am still with Warner and I guess the best thing I've done since getting married was producing A Little Touch of Schmilsson in the Night *for Harry Nilsson, the last song of which reads:*

A kiss is still a kiss
A sigh is just a sigh
The fundamental things apply
As Time Goes By.*

*©Warner Brothers Music

As Time Goes By

Photography Credits

Phil Franks, 12, 199, 221, 223; Scheler: Black Star, 25; Henry Diltz, 39; Ed Thrasher, 52 (top); Earl Leaf, 52 (bottom); Tom Hanley, 64, 112, 115 (bottom), 122, 125 (bottom), 154 (bottom); Edmund Shea, 82, 158, 185; Annie Leibovitz, 85; Baron Wolman, 115 (top), 118, 120, 150; Linda McCartney, 125 (top right), 146; Dezzo Hoffman Ltd., 127; Michael Cooper, 130; Chuck Pulin, 142; UPI, 168; Roy Kerwood, 176; Tedd Church, 179; Tim Boxer, 188; Tom Beames, 196; *Manchester Daily Express,* 202, 216; Copyright: © Richard DiLello, 154.

Designed by Don McCartney

Straight Arrow Books: Paul Quinn, Victoria Jackson, Linda Gunnarson, Jon Goodchild, Carol Raskin-Ward, Rosemary Nightingale, Darlene Gremli, Douglas Mount and Alan Rinzler

Index

Entries in italics refer to song titles or singles (45s). Entries in bold face refer to long playing records (LPs) or extended play records (EPs). Page numbers in italics refer to pictures, although other references to the same subject may also be found on the page cited.

Abbey Road (LP) 128
Abkco Industries 142,143,148, 193
Adler, Lou 38,40,80
Albury, Simon 15
Alpert, Herb *78*,79,80,83,219
Alphon, Peter Louis 98
Andrews, Archie 163
Andrews, Eamonn 177,178
The Animals 86
Annie 153,155
Apple Corps Ltd. 12,15,51, 99,119,123,124,126,128, 131,132,134,138,142,143, 145,147,148,151,152,153, 155,156,159,162,163,164, 165,178,179,198,209,211, 213,220
Apple Music Publishing 124
Apple Records 124,163
Apple Scruffs 166
Aronowitz, Al 191,192,193, 194
Asher, Jane 44
Asher, Peter 98,99,100,124, 184
Aspinall, Neil *14*,15,19,44,97, 98,124,*125*,126,128,132, 134,145,161,162,164,165, 166,169,170,171,173,209, 211,213
Associated Television (ATV) 161
As Time Goes By 200
Attenborough, Richard 218, 219
Aunt Mimi
see
Stanley, Mimi

Bacon, Dorothy 173
Badfinger 126,128
Baez, Joan 72
Banks, Jeremy *115*,134,171, 172
Barbara 171
Barr, Bob 119,173
Barrow, Tony 119,173
The Beach Boys 19,38,*52*,53, 56,69,153
The Beatles 11,12,15,16,19,20, 26,27,31,32,33,34,38,40,43, 44,*45*,46,59,60,61,63,64,65, 71,72,74,90,119,123,124,

128,138,139,140,144,145,
147,148,151,153,155,160,
162,163,165,166,171,172,
177,178,179,180,190,192,
194,198,204,206,210,211,
212,213,214,219,220
The Beatles (LP)
see
The White Album (LP)
The Beau Brummels 60
Bendit, Cohn 171
Bennett, Pete *188*,191,192
Benny, Jack 178
Best, Pete *42*,43
Betsy 184
Bicknell, Alf 44
Black Dyke Mills Band 100
Blackwell, Hugh 114,116
"Blindman" (film) 126
Blue Moon 197
Bond, Derek 205
Bonis, Herb 220
Boxer, Tim 194
Boyd, Patti 43
Bramlett, Bonnie
see
Delaney and Bonnie
Bramlett, Delaney
see
Delaney and Bonnie
Bramwell, Tony 99,*118*
Brittenden, Arthur 204,206
Bronze, Billy 218
Brown, Peter 15,*18*,19,124,
125,126,138,140,145,147,
164,166,170,171,213
Buchanan, John 206
Buffalo Springfield 56,74
Butler, Tommy 98
Bygrave, Howard 204,205
The Byrds 50,51,53,60,66,
69,70,71,72,*73*,74

Calder, Tony 143,144,145,
148,198
Capitol Records 147
Captain Beefheart *48*,49,50,
51,53,54
Carmichael, Stokely 193
Carol 24,27,28
Carroll, Lewis 123
Cash, Johnny 184
Chaplin, Charlie 194
Charles, Caroline 44
Cheech and Chong 80
Clark, Dave 107,108
Clarke, Michael 70,71,72,*73*
Clark, Gene 50,70,71,*73*
The Cockettes 184,186
Coleman, Ray 119
Conn, Mervyn 71
Connolly, Ray 172
Cooper, Alice 186,198
Cooper, Henry 108,164
Cowan, Warren 219,220
Coward, Noel 218
The Cream 40
The Crickets 60
Crosby, David 70,71,72,*73*
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
74

Dale, Alan 218
Dale, Dick 60
Data, Deva 189
Davies, Hunter 171
Delaney and Bonnie 40
Derek Taylor Fan Club 214
Dicken 134
Dickens, Percy 174
Dickson, Jim 70,74
DiLello, Richard 124,132,
133,134,152,*154*,155,156,
211
The Dillards 74
Donovan
see
Leitch, Donovan
The Doors 54,*55*
Doris 27

Doróthy 219
Dylan, Bob 63,66,193,194, *196*,197,220

"Eamonn Andrews Show" 177, 178
Eastman, John 165
Eastman, Lee 147,165
Eastman, Linda 128
"Easy Rider" (film) 198
"Ed Sullivan Show" 60,144
Eggar, Samantha 110
EMI (Electrical and Musical Industries) 147,179
Epstein, Brian 11,31,*42*,43,44, 63,*64*,66,119,124,145,160, 162,163,166
Eubanks, Bob 59,60,61,*62*,63, 65,66
Evans, Mal 15,*17*,19,44,126, 213
Ewell, Tom 60

Fanny 198
Fea, Jim Carter 72
Fields, Danny 94
The Flying Burrito Brothers 74
Fonda, Peter *75*,76
The Fool On The Hill 103,220
Forbes, Bryan 107,108
Franklin, Aretha 163
Franks, Lucinda 119
Friesen, Gil 80

Gabor, Zsa Zsa 173
Garfunkel, Art 84
Gee, Duke 23,24,26,27,28
Gilbert and Sullivan 204
"The Girl Can't Help It" (film) 60
Gleason, Ralph 83,84,*85*
Goldstein, Richard 53
Good, Jack 89
Goodman, Benny 184,186
Good Vibrations 53
Gordon, Shep 186
Gorme, Eydie 63,72
Gorshin, Frank 49
Grade, Lew 147,161,162,165
Grant, Cary 44,93
Grant, Leonard 49,50,54
The Grateful Dead 132,153
Graves, Harry 43
Greene, Charlie 54,56
Green, Richard 218
Greer, Germaine 164
Grossman, Albert *36*,63
Gunther, Curt 60

Hall, Alan
Hancock, Tony 113
Hanratty, James 98
"A Hard Day's Night" (film) 43,72
Hare Krishna 153
Harrison, George 15,16,19,20, 40,43,44,*45*,65,71,114,*115*, 119,128,132,*136*,137,138, 139,140,147,151,153,160, 161,162,164,170,173,*188*, 189,190,191,192,193,221
Harrison, Pattie *136*,137,138, 139,140,190
Harris, Rolf 178
Harry, Bill 119
Hart, Frankie 132,*133*
Harvey, Laurence 198,200
Hayes, Elton 218
Hazlewood, Lee 109
Head, Robert 162
Heber, Shelly 214
Hell's Angels 132,153
"Help!" (film) 126
Hess, Rudolph 152,153
He Was A Very Gentle Man (book) 109
Hey Jude 103,210
Hillman, Chris 70,72,*73*
Hope, Bob 178

Hopkin, Mary 119,128,153, *154*,173
Housego, Michael 172
Hull, Dave 61,*62*,63
Hupfeld, Herman 200

Ibsen, Henrik 204
Ifield, Frank 204
In Cold Blood (book) 140
"In Which We Serve" (film) 218
I Remember You 204
I Wanna Hold Your Hand 200

Jackie 70
Jagger, Mick 147,174,197
James, Billy 71
James, Dick 44,160,161,162
James, Harry 184
Jardine, Alan 53
Javitz, Jacob 191
"Jesus Christ Superstar" 126
Jim 170,171
Joe and Eddie 60
"Joe Loss Show" 170
Johnson, Pete 54
Johnston, Bruce 53
John Wesley Harding (LP) 116
Jones, Brian 174
Jones, Griffith 205
Joy, Ron 109,110
The Judy Garland Story (book) 214
Justice, Jean 98

Kahn, Stephen 50
Kass, Ron 124,163,164
Katy 170,171
Kaufman, Murray 65
Kaye, Danny 219,220
Kennedy, John F. 76
Kennedy, Robert 76
Kent, Jean 205
Kesey, Ken 128
King, Carole 80
King, Sam 218,219
Klein, Allen 124,126,*130*,131, 132,*142*,144,145,147,148, 159,160,162,163,164,165, 191,192,193,197,198,209, 222
"KRLA Beat" *62*
KRLA radio station 61,62,63

Lancaster, Burt 44
Laurie 170,171
Lawrence, Steve 63,72
Leary, Timothy *102*,103,*179*
Leitch, Donovan 72,119,147
Lenin's Life (book) 214
Lennon, John 15,16,19,*22*,23, 24,*25*,26,27,28,33,38,*42*,43, 44,*45*,46,65,71,72,*96*,97,98, 113,114,119,124,128,132, 147,153,155,160,161,162, 163,164,165,*168*,169,170, 171,172,173,174,*176*,177, 178,*179*,180,193,198,218, 221
Let It Be (LP) 128
"Let It Be" (film) 214
Let It Be Me 197
Lindsay, John 191
Lindsay, Mark 37,50,61,69
A Little Touch Of Schmilsson (LP) 222
The Long And Winding Road 148,192
Lord Wigg 108
Love, Mike 19,53
Lulu 132

Magic Alex
see
Mardas, Alexis
"Magical Mystery Tour" (film) 126
Mahler, Gustav 204
Makeba, Miriam 193

Mallet, David 89,90,91,93
The Mamas and The Papas 38,*39*,40
Mansfield, Jayne 20,60
Mardas, Alexis 124,*125*,214
Marlborough, Dougie 119
Marshall, Bill 119
Martha 99
Martin, Mrs. Dean 44
McCartney, Paul 15,16,19,43, 44,*45*,46,54,63,65,71,*96*,97, 99,100,101,*102*,103,116, 124,128,131,132,137,138, *146*,148,153,155,160,161, 162,165,169,174,192,198, 209,210,221
McElwaine, Guy 110
McGuinn, Jim (Roger) 50,70, 72,*73*,74
McKuen, Rod 198
McMullen, Stocky 134
Melcher, Terry 37,71
Melling, Charlie 164
Melly, George 210
Menuhin, Yehudi 178
Mick 153,155
The Mighty Quinn 197
Miller Blues Band 83
Monsour, James 60
Monterey Pop Festival 38,40, 76,*82*,83,84
Montez, Chris 80
Moore, Dudley 107,108
Moss, Jerry *78*,79,80
Mother Nature's Son 193
Mulligan, Brian 169
Munro, Matt 218
Murray The K
see
Kaufman, Murray
Muttu, Tambi 151,152,153, 155
The Myce 198,200

Naylor, Jerry 60
NEMS Enterprises 119,147, 162,163,166
"Newlywed Game" 59
New Morning (LP) 197
Nightingale, Anne 119
Nilsson, Harry *127*,145,206, 222
Nina & Frederick 204
Niven, David 44
Nixon, Richard 191,192
Nolan, Tom 53
Northern Songs 147,160,161, 165,166,200
Norwegian Wood 165
Novak, Paul 94
Novello, Ivor 119

Oldham, Andrew 143,144
Oliver, Jack 170
Ono, Yoko 15,128,153,164, *168*,169,172,174,*176*,177, 178,180,211,221
O'Rahilly, Ronan 171
Ormerod, Bruce 165

Paddon, Carol 132,*133*
Palmer, Philip 119
Palmer, Tony 184
Pariser, Alan 38,39,76,83,84
Parker, William 74
Pascall, Jeremy 119
Paul 192
Paul Revere and The Raiders 56,59,60,61,66,*68*,70
Peck, Gregory 190
Perrin, Leslie 132,145
Peter, Paul and Mary 74
Pet Sounds (LP) 53
Phillips, John 40,84
Phillips, Michele 84
Piggott, Lester 108
Pilchard, Sergeant 137,138, 139
Pinter, Harold 204
Pitchess, Peter 74

Plastic Ono Band 164
Polden, Martin 138
Presley, Elvis 191,205,206
Preston, Billy 128

Ramblin' Jack 194
Rees, Dai 217,218
Reynolds, Bruce 98
Richenberg, Morley 159,162, 163,165
Rishikesh 153
Robin 166
"Robin Hood" (film) 218
Robinson, Edward G. 44
The Rolling Stones 32,72,119, 132,143,144,145,174,197
Rush, Barbara 219

Sally 132,*133*
Sanders, Steve 37,38,39
Saunders, Alex 80
Schwartz, Francie 132
Scott, Peter 98
Self-Portrait (LP) 197
Sellers, Peter 44,114
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band (LP) 116,220
"Sex" (play) 93
Shapiro, Ben 40,72,76,84
Shapiro, Mickey 84
Sharif, Omar 190
"Shindig" 89
Short, Don 119,170,172
"A Shot In The Dark" (film) 44
Shotton, Pete 98,138,174
Simmons, Jean 219
Simon, Paul 84
Sinatra, Frank 109,132,198
Sinatra, Nancy 109,110
Smith, Alan 100,103,132
Smith, Howard 193,194
Smith, Mavis 132
Smith, Mike 107,108
Smith, Perry 140
Sonny and Cher 54
Spector, Phil 72,73,148
Speed, Harv 23,26,27,28
Stanley, Mimi 15
Starkey, Richard
see
Starr, Ringo
Starr, Ringo 15,16,19,*42*,43, 44,*45*,61,65,72,116,126, 128,147,153,160,173,192, 221
Steinem, Gloria 63
Stern, Tom 110
Stokes, Ben 109
Stone, Brian 54,56
Sullivan, Ed 63
Sundar-Das, Shyam 189
Sylvia 134

Tambourine Man 69,72
Tarbuck, Jimmy 108
Tate, Sharon 37,40
Taylor, Alistair 166
Taylor, Annabel Lucie 97, *104,182*
Taylor, Bryan 11
Taylor, Derek *10,12*,16,*20, 22,36*,61,*62*,63,*66,75*,79, *86*,90,*96,106*,107,*112,118*, 147,*150,154,158*,166,168, 170,172,*179*,180,*185*,200, *202,206,208*,213,214,*221, 223*
Taylor, Dominic 109,159,*182*
Taylor, Gerard 11,*182*
Taylor, James 124,128,197
Taylor, Joan 11,12,37,54,*58*, 59,60,65,70,73,86,97,98,99, *104*,108,109,*127*,128,134, 145,171,180,*182*,183,192, 209,211,214
Taylor, Timothy 11,145,*182*
Taylor, Vanessa 11,*182*,184, 192
Taylor, Victoria 11,*182*

Terry 190
Thaxton, Lloyd 60
Thingumybob 97,100
Tickner, Eddie 70
Tiny Tim 51
Triumph Investment Trust 162
Troy, Doris 128
Tuck, Cecil 60,65
Tuck, Gayle 60,65
Turn, Turn, Turn 71,72
"24 Hours" 15

Ustinov, Peter 114

Van Doren, Mamie 20
Varsi, Diane 70
Vaughan, Ivan 174
Veronica 132,*133*

Way Out West (LP) 89
Weir, Bob 132
Weiss, Nat 97
Wenner, Jann 83
West, Jack 91
West, Mae *88*,89,90,91,*92*, 93,94,114
The White Album (LP) 128
Who's The Cat With Pete Bennett? (book) 191
Wilkes, Tom 174
Wilson, Bill 219,220
Wilson, Brian 38,*52*
Wilson, Carl 53
Wilson, Dennis 53
Wilson, Earl 194
Wilson, Harold 128
Wisdom, Norm 216
Wonderwall (LP) 120,170, 171

X, Clive 152,153

Yellow Submarine 100
Yellow Submarine (LP) 169
"Yellow Submarine" (film) 124,128
Yesterday 165
Yorke, Ritchie 210
"You Are What You Eat" (film) 40

FOR LIBRARY
USE ONLY

MUSIC ML429.T4A3 1983
cop.2
Taylor, Derek, 1932-
As time goes by : living in
the sixties with John
Lennon, Paul McCartney ...

ISBN 0-87650-15

P7-AOD-309